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(Offer void where prohibited by law.)

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. C-3, Saratoga, California:

☐ Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski. I shall be delighted to receive *his* and his booklet: "White to Open" even if I'm wrong. I'll be even more delighted if my answer is among the first correct 10 checked after Dec. 31, 1962, and I win either the Champagne Championship Cup or one of the nine championship chessboards with my name and victory suitably inscribed in silver.

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# The Spirit of Man

In the five-year history of *CONTACT*, its editors have been fortunate in frequently being presented with truly original manuscripts. It has not been often, however, that we have been as moved as we were by the manuscript of Evan S. Connell, Jr.'s forthcoming book, **Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel.**

Mr. Connell is, of course, himself an editor of this magazine and the author of two distinguished novels. It is hard for us to describe his latest work in a neat phrase because it eludes the usual categories of literature, falling somewhere in that dimly defined but extraordinarily fertile area where prose and verse, fiction and non-fiction, metaphysics and science meet.

In **Notes from a Bottle**, Evan Connell emerges as a cartographer of the darkest continent of all, the spirit of man. The journey on which he takes us is through a fearsome land that has lost its dimension of time, where we encounter as contemporaries the explorers of Vineland, the warriors of World War II, the ancient Etruscans, the perpetrators of the Hiroshima bomb, medieval alchemists, the saints, martyrs, and great heretics of the church, the builders of Chichen Itza, the conquistadores, the composers of the Vedas, and the operators and victims of the gas chambers.

We found this work beautiful, unforgettable, profoundly disturbing, and curiously pertinent to the spiritual dilemma in which we find ourselves in the midst of this century, which manages at one time to be both insufferably tedious and unbearably exciting. There was clearly only one decision we could make about this book, and that was to publish it, unmutated, in a single issue.

We present it proudly in the following pages, confident that our readers will find it as exciting a discovery as we did. As the author has written,

"It is incumbent on me to establish some image whereby all men must judge future interpretations, believing in the value of mine. This I do tenderly, humbly and with the knowledge of utter obligation."

—Kenneth Lamott, for the Editors

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FICTION — NON-FICTION

Evan S. Connell, Jr.

## Notes from a Bottle

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The bountiful signora adorning this month's cover is an Italian Christmas cookie purchased in Rome some years ago. The original hangs in Barbara Stauffacher's kitchen. The October cover, "The Arbitrarium Assemblage," was not credited. It was the work of San Francisco artist, Gene Hoffman.

# contact **SIDNEY PETERSON**



If a child can walk it can stray and when Mary took nine steps at nine months her mother vowed never to let her out of the house until she was three. When she was two her father wanted to take her to the temple but Anna said, "No, we'll wait another year so she won't forget who her parents are," or words to that effect, and when she was three they took her and put her down on the third step of the altar and then, according to the fifth verse of the seventh chapter of the Protevangelion of James the Lesser, "the Lord gave unto her grace, and she danced with her feet."

It has always seemed to me that the canonical Gospels are something less than adequate in their treatment of the events leading up to Christmas and that the apocryphal literature of the New Testament should be included along with that of the Old in any standard edition of the Bible, and especially the Protevangelion, with its detailed account of the Nativity by Christ's cousin and/or brother, the Apostle and first Bishop of Jerusalem. Nor should the fact that the Protevangelion was once a controversial document be allowed to stand in the way of such an inclusion since the controversies founded upon it relate chiefly to the age of Joseph at the time of the birth of Jesus and to his being a widower, with children, before undertaking his alliance with the Virgin; both rather unimportant issues at this late date; at least I think they are unimportant.

James is quite definite about the age of Joseph and his being a widower with children.

"I am an old man," he has him say, "and have children, but she is young, and I fear lest I should appear ridiculous in Israel."

This was when Mary was twelve. She had been living in the temple for nine years. The priests were worried.

"Behold," they said, "Mary is twelve years of age; what shall we do with her, for fear lest the holy place of the Lord our God should be defiled?"

I don't think they were worried about her dancing on the altar. For one thing there is no mention in the Protevangelion of her performing in this way after the age of three, although it would not have been surprising if she had considering that she was fed and sung to by angels, accordings to James, and a failure to respond to singing with movement was generally regarded during this period as, to say the least, rather bad form; as witness the Gospel complaint: We have *sung* for you and ye have not danced. Early commentaries on the

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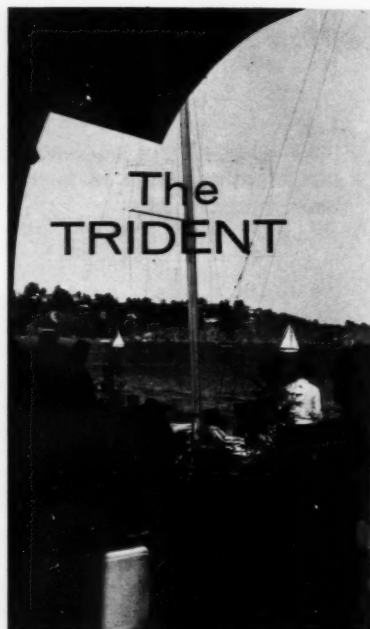
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books of Moses have angels dancing at the wedding of Adam and Eve and joining in such angelic performances was widely considered to be one of the prerogatives of salvation. In short, the Jewish passion for dancing was not invented by the Chassidim, although it is certainly best known in connection with them. Backman, in his *Religious Dances in the Christian Church and in Popular Medicine*, refers to a dancing Zaddick as having a step as "light as that of a four-year-old child." That Mary should have begun at three was only natural. Precocity ran, as it were, in the family.

So Zacharias, who was the high priest, prayed.

"And behold the angel of the Lord came to him, and said, Zacharias (the man later became dumb and quite possibly he was hard of hearing), go forth and call together all the widowers among the people, and let every one of them bring his rod, and he by whom the Lord shall show a sign, shall be the husband of Mary."

When Joseph heard the news, he threw away his hatchet and took his rod to the temple and a dove proceeded out of it and landed on his head; an obvious sign and the high priest said as much. It was at this moment that Joseph protested.

"I am an old man etc."

In vain.

Zacharias threatened him with that fate of Bathan, Korah and Abiram. In short, the earth would open and swallow him.

Joseph decided to take a chance on being ridiculous. He took Mary home with him and said, "Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I will leave thee in my house; I must go to mind my trade of building. The Lord be with thee."

Two years later, back at the temple, the priests decided that they needed a new veil and that the threads for it should be spun by seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David. This included Mary, and the task of spinning purple thread fell to her and it was while she was so occupied that an angel arrived and said, "Fear not,

Mary, for thou has found favour in the sight of God."

Naturally she was overjoyed. For awhile.

"But perceiving herself daily to grow big," says James, "and being afraid, she went home, and hid herself from the children of Israel; and she was fourteen years old when all these things happened."

Six months passed and finally Joseph, who had been away for two and a half years, ever since he had taken Mary from the temple, returned. He had been abroad. He took one look and smote his brow.

"What shall I say concerning this young woman?" he exclaimed. "Who has thus deceived me? Who has committed this evil in my house, and seducing the Virgin from me, hath defiled her? Is not the history of Adam exactly accomplished in me? For in the very instant of his glory, the serpent came and found Eve alone, and seduced her. Just after the same manner it has happened to me."

Mary protested her innocence.

With a flood of tears, she said, "I am innocent and have known no man."

"Then how comes it to pass you are with child?"

"I know not by what means."

This simple response, according to James, threw Joseph into a tailspin. He had already been rolling about on the ground. If I conceal her crime, he thought, I'll be an accessory after the fact. If I accuse her and it turns out that she is with child by an angel, I'll be betraying an innocent person.

He decided to get rid of her privately.

Then he had a dream, in which an angel appeared and said, "Be not afraid to take that young woman, for that which is within her is of the Holy Ghost; and she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

This satisfied Joseph.

Two days later a friend named Annas dropped in and asked, "where have you been keeping yourself since you got back?"

"I've been resting," Joseph said, and that would have been that except





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that Annas caught a glimpse of Mary and rushed off to tell the priest that his friend the carpenter had "defiled the Virgin whom he received out of the temple of the Lord, and privately married her, not discovering it to the children of Israel."

The priest was horrified.

"Hath Joseph done this?" he asked. Apparently he had.

Thus the two were brought to trial. "Mary, what hast thou done?" the priest said unto her. "Why hast thou done this?"

"As God lives," she cried, tears streaming down her face, "I am innocent, seeing I know no man!"

The priest addressed Joseph.

"Why hast thou done this?"

"As God lives, I have not been concerned with her," was the reply.

"Lie not," the priest said, "but declare the truth; thou hast privately married her, and not discovered it to the children of Israel, and humbled thyself under the mighty hand (of God), that thy seed might be blessed."

Whether out of embarrassment, fear, or in obedience to some unrecorded instruction by the angel of his dream, Joseph was silent.

The priest told him that he would have to return Mary to the temple, whereupon both of the accused mingled their tears and the priest relented to the point of saying that Joseph could submit to the ordeal of drinking a certain water, whereby his guilt would be discovered. And he did, but nothing happened and, in the words of James, "the people wondered that his guilt was not discovered."

"Since the Lord (through his water) has not made your sins evident, neither do I condemn you," the priest said and sent the two happily on their way.

After the threat of death, through the ordeal, came taxes. Joseph proposed to pay the tax on his children.

"But what shall I do with this young woman?" he wondered. "To have her taxed as my wife, I am ashamed; and if I tax her as my daughter, all Israel knows she is not my daughter. When the time of the Lord's appointment shall come, let Him do as seems good to him."

The tax had to be paid in Bethlehem and, as the world knows, Joseph

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took Mary along with him. When they were still in the desert, three miles out of town, she asked to get off the ass she had been riding and he put her down and found a cave and led her into it and left her there with his sons and went looking for a midwife and ran into one coming down from the mountains adjoining the desert. He brought her back to the cave and, in a blaze of glory, "the infant appeared, and sucked the breast of his mother, Mary."

"How glorious a day is this, wherein mine eyes have seen this extraordinary sight!" cried the midwife, leaving the cave and running into Salome, to whom she confided what she had just seen.

"Salome, Salome, I will tell you a most surprising thing which I saw. A virgin hath brought forth, which is a thing contrary to nature."

"As God lives," responded Salome, "unless I receive proof of this matter, I will not believe that a virgin hath brought forth."

Back into the cave the two went and the midwife said, "Mary, shew thyself, for a great controversy is risen concerning thee."

"And Salome received satisfaction," says James. "But her hand was withered, and she groaned bitterly, and said, Woe to me, because of mine iniquity; for I have tempted the living God, and my hand is ready to drop off."

So she prayed and received instructions to take up the child and she would be cured and she was and that about wraps up James's account of the nativity except for the Adoration of the Magi and leaving the cave to escape the anger of Herod and hiding in a manger because, of course, there was no room in the inn.

The story is continued in The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ as related by another Joseph, also called Caiphas, a charming, neglected and rejected work that was read along with the other four Gospels by the Nestorians of Malabar as recently as the seventeenth century. It was once popular among the Gnostics and credited by such redoubtable early Christians as Eusebius, Chrysostom, Athanasius and Epiphanius. It is a history of the miracles performed

by Jesus up to the time when he began, in the words of Caiphas, "to conceal his miracles and secret works, and gave himself to the study of law." Most of these supernatural events involved the use of bath water. An exception was the extraordinary case of the leprous girl and the mule, which follows, in Chapter VII, the case of the man who could not enjoy his wife, freed from his disorder.

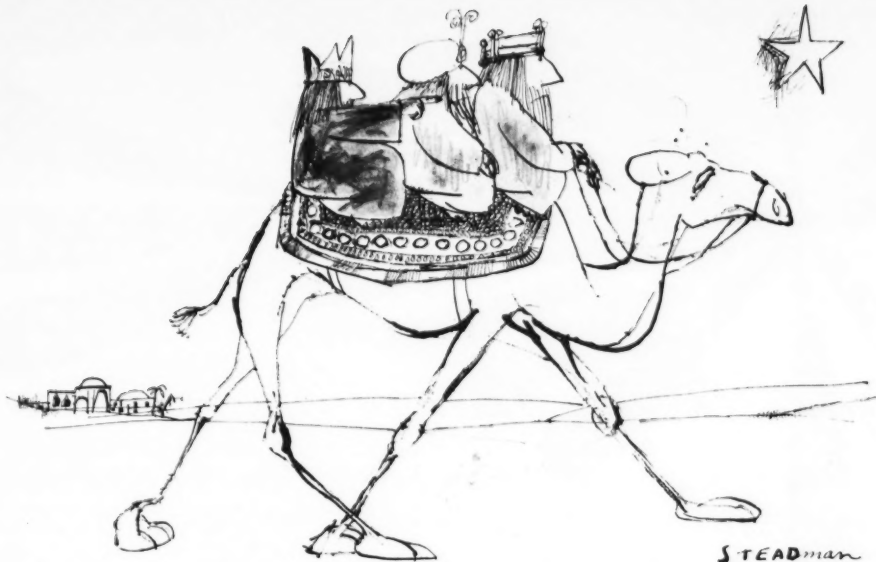
Once more, Joseph, Mary and Jesus were looking for a place to stay. They were accompanied by a young woman who had been cleansed of her leprosy and who made arrangements for shelter with three weeping women, who were more hospitable than happy. As it turned out, the cause of their misery was a mule in their parlour.

"But when the girl said, How handsome, ladies, that mule is! they replied with tears, and said, This mule, which you see, was our brother, born of this same mother as we; for when our father died, and left us a very large estate, and we had only this brother, and we endeavoured to procure him a suitable match, and thought he should be married as other men, some giddy and jealous women bewitched him without our knowledge; and we, one night, a little before day, while the doors of the house were all fast shut, saw this our brother was changed into a mule, such as you now see him to be; and we, in the melancholy condition in which you now see us, having no father to comfort us, have applied to all the wise men, magicians and diviners in the world, but they have been of no service to us."

To make a long and delightful tale short, St. Mary was so grieved about the situation that she put Jesus on the mule's back and said to him, "O Lord Jesus Christ, restore (or heal) according to thy extraordinary power this mule, and grant him to have again the shape of a man and a rational creature, as he had formerly."

And so it happened. The mule was returned to his former shape and married the girl and everyone made merry and sang, "being dressed in their richest attire, with bracelets."

In general, the miracles recorded in these uncanonical Gospels were be-



"Follow that star!"

nign in character so long as they were performed by Jesus under the auspices of his mother. On his own, he was capable of an entirely different kind of performance, as in the second chapter of Thomas's Account of the Actions and Miracles of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in His Infancy.

The same Annas who had accused Joseph of defiling the Virgin had a son and one day this son made the mistake of destroying some lakes Jesus had made while playing boyishly in a gutter after a rain. Instantly Jesus showed that he was his Father's son by withering the culprit all over, "as a tree." Later, he relented and modified the punishment, "leaving only one small member to continue withered, that they might take warning."

Again, when a boy happened to bump him on the shoulder while running by, Jesus, "being angry, said to him, Thou shalt go no farther. And instantly he fell down dead." The boy's parents complained and Joseph tried to intervene. Whereupon the parents were struck blind and Joseph advised to mind his own business.

Poor Joseph! He really has rather a bad time of it in these rejected works. His role is not an easy one. He is even represented as a not very good

carpenter. His measurements are usually off and Jesus is constantly correcting his mistakes. The whole question of his relationship to Mary, of whether she should be taxed as his daughter or his wife, is never cleared up. Perhaps it is just as well. A certain ambiguity gives his image the charm of a sketch. It is a sketch that, in relation to an institution like the celebration of Christmas, cuts through the grease of our Teutonic gift-exchanging tradition like a new detergent, raising questions not of faith but of that reinvigoration of the spirit which is associated with a concern with origins. The Gospel of the Birth of Mary is not so much history as it is a design for an Epinal print. Dogma is aside from the point. We are no longer in the fifth century. The risks are different. So are the rewards and the amusements. I think I am amused by the Protevangelion in the same way that I am amused when I discover that the ancient Druids celebrated Mother's Day on the twenty-fifth of December, or when I learn that Christmas was forbidden by an act of Parliament in 1644, or when I am informed that there is a Santa Claus union here in this city named after St. Francis. I think that we have worn out Dickens' *Carol* and that it is time for a revival of interest in James the Lesser. •

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and vain palm  
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cirrhotic old winos  
laughing as loudly as  
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particularly hard to come  
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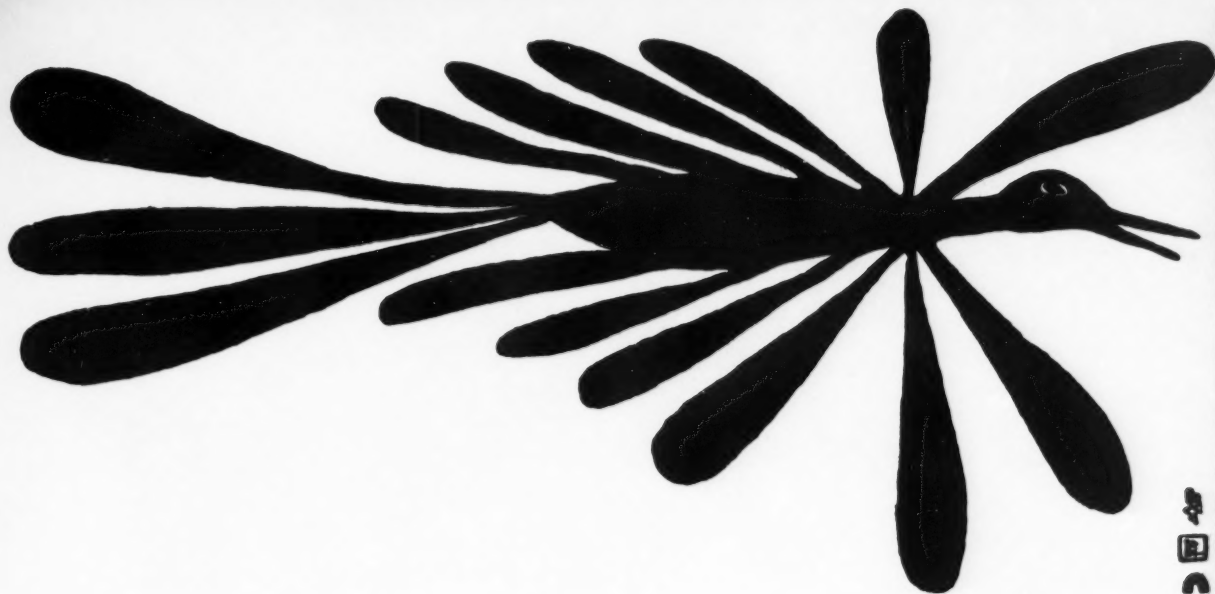
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and warm days  
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expire in traffic  
while watching grey  
metal-like xmas trees  
oxidizing in the smoggy  
breeze and under blinking  
colored lights sigh and die

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way  
to be  
or just  
feel holy  
is not easy  
to come by this  
time of year for me  
and you?

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There be many shapes of mystery,  
And many things God makes to be,  
Past hope or fear.  
And the end men looked for  
Cometh not,  
And a path is there where no man sought.  
So hath it fallen here.

*Euripides*



# Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel

Evan S. Connell, Jr.

*Pater noster, qui es in caelis: sanctificetur nomen tuum.  
Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo,  
et in terra.*

There was a platform in the center of the court and on this lay Damiens, his body bound with iron hoops. First, his right hand was thrust into a sulphurous fire; he uttered a frightful shriek. Next they attacked him with glowing tongs and tore away strips of bleeding flesh. Molten lead, wax, pitch, and burning oil were poured into the wounds, and a team of horses was summoned to dismember him. But although the animals were whipped and spurred they were not strong enough. Two more horses were affixed to the chains so that finally the left leg of Damiens was sucked out of its socket and wrenched loose from his body while the people cheered. The next limb to be torn ...

*Mon frère, a-t-il tout ce qu'il veut?*  
Has my brother everything he needs?

To what prayer will you listen, if not to this?

One heart, one way.

There is a day of the year when eels go down to the Sargasso Sea. And I must go with them. Come with me, or stay.

I am full of dreams and charged with a strange excitement! Although I am not at ease in this world, there is no one who can stop me!

I met a man who said that he was on the road to Córdoba. But he said to me that he never would reach Córdoba. I asked him why and he explained that Death was watching him. Death was gazing down on him from the towers of Córdoba.

Whenever the barrel is turned, the crystals tumble.

The first Ch'in Divine August One learned, to his satisfaction and to his dismay, that he had conquered every civilized land; for he believed that beyond the borders of his empire nothing existed but howling winds and barren waste. At this same time Alexander had overrun the Western World. So it was that two men not knowing of the existence of each other shared a common delusion.

Someone just now has touched me! A human hand has touched me! —I am ill and I need to lie down.

In the land of the Tepehuane on the floor of a canyon somewhere in the Sierra Madre are three things: a silver mine, the white ruins of an hacienda, and a grove of orange trees. The mine is called El Naranjal, after the orange grove, and whoever can find it will be rich for the rest of his life; his children after him, and theirs after them. Every so often, down a certain river whose origins are lost among the peaks of the Sierra Madre, an orange comes floating. Then it is that men look to the mountains and begin to dream, for they know this orange has come from the grove where the great mine is; and all night long they lie awake beside their drowsy wives, thinking of the bright morning when they shall enter into distant mountains to discover El Naranjal.

Direct us, O God! We must find the way, or we are lost.

*Nunc lento sonitu dicunt, morieris.*  
Now this bell, tolling softly for another,  
says to us that we must die.

*We are 8 Goths and 22 Norwegians  
on a journey of exploration  
from Vinland around the west.  
By a lake with 2 skerries  
one day's travel north from  
this stone we made camp. One day  
we fished. We came home and  
there were 10 of our men red  
with blood and dead. Ave Virgo  
Maria. Save us from evil. We have  
10 men by the sea to protect our  
ships 14 days' travel from this  
island in the year of Our Saviour  
1362.*

Things that remain and are not diminished by time  
are whichever live in men's hearts, or have fallen  
or have been thrown into the sea.

It is well known that in Mare Tenebrosus  
sea creatures with fins heavier than bronze  
disport themselves, while the waters of the equator  
spout upwards in hideous black jets. There  
no caravel is safe. *Pater noster, qui es...*

In the sky over Brittany a blazing thing  
like a globe has been seen.  
On its beams a wreath of fire hangs  
like the breath of a dragon, out of which proceed  
two astral rays. And of these,  
one is manifest in France  
while the other stretches to Ireland!

We know that only through observation or by  
the sense of touch are we able to recognize and identify  
the handiwork of our brothers, in this way  
distinguishing it from prodigies of natural force.

Dark diamonds of Hindustan, figured silks  
from Lahore,  
flame of Fusi-yama. Someone has touched me!

It is as though I am in a palatial home  
not far from the sea, although I do not know  
which sea. Or is it a river? My companions  
are at the table and I will soon join them;  
but at this instant I am holding in my left hand  
a photograph of my father, who has been dead for  
many years. I was not even aware that I owned  
this picture. When the photograph was taken  
he was the age I am while I compose these apothegms.  
Like me, he wears a luxuriant mustache  
curled up at the ends. Indeed, we resemble  
twin brothers who comb their hair differently  
in order to be distinguished. Yet he smiles,  
he is more amenable; we are not the same.  
I shall place his picture in my valise  
and go and make conversation with my friends,  
but I will not mention this moment.  
To think deeply right now would terrify me.

Murder is born of fright and hatred,  
anxiety, desperation, jealousy and greed,  
spite, humiliation and resentment. Of these  
and more, which all are within the compass of Mankind,  
has not love been found?

Through the lemon trees a light rain is falling and  
early snow delicately sifts on the mountain.

Another flake has fallen through the years.

She is dead, the flower of April.  
She is dead, the flower of May.  
She is gone, she is dead,  
she who reigned in the royal palace of Madrid.  
*Donde vas, Rey Alfonsito?* Where goest thou  
thus sadly?

They built a long bronze dais  
on which they laid out an embossed map of the empire  
showing each palace, ministry, village and hamlet,  
all in miniature. Each river  
and tributary was of mercury,  
and the sea also;  
and the tributaries flowed into the rivers  
and the rivers flowed into the sea.  
The vault was painted to represent the firmament,  
and they lighted the tomb with fish oil in golden tanks  
and laid him in his sarcophagus,  
he who was master of the world.  
But soon a thief had found the entrance,  
pried open the lid of the sarcophagus  
and tore away the wrappings, drew the rings  
from his fingers and stole the emeralds  
which were his eyes.

Whatever remains undiminished



by time must live in men's hearts,  
be thrown, or have fallen  
into the sea.

Saint Nicholas of Tolentino restored to life  
the doves that were brought to him as delicacies.

Riddle, fable, enigma, allegory and acrostic we employ  
in order to confound the obtuse, the profane and clumsy,  
for whom all wisdom is no more than means to their end.  
*M. the azothi æfjth epuhiloqosophersa lisati ptheiruri  
imeracurerty.* The azoth is the beginning; the rest  
shall be left in mystery. Do not assume your light is  
inviolable. *Visita Interiora Terræ, Rectificando  
Invenies Occultum Lapidem*—thus may vitriol be written.

The conviction that it is possible to transmute  
one substance into another is derived from  
the hypothesis of the unicity of matter.  
In the same way, we believe the delinquency of Man  
may be subject to transmutation. If this is so,  
no pilgrimage should be considered vain.

I shall make the most of winter;  
who can announce the date of spring?

Paradise is toward the East  
and in Paradise is a tree  
called the Mandragora,  
which springs from human sperm  
that is spilt on the ground.

I know Paradise is real which we have lost  
but find again through the gates of memory.

Thoughts of love  
visit me rarely.

Do you know me? Do you know my heart? I have offered  
my green porcelain bowl  
to buy flowers for a strange woman.

On a Sumerian cylinder I have read an inscription  
which tells of a woman  
fashioned out of a rib; and of Enki and Ninhursag  
who lived in earthly bliss  
surrounded by forbidden fruits,  
who fell from grace  
not by the low cunning of a serpent  
but through the wiles of a fox.

Eden is derived from the Babylonian word, *edinu*.

Now it is afternoon; the water has become  
the color of Persian ceramic—that utter blue we find  
within the tiles of the Grand Mosque of Achmet.

There was a moment when clouds lifted above Pomègue  
whose name, she whispered, was taken from Phenicia.  
Its waters were clear and shallow and I

beheld a sandy bed, strewn with statuary and amphoræ;  
and I was gazing down when she murmured that her husband  
waited on the quai, but we might have a moment together  
if I wished.

Days cannot occur together, nor times exist at once.

She seemed to believe love always existed;  
subjugation, indolence, assurance—leisurely gestures  
seldom explained. I could not begin to guess  
how old she was. What did it matter?  
I thought of Domitian and Retarius, of Secutor  
and young men calculating how soon, how intimately  
they should fondle her.

Two in the morning.  
The moon pours across the tropic sea  
its useless beauty.  
Should I have followed her,  
or not? And are we figures from the Red King's dream,  
dissolving as He wakes?

*Tatuantinsuyu!*  
Abide in me  
four quarters of the earth.

Each life is a myth, a song given out  
of darkness, a tale for children, the legend we create.  
Are we not heroes, each of us  
in one fashion or another,  
wandering through mysterious labyrinths?

I have dreamt of Tamurlane and Kubilai Khan!

*Ecce signum;* behold  
this proof.

The Tartars do not care what god is worshipped;  
each man is free to do as he wills about his soul,  
only so long as justice is observed. They hold  
that while Jesus Christ may be a great lord,  
he is a proud lord who will not keep company  
with others, but needs to rule the earth.  
For this reason they do not highly honor him.

It is said the people of the mountains above Ferlac  
worship many things. But whatever they first behold  
in the morning light—that is what they worship.

I must establish beyond doubt  
the inconceivable purity of my intent.

Some say the tuna swims around the world  
searching for a better life because he is not at home  
in the sea. It may be we have met, this obsessed fish  
and I, somewhere beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

Each journey is the consequence of unbearable longing.

*I am looking for my brother.*

*Have you seen him?  
Has he come this way?*

Bohemund, a Christian, sent to the Greek emperor a cargo of thumbs and noses. Pagans captured at Edessa were crucified. I will speak of this again. We are endowed with the capacity for unimaginable suffering.

I have laid plans to reassert the sovereign individual beyond the grasp and authority of his nation. Nothing shall dissuade me from my purpose, nothing save Death, but that would be enough.

Noon is the hour of greatest danger;  
it is then one's shadow is least.  
It is at noon that Pan appears.  
Who can hear me?  
Where should I turn?

My hatred of government exceeds the furthest imaginable limit of human calculation. I am void of faith. It is rumored—although no statement yet has been issued from our capital—that an area equivalent to Switzerland may be laid in ashes!

I despise the motility of crowds.

*Pater de caelis Deus, miserere Ludovici!  
Fili redemptor ...*

We have entered the seventh millenary which is the conclusion, and brings us near to the firmament of the eighth sphere, which is the place where God shall make an end, and celestial bodies resume their motions.

Nothing existed before me; nothing will exist after me.

Because it is possible to have intuitive knowledge of things which do not exist our vision is absolute, distant in place and subject from our object; and therefore visions remain, as we witness a multitude of stars that have gone.

Thuban, which is also known as Alpha Draconis, is located between Mizar, the horse, and the ultimate stars of Ursa Minor. Now when the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was built this star, owing to the precession of the earth, stood above the North Pole and was called Polaris. But it is no longer so. Similarly our pole star shall be ousted, while the moon and planets, because they shine to our eyes by reason of the brilliance of the sun, shall seem extinguished. And on that day no clouds will form, nor any snow fall. The atmosphere will liquefy and freeze against the globe. The absolute calm of eternity shall reign.

Without desire I call to mind each past desire;  
all I have feared I now review, and find myself.

We are told by Aquinas in his *Summa Theologiae* that things which lack intelligence act toward an end; which is evident from their always acting, or nearly so, in a manner identical to obtain a desired result; hence it becomes plain that not fortuitously, but through design, do they achieve this end. Now whatever lacks intelligence cannot move toward an end unless it is directed there by some being endowed with knowledge and intellect, as is the case when an arrow is shot to its mark by the archer.

I have followed the cognate sciences,  
I have followed mathematics with assiduity;  
thus I have laid down the bounds and rules  
according to which I enable myself  
to develop everything that follows.

Between the dream and the act  
I poise.

*L'anima mi s'aggrandisce!*

They told me I struggled with macabre ferocity to preserve myself; and all who watched me became subdued and apprehensive. They have said I bit at the blankets in which a physician had wrapped me, and there seemed another presence in the room, for my eyes continually followed something no one else could see. I spoke aloud—but in an unknown tongue, and growled like a dog which snaps at nothing. Then the air grew clearer as though some noxious vapor had been withdrawn, and I shuddered and began to weep, and slept six days without waking. Of all this, I remember naught. Can there be another God, nearer to the heart?

Erasmus was ill, or thought he was, and so he sent for Paracelsus, who wrote out for him an orthodox consilium. To this Erasmus replied with much ceremony, complimenting the alchemist on the diagnosis, but seeing fit to add: *At present I have no time for a cure, indeed I have not the time either to be sick or to die, because I am engaged in exacting studies.*

Now, Paracelsus was a curious man. And he bore a most curious name: Phillipus Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus ab Hohenheim, Eremita. There have been better men, there have been worse. Some claim he was Faustus. Whether this is true, no one knows. But Isaac Newton believed that in those days in Bohemia it was possible to transmute iron into copper. At any rate, when Theophrastus had finished working in the Venetian mercury mines of Dalmatia he returned to his father's house, bringing with him the drug laudanum, and an enormous sword. From this sword he was not ever parted for the rest of

his life, not even in sleep. Now, the black hellebore blossoms in winter, and it was Paracelsus who introduced this plant into pharmacy, recommending it to persons fifty years of age and over; and, as it turned out, the dosage he prescribed is the correct amount to alleviate the symptoms of arteriosclerosis. Paracelsus, however, cautioned that hellebore should be gathered only beneath a full moon. His familiar heard him mutter as he lay dying: *I have traveled through this land and was a pilgrim all my life, alone, and a stranger feeling alien. Then Thou hast made grow in me Thine art, under the breath of the terrible storm in me.* This is why the name of Theophrastus of Hohenheim comes down to Mankind through the course of centuries.

According to Boethius, we are attracted by likeness but repelled by diversity; therefore it follows that whatever seeks a thing outside itself must be of that same nature which it seeks.

The Mandragora shrieks when uprooted from the earth; every mortal man who hears this sound goes mad.

Visions are not without their usage, however fanciful, if only to purge us of dark and sickening forms.

Dead is the dead Albigenian,  
Vaudois,  
Moor,  
Jew,  
and Indian.  
Let this be recorded!

The victim is escorted to the marketplace.  
He is rigidly bound.  
A surgeon slits the palm of each hand in four places, the slits are packed with salt and each hand is pressed shut with the fingertips forced into the slits, the hands being maintained in this position by the use of gloves cut from wet oxhide which shrinks as it dries.  
The victim next is carried to his cell where he is fed and attended with solicitude, closely guarded to prevent his suicide, so that he may live to experience his agony and thus repent. Whatever follows may be considered appropriate to our time.

It seemed to us he made frantic efforts to leap up—to escape our fabulous chair. The leather creaked and groaned and appeared to yield, but held him securely. He slavered and snapped, writhing ferociously. Amazed were we who stared at his hands contorted into fists; we looked also at the top of his forehead above the painted mask. It was red as a spring rose. Around the bright edge of his metal cap the hair stood straight out, as stiff as quills.

We heard a buzzing noise and thought a swarm of wasps had flown into the chamber while threads of smoke curled above him.

*Commiseration was,  
and is,  
unwise; whoever is shown  
to sympathize  
must of himself  
be guilty.  
I am Magus.  
Trust in me.*

Seven thousand at Trèves. Brighter than the midday sun at Hiroshima.

I am searching for my brother. Have you seen him?

The character of an organization, like that of an individual, shall be tested when some man or principle is found which stands irrevocably in opposition.  
*Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders.*

Just now the wireless brings news of a world we have nearly forgotten: in the jungle the wreckage of an aircraft has been found. Blue stars and moons are painted on its wings, and clothed in the tatters of a uniform a skeleton sits at the controls, the skull resting on the collarbone, as though lost in meditation.

I foresee such a struggle between them because they are grown so equal in savagery they will be separated by nothing less than Death.

Possessed by the sequence of my thought, I am aware that to contemplate its possibilities would prove fatal.

*Signa autem obsidentis dæmonis sunt: ignota lingua loqui pluribus verbis, vel loquentem intelligere; distantia et occulta patefacere; vires supra ætatis seu conditionis naturam ostendere.*  
The specific signs of Possession are these: use or understanding of an unknown tongue; knowledge of distant or hidden facts . . .

Twilight in Alicante. I take the flight of a bat for the passage of the Evil One.

I discard the learning of my age to achieve a higher knowledge. I would

wait for you, but there is so little time.  
*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini...*

Cologne, famed queen of darkness! Albertus Magnus declares  
sage placed in a fountain brings thunder and lightning.

Three women of Strassburg who, at the same instant,  
felt themselves kicked, although no one else was near,  
accused a certain man, weeping and declaring he  
had cast a spell on them; whereupon he was bound over  
to torture, but saved himself by means of a lie,  
saying indeed he had kicked out—though not at  
three Christian women, but at three cats which savagely  
attacked him. This is the reason he was freed  
but the women burnt. Here is a parable of our time.

Ahasuerus, with the gift of prevision, is  
obligated to suffer his agony thrice—  
in anticipation, actuality, and recollection.

How many churches count among their priceless relics  
the prepuce of Jesus Christ? The answer is twelve.

It is said the cuttlefish avoids pursuit by troubling  
the water, making his neighborhood as black as ink;  
the same is true of Man. Thus, the act of copulation  
is held to be illegal on Sunday, Wednesday, and  
Friday. It is illegal for a period of forty days  
prior to Easter and to Christmas, and for three days  
prior to Communion. It is forbidden from the time of  
conception till forty days after parturition.  
According to some, the consequence of these restrictions  
is phantasmagoria, looming, flagellation, and slaving,  
while others assert these constitute satanic seizures.

*Ogni vero non è buono a dire.*  
By virtue of suppression do we lie.

The physician of imperial Rome was Galen,  
known to many as Paradoxopæus.  
It was he who concocted theriac,  
which is the antidote to every poison,  
except the poison of the mind.

The moon climbs and follows its ordained path  
with the fathoming probity of mathematics.

*Quem colorem  
habet sapientia?*  
What color  
hath wisdom? Tell me,  
if you know.

I have found a notebook filled with incomprehensible  
and mysterious symbols—notes that pertain  
to fearful discoveries.

I observe my shadow cast forward;  
someone comes hurrying after me!

I listen, and hear my name  
called down the years.  
The corridor is alive with echoes.  
To what use did Judas put his silver?

Last night I think I fainted in my sleep. There was blood  
on my tongue this morning.

I remember an inn where I stayed overnight  
and a door with a bronze lion's head,  
with a ring in the mouth of the lion.  
I was told I needed only to pull on this ring  
to open the door. Eleven years have passed  
and yet I cannot keep myself from wondering  
what was there. A woman? A document? Or  
a passage that led to another door.

Salvian complains that the causes of corruption  
are not enticement, but exist within our hearts;  
as also wickedness dwells not without, but in us.  
*Sodom* and *Gomora* have been found  
inscribed on the walls of a house  
in Pompeii.

Now, I do not know if the man I met  
is still on the road to Córdoba,  
or if he has reached there.  
Nor do I care. He has his life. I have mine.

I am not able to distinguish certain sounds—  
those in which the letter M occurs—standing for  
Millennium and the attendant revelations.  
Particular odors and colors are lost to me, that earlier  
I thought were valuable. Darkness settles toward us.  
Like the embryo that recapitulates the race,  
I live again the conflicts of my inheritance.

I have seen the last queen of the Gauls  
dancing alone in a dark forest.  
She wore a jeweled belt—emeralds  
and sapphires encircled her waist,  
and a dagger set with rubies  
swung from a silver chain.  
Her hair was long, it was as black  
as Indian silk. Her necklace  
was made of candle wax. Pray for us.

The nine principal vices to which Man is subject  
are these: tristitia, philargyria, fornicatio, superbia,  
cenodoxia, gastrimargia, acedia, ira, and tædium cordis.

Midnight. I awake in a city of metallic birds  
turning on their standards with every breeze. Who knows  
the significance of this?

The future is hidden from all save God,  
but at the same time we should bear in mind  
that the intelligence of angels, however fallen,  
may be acute. In shrewdness and sibylline perspicuity



they excel Mankind, and proceed into the future  
by means of logical deduction.

*Ethnographies and topographies shall perish;  
the world draws near its anargonic revolution.*

I wear the lining of miniver fur  
which I, a physician, am privileged to wear.  
From my belt dangles my sword  
and my jacket is covered with dust  
as I enter the gates of Ingolstadt  
preceded by fame and the accusations of Donne.  
To every corner of the earth have I been  
and am not yet finished with travel.  
From Croatia to Walachia will I seek the truth.  
And if I find it not there  
then will I go at night to Brandenburg  
or Transylvania. Have I drawn wine from dry wood?  
Does a black poodle trot by my side?

Dawn. I arise from the sand of a beach  
wearing a mysterious ring.  
I see a bone and the wing of a dove  
that has drowned.  
I feel I have been here many ages,  
joined to the annelid  
and mollusc. This meaning is distinct,  
yet will pass unnoticed by most.

My brother knows of an island of red pearls  
where a pearl is placed in the mouth of the dead  
and pepper is white. It is far away,  
but when the wind comes out of the west we will go;  
the earth may roll on its axis before we return,  
if ever we do.

Galileo died in captivity  
the year Newton was born. For their sake  
I continue.

As soon as it had been demonstrated that there were  
mountains and valleys on the surface of the moon  
those who believed celestial bodies must be faultless  
argued that these irregularities were not real  
but merely apparent, and the moon must be enclosed  
by a vitreous substance invisible to Mankind.

Miguel Servete discovered the circulation of the blood and  
published *De Trinitatis Erroribus*, among other things,  
for which he was burnt.

Descartes was preparing to issue his pamphlet on the  
nature of the universe when he was informed of the fate  
of Galileo, which is the reason he locked up his thesis  
in a desk. It was not published until fourteen years  
after his death.

I am like a deaf mute with a message  
of the utmost importance

addressing someone ignorant of my fantastic language,  
who must resort to a frightful pantomime  
of sighs and gestures.  
Laboriously, I am transcribing reality.

The Eskimo has twenty words  
to express the conditions of snow.  
The Tokelau Islander  
has nine words for the ripeness of coconut.  
I have not one word  
to express my longing.

*Da amantem et sentit quod dico*; only another lover,  
with love like mine, could understand.

According to Sir Thomas Browne  
there is something of divinity in us  
that was before the elements  
and does not owe homage to the sun.  
He believes we are in the image of God,  
and whosoever does not understand this  
can not ever learn the Alphabet of Man.

Those wondrous and magical reflections  
which have been set down in *Urne-Burial*  
were undertaken following the discovery of  
ancient sepulchral urns at Norfolk.  
This is the reason I will go  
and dig and sift my father's ashes,  
to find and write out our mutual meanings.

*Tat tuam asi*; thou also.

There is a wind which blows in August across the Ægean.  
It is called Meltem and will carry us from the Cyclades  
to Alexandria.

The spiral, the fish, the sea-fan  
and the anchor—all are mystic symbols.

I have just this moment learned  
the *Argonaut* is sunk in the Yellow Sea!  
My brother was aboard  
using another man's name.  
He was older than I  
and never told me what he sought.  
I remember when he was a boy  
he one day scooped up a handful of mud  
and flung it across a white swan  
floating on the water on an English lake.  
And never once the swan looked at him  
but dived; and in a moment  
we both saw it rise again, shining and pure.

What shall I say next?

I will speak of treasure hoards  
and of women, who hate and fear the sea,  
who become excited by the presence of coral  
and never tire of gathering it,

and lock its branches in their jewel cases,  
which seldom are open to display.

I shall describe how the sun seethes with unconscionable  
fury, how polar snows melt and boil, dry winds  
rage across the globe and fantastic patterns of celestial  
flame soar over crumbled mountains. Oceans wrinkle  
to smouldering, bubbling pits. These matters I expect;  
these we should anticipate.

I affirm that I have seen the Unicorn  
and learned of dromedaries beyond the river  
where once I bathed; and assert my belief  
the realm of the Khan is not far.

I have contemplated three kingdoms  
which are called Marata, Acus, and Totontec,  
because I know the way. I beg you to accompany me  
in search of them. If you believe  
I will not ever find them  
you will not hesitate to go. But if I do  
and we should enter into Totontec  
to the sound of native flutes—into a city  
alive with parrots, bright with shells  
and topaz pendants—tell me, if you know,  
how should we stay, or ever quite return?

Nor is this all.  
I remind you that in Peru  
are ageless Inca walls  
so narrowly fitted  
that the blade of a knife  
cannot slide between two stones.

I will allow you to discover what I mean;  
knowledge is subject to long interpretation.  
We have much that we were never given.

Nostradamus informs us that there exist  
certain persons to whom almighty God reveals  
by impressions formed upon their understanding  
secrets of the future, according to judicial astrology,  
as happened in previous times when men were possessed  
by powers and voluntary faculties, as if by fire.

In a Portuguese castle stands a gigantic brazen head.  
Those who consult it are told whatever they require,  
whether this concerns what is past, what is, or  
what remains to be. None but fools ignore fatidic words.

Last night I dreamt of an object  
gilded and embossed  
with cryptic insignia. Birds  
circled anxiously above it  
cawing and screaming.  
I watched them pretend to pluck out  
its single eye, but tilt and stream away  
with cries of desperate anguish.  
And I understood it must be  
toward the use of this

we labor. There is no doubt;  
where the heart leads, we follow.  
But still, like horrified birds  
not one of us presumes  
to touch the regnant evil.

According to Zosimus the panopolitan  
we that look into a mirror  
look not at shadows, but at what these shadows hint,  
understanding reality through fictive appearance.

On the 10th day of February  
in the year 1896  
an explosion took place in the sky  
above Madrid. People rushed from their houses  
praying and shrieking, and  
gazing up, beheld a luminous cloud filled with debris.  
For a period of five hours the streets of Madrid  
were bombarded with stones!

In Salzburg there is an iron cube  
shaped by artificial means. Four sides are neatly faced,  
the other two being convex, and around it  
runs a geometrically contrived groove.  
On a table beside this thing  
lies the lump of coal in which it was found.

*Let us doubt without unbelief of things  
to be believed.*  
This is the voice of Augustine.

Time will be.  
Time is.  
Eleven hours have passed.  
These are vatic words.

The cattle shall be stricken with murrain,  
ulcers plague Everyman! Frogs, flies,  
and mosquitos shall besiege the nation! Hail destroy  
each crop, locusts absorb the remnant! Darkness  
settles at noon.

During the last days of the Plague  
a goose girl from Przytullen was seen  
capering among the bodies, adorned  
with jewels stolen from the dead. Mindless  
in the solitude of vacant halls she played,  
a baroness between indifferent shadows.

It is late. The moon is obscured by ragged clouds.

Troops poise at the border; they await  
their benediction.

We are cautioned by the venerable Duns Scotus,  
Doctor Subtilis, to distinguish between volition  
which is efficacious and the volition of complaisance.

If it is true, as the Gnostics claim, we are devoid of  
will, then Evil is not a consequence of voluntary



transgression, but emanates from the Creator. Therefore God is a malignant power, Lord of the Kingdom of Darkness.

*With all my heart and most unfeignedly  
and with all my will and most deliberately  
do I wholly renounce God, Father, Son  
and Holy Ghost; the most Holy Mother of God;  
each Angel, and that who has guarded me;  
the Passion of Our Lord, Jesus Christ,  
His blood and all its merits,  
and my lot in Paradise, and all prayers  
that are made or may be offered for me.*

Full of doubt, hesitantly, I approach my truth.  
Centuries are required to create a flower.

Marmotius in his chronicle records how farmers dared not observe the rising sun, and sailors would not look at the sea, for fear they should be called Mithraists. This has its parallel in our day.

The principle of regicide was first espoused  
by the Popes of Rome.

The father of Christ was a Roman soldier named Panthera.

The Artotyritæ, for adding cheese to the bread,  
were declared heretic and vigorously persecuted.

I have heard that those who cannot participate  
in other lives are those who live most in fear of Death.  
If this is true, let it be.

*Light of our darksome journey here, with days  
dividing night from ...*

Once my brother told me with great bitterness  
his dream of children dancing on the tumulus  
and of how, when he awoke, his pockets—  
which he had thought were stuffed with gold doubloons—  
were empty; and he held a few dusty pebbles in his hand.

I believe in the value of gold, which is  
sunlight petrified by the activities of time.

I recognize that whoever sets out in search of treasure,  
from the Magistri to Father Pacifique, must follow  
in the footsteps of some other.

Now the rain has stopped. The clouds  
half are lifting. I am young, there will be  
time enough. I will devote these moments  
to leisure, to the arrangement of my plans.

It is claimed he will locate the treasure of Sijilmassa  
who is able to point out the mouth of the river Ziz,  
which sinks in the desert sand. Innumerable years  
shall have passed and long been forgotten when I come  
to the end of this.

Gruet,  
having written the word *Nonsense!*  
in Calvin's book,  
was executed for blasphemy  
and treason.

Perhaps it is true, we live merely on the verge of  
a Christian era. The stones we noticed  
were burnt, and fragments of human skin floated  
in the river, down the estuary toward the Inland Sea.  
Today, when obscurities baffle learned men,  
what interpretation should be considered certain?

I come now to consider seven bishops of Portugal  
who stood together on the deck of a caravel  
when a white albatross was observed to fly over.  
This I take to mean that somewhere in the Indian Islands  
the Seven Cities of Antilia will be found!

I do not know if I am awake or dreaming.  
There is a metallic taste in my mouth  
as though I had swallowed a coin.  
Beads of moisture appear on my skin.  
My fingers tremble. The evening is cool,  
yet I feel warm. I behold  
marvelous figures turn languorously  
among trees whose limbs are writhing tentacles.  
On the wall a circular Peruvian rug  
is pulsing with universal regularity—  
I lean toward a new existence.

#### *Mirabile visu!*

The great astrologer and cosmographer Toscanelli  
assures me that a voyage of five thousand miles  
due west will bring me to Quinsay, a city of China  
which is praised by Marco Polo. I have no reason  
to doubt him, but still I am uneasy. I have sailed  
an hundred leagues beyond the island of Tile  
and have measured the latitude, which I found  
to be 73°, not 63°, as I had been informed.  
Nor does it lie on the meridian where Ptolemy

swore the West began, but lies much further.  
Therefore I am uneasy. I wonder if I shall live  
to taste the sweet barbaric fruits of Quinsay.

All is possible to those who believe.

Like the annular rings of a tree  
prophetic dreams increase.

I am depressed and restless, full of a strange doubt.  
I have lain here all day among the pines, face down,  
listening to the sough of the wind. Easter is near,  
familiar mysteries evoke no respect; I have traveled  
too far.

*Estevan! Estevan!*  
*Ay, thou Moor!*  
*Where lies this fabled city?*  
*I,*  
*Francisco Vasquez de Coronado,*  
*am come to claim thee with all thy riches*  
*in the name of His Excellence,*  
*Nuño de Guzmán, Viceroy of New Spain.*  
*Mother of Christ, where does this desert end?*  
*Ay, Mother of Christ ...*

Why should I feel as desolate as I do?  
Is it that I am sick of travel and I am sick  
and far away, and swiftly night comes on?

Whatever I imagine,  
or that I apperceive,  
does not exist  
separate from me.

My brother lay on his back and his eyes were open.  
His expression was very calm and wise.  
I had searched all day, and when I found him  
I unfolded my arms as though I were a bird  
and thus did I float above him,  
gazing earnestly into his face.  
His hair streamed in the green current of the Gulf,  
bright fish hovered against his fingertips.  
He never spoke, nor moved, nor cared  
that I had looked for him so long; nor that I  
could not bear to see him as he used to be.

Pass by that which you do not love.

Twice I traveled the Orinoco in search of Manoa,  
but yet I could not discover it. Next  
I sought the Straits of Annian; I heard of someone  
who had broached the gap and would tell me  
where to turn, if only I could speak to him.  
Now I prepare for a longer journey  
that will lead me to far greater wealth—  
greater than the temple of Daibaba  
or the fabulous palace of Cubanacan!  
I go in search of Norembega,  
which has been called a shadow and a dream.



It is well known how the early cartographers were vain,  
and to fortify their reputations would delineate  
not only what was known and what had been reported  
but also many coastlines, mountains, rivers  
and settlements which did not exist. Among these men  
was one by the name of Clavus, who was distinguished  
from his colleagues by his feeling for humor;  
and where they called their fictitious villages  
by whatever name occurred to them, Clavus  
on his map of the Greenland coast gave to his points  
the words of a Danish song, which are these,  
commencing high on the eastern coast and reading  
downward to the southern extremity, and upward  
toward the west:

*There lives a man by a Greenland bourn  
And Spjellebod he is named.  
More he has of a lousy hide  
Than he has of bacon fat.  
Northward drifts the sand.*

We took on board two Gælic slaves  
who were called Haki and Hekja,  
this latter being a woman.  
And the King said they could outrun a deer.  
And we put them ashore past Furdstrandir  
and told them to run as far as they could  
and return in three days.  
What the King said was true.  
They wore a strange hooded garment  
open at the sides and without sleeves,  
fastened between the legs with a button and a loop.  
They understood what we told them and ran  
among the rocks with the speed of a deer.  
Three days passed. We saw them  
run toward us. The man carried  
an ear of wild wheat. The woman bore  
a bunch of grapes. We took them back on board  
and continued our journey.  
I willingly would be a Gælic slave  
to see where the wild wheat grows.

Palm, fern, and breadfruit  
where we remembered snow  
we found near Svalberd,  
we have traveled so far.

Let the heron fly with long strokes.  
Let the horns beat against every height.  
On my wrist I carry the Iceland falcon.  
O beautiful!  
Beautiful in the morning light!

*I will pause  
and begin again.*

The savage told us he knew of a mysterious site  
where we might find what we were looking for.  
We questioned him as to how old it might be,  
but he could answer only that it was very old;

not even his grandfather, whom he remembered,  
could think of anyone who knew when this place  
had been inhabited. For that reason we went there  
one winter morning. The day was bitter cold  
and it seemed to us we would have been wiser  
to have stayed at home. Across a stony hill  
the Eskimo led us; we came at last to the place  
he commended. And there we began to dig  
the frozen ground, hopeful our efforts might yield  
a runic stone or a bronze church bell, such as we  
had unearthed before. That day and the next  
we made little progress, nor for three days after.  
Yet we were not dissuaded, since we believed  
some object of high importance had been laid  
in nearby ground. We thought it was a corpse  
just below; and then someone sighed, holding  
his breath and we knew we had not been mistaken.  
We looked to see. Bundles as hard as any stone!  
Five wood crosses and five bodies wrapped  
in medieval garments, frozen six centuries,  
we found that day. And we who looked on those  
serene and yellowed faces, cool as carved features  
of ivory chess pieces, who clasped, each to its breast  
a white wood cross—three men, a woman, and a child—  
knew that they, even as we, could not but dread  
the imminent loss of Heaven.

Languages of medieval Europe had no word to express  
the concept of civilization.

The hands of the clock are turning.  
Darkness gathers. Overhead, the wheeling falcon waits.  
Eleven hours are past. *Sanctificetur nomen tuum . . .*

Is it so, as I have heard, that each nation  
the same as Everyman, conceals within itself  
diabolic forces awaiting the chosen moment?

Toward future ages fall adumbrations of the holocaust;  
meticulous horrors sing a pure Euclidean song.

It has been calculated  
that Mankind is eighteen days of age,  
basing this on the assumption that Man has existed for  
one million years,  
and the earth may be habitable two billion more.  
An infant that is eighteen days old  
will cry when it is hungry or in pain,  
and is able to follow a bright light with its eyes.

*Now is the time for a dreamer.*

Yesterday I found a strange coin among hundreds  
in a bronze bowl at the marketplace in Damascus.  
Unerringly my fingers picked it out; it was  
elliptical and had no date. On one side  
loomed a gynandrous head with classic features  
beneath the word *Creation*. On the obverse  
a male figure was seated, with a spear, or staff  
in his left hand. On the palm of his right hand

a smaller figure stood, but whether this was meant to be an infant or a woman, I could not decide. The inscription was not legible, yet I am sure it would tell of cruelty, æstrum, cacoëthes, depravity and malevolence, and every degradation.

Cecco d'Ascoli, for suggesting the earth might be a sphere, was burnt alive.

Giordano Bruno, holding that the universe evolved, was burnt alive.

Antonio de Dominis wrote on the nature of light. After death his body was exhumed and formally burnt.

*Cernit omnia Deus vindex.*

Tomorrow we will believe, if not today.

There is a city called Luz where the Angel of Death has no power, until those that live within its walls have discovered what lies without.

Several days we spent among the ruins, reputed to be the oldest on the continent. We found numerous disks of silver and copper, brooches, pottery, tiaras, bones, quantities of gold filigree, and a few ornamental beads. We found also the carving of a hideous deity flanked by fifty-two figures, each in the likeness of a winged man. There was a tiger of solid gold and some lesser animals, and a sacrificial stone hollowed in the center, with a groove to accommodate the neck. The lake, we were told, has receded during the centuries. It now lies nine leagues from the temple. Today the surrounding fields are cultivated; dolmens and fallen lintels are found in yellow barley stubble.

According to Albertus Magnus, our descent owes less to our search for pleasures than to the fallacy of our reason.

Perseus, when he had rid the world of the Gorgon and set down the bleeding head on the sandy shore, washed his fingers in the sea. And it is said coral sprang out of this blood where it ran in the water. Here is a magic emblem, the symbol of our race.

Again today, prescience and afterknowledge; I have no further doubt.

We are void of soul; we are not immortal; we will not endure, nor prevail.

Saint Epiphanius, having detailed the abominations of the Gnostics, concludes:  
*Why should I not speak of things you do not fear to do? By speaking thus, I hope to fill you with horror of the turpitudes you commit.*

Mid-afternoon.  
A cluster of metal objects

has been uncovered  
on the coastal dunes  
ringed by a chill sea-wind.  
They are aimed at the north  
and no birds reel overhead.  
Natural things look upon us  
and our wonders with repugnance.

As our grasp on reality progressively weakens and the content of our mind becomes ever more primitive, chaotic, and bewildered, we may assume and maintain postures symbolic of our inner strain while we seek to convey incommunicable feelings or ideas through fantastic gestures.

It seems to me we are gathering in a cellar for some obscure but malignant purpose. By candlelight I perceive a ragged priest turning the pages of a book whose cover is hairy, made out of the pelt of a wolf. The leaves of this book are crimson. The priest mumbles and mutters through clenched teeth; and suddenly I observe him elevate the black Host, which is filthy with writhing maggots, and a chalice of cracked pewter. Adorning his chasuble is a broken cross, smeared with human excrement.

Rotten posts are painted; gilded nuts taste dry.

In secrecy we bear a lie.

*He is nowhere upon the mountain where we had thought to find Him, nor among galactic systems.*

The depression I felt since yesterday has gone. I will sit up tonight, until dawn, to meditate. I feel strangely sensate, and wakeful. My life is not half so worthless as I had imagined. I shall not decay, I shall not give myself over to worms. I shall not witness corruption within my heart. I shall have my being, I shall live and germinate; and I shall wake up in peace. The shape of my vision endures, after the form of my countenance is taken.

This pallid flower, which appears utterly motionless, is growing. I have measured its petals with a compass: I am close to the perception of miracles. Delicately I hold this flower, as though I were a subtle portrait of my self which is painted by the German, who calls himself Albrecht Dürer.

There is a black stain in Wartburg castle where Martin Luther flung his inkhorn at the Devil.

Melancthon speaks of one Johannes Faustus who was born at Knütlingen, in Würtemberg, not far from his own home, who studied magic in Cracow, and afterwards traveled and talked of mysterious things. My brother, when I told him this, inquired if I were by singular coincidence that same Faustus, because of my chthonic journey

and because he could not understand me. I am able to see him now, where he stood, frightened by my laughter.

That which is common to the working of disordered minds may be approximate to the writings of our vatic poets. We do not know, as yet, whether this is through some accident, or by intent. We should be hopeful it is for a purpose, in which case we surmise our poets have grown angry with us, but still are sane. If they, however, do not recognize their end, it must follow they have gone insane. And from this follows an inescapable, horrifying implication.

I can no longer say whether I am dreaming in a world awake, or if it may be our world that lies asleep, and I alone am conscious.

A voice has said he is held prisoner by the Turks in a narrow cave on the mountainside. His clothing is in rags. He does not eat or sleep. No matter in what language he is questioned, the answer comes back in Aramaic that he is Cartaphilus, who asked of Jesus, *Why dost thou linger here?*

The year is turning as a leaf turns in its season, as the earth turns, as the life of Man.

Beneath the first pillar on the left, in the Great Mosque of Cordova, the Arab Ibn Röchd has buried a ray of sunlight.

Nothing escapes my notice save the passage of time.

I am told of a lamp replenishing itself while it burns, which for eight centuries has illuminated the crypt of Christian Rosencreutz, for whose body we search in vain.

The alchemist Auriger observes that nothing shall be born to a better state unless it first has died and undergone the dissolution and putrefaction of previous principles.

No malady is subject to cure, say the astrologers, for sickness betokens the outcome of original sin.

The death of Canches at Orleans represents the dissolution of matter.

In Egypt every manner of serpent and dragon was painted circular, the head swallowing its tail, to signify they had come from one and the same; and that this sufficed unto itself, and this form and this motion became its own perfection.

I do not think too highly of men; nor too lowly.

Peter the Hermit preached the order thoroughly, communicating his madness until Europe surged and boiled.

*Unius dementia dementes efficit multos.*

Always we discover at the heart of tragedy a core of silence.

We know of Saint Dionysius that when his head had been chopped from his body he picked it up and carried it; and walked to the place where he wanted to be buried. To what prayer will you listen, if not to this?

There are means by which we one day will achieve the liberation of Man, his deliverance and salvation, the transmutation of base instinct into the precious metal of his constitution. On that day shall illusion become reality.

King Wenceslaus demanded of John Nepomucene that he reveal the confession of the King's wife, Joan. This the priest refused to do, which is the reason he was seized and bound, dragged through the streets of Prague, and flung into the turbulent Moldau. This is why we have preserved the tongue of a priest, why it remains whole, and retains the color, the size, and the strength of a living tongue.

*God forgive  
this life,  
monstrous  
and filled  
with iniquity.*

According to Cardinal Lepicier the characteristics of a miracle are these: it shall occur with relative infrequency, since God did not create the world in order to interfere continually with His own laws. Since it is of divine origin, the event should be reasonable, and of moral character, not a phantasy or prodigy of dubious merit. There is always some evident spiritual motivation. It procures the general or individual welfare. It is most frequently instantaneous, although it may be progressive in its unfolding. Its effects should be persistent, but this condition is not indispensable. Because of their very nature certain miracles are limited in time. Ordinarily it shall occur in answer to prayer.

Is this what they have brought me, being hungry, the Sun and the Moon?

There is known to be a figure which we call our Saviour or our Redeemer, that lies half-asleep in the mind of Man, waking each time we are committed to a grievous error.

Seven Christians of Ephesus  
who lived under the reign of the Emperor Decius  
fled from the city and fell asleep in a cave  
on Mount Celion. When they wakened one said to Malchus,  
who was their leader:

*Go to the city and buy bread for us  
and discover, if you can, what Decius means to do.*

Then Malchus went into the city and was puzzled  
that everything was strange,  
and the baker from whom he bought bread  
looked in astonishment at the coins he proffered  
and would not take them, saying,

*Tell me, how should I spend coins  
that date from the reign of Decius?*

I believe we are like those seven Christians of Ephesus  
that fled their persecution  
and fell asleep in a cave on Mount Celion.

In the core of an oak Merlin sleeps fitfully—  
deep, deep in the forest of Broceliande.

In the heart of a mountain Charlemagne dreams;  
crowned and armed, he waits the hour  
when he shall deliver the Franks out of bondage.

John the Divine dreams in his grave. The ground is shaken  
over his breast with every breath he draws. He awaits  
the Antichrist, against whom he shall bear witness  
during the days that precede the Second Coming.

Joseph of Arimathea sleeps in the city of Sarras.

As crystal from fluid precipitates,  
my thought resolves.  
I am Magus. Trust in me.

*I am able to discourse with great learning  
upon projections, cimentations, sublimations, elixirs  
of life, and the universal alkahest.  
To everyone I boast thoroughly of my intercourse  
with salamanders and sylphs,  
and of my power to draw diamonds out of the earth  
by incantation, and by the magic of my song!  
Often they ask why I spend my life  
in search of phantoms, as they are pleased to say.  
I reply that not this life or moment do I count,  
but these thousand more, until I transmute  
the fabulous stone, which some believe is no other  
than the Grail—since that can be no phantom  
or unworthy fragment thrown from the brain of a man,  
as though his soul were a spinning wheel!*

Late one December afternoon we encountered him  
in the wintry lemon light beside the athanor,  
wearing a greatcoat and fur bonnet.  
Above his head, dangling from the ceiling, was the pelt  
of a dog. Formulæ covered the walls.  
Culpels, flasks, retorts, alembics, porcelain crucibles,  
pots of orpiment and electuary...

Appearance passes;  
truth abides.

We stand as the terminal symbol.

In Assyria a mountain has burst  
and a Greek scroll been revealed,  
proclaiming the end of the world.

Certain excavations have brought to light  
ten thousand inscriptions in the Etruscan language,  
of which fully eight thousand are sepulchral!  
We know that from a distance it is impossible for Man  
to distinguish Christ from Antichrist, whose face  
seldom is monstrous or evil.

Saint Vincent Ferrer has allowed the world as many years  
as there are verses to the Psalms, which number 2537.

Shall the visions of the heart be troubled by discretion?

I have talked with a certain priest  
that gained access to a convent of nuns  
and left them believing he was the Vicar of Christ  
and they become His brides, belonging to him,  
who vows wild figs were never so sweet.

On the central panel of a medieval triptych  
somewhere in Europe stands the figure  
of a woman from whose vulva  
radiates a profusion of luminous xanthic lines  
resembling the spokes of a wheel!  
A child who paints the midday sun will  
imagine such lines in order to represent  
the inconceivable power of the object.

I awake  
congested with desire.  
There is blood on my hands;  
I have lived celibate so long.

The *Rituale Romanum* is highly instructive.  
When a woman is to be exorcised  
the priest is advised to have responsible persons  
hold on to her tightly  
while her body is agitated by the demon.  
He is advised to show care  
that he inspire obscene thoughts  
neither in himself nor in others.

Bodin, a notable jurist of the Middle Ages, observes  
that women are peculiarly liable to sorcery  
and witchcraft, being liars, having larger intestines  
than men, and being constituted, as they are,  
halfway between man and beast.

There was an age when a woman who loved her husband  
would sheathe her body with wild honey  
and roll herself on a bed of corn, and make of this  
a cake meant only for her husband to eat. Of



conquered repugnance are ultimate pleasures born;  
paths that lead into a forest may not lead out again.

The magic cake of antiquity was known as the *confarreatio*.  
Across the woman's naked thighs a board was placed  
and on this board was set a small oven. A fire  
was lighted, and the hotly seasoned cake thus impregnated  
with her pain—and the ripe, burnt flesh of love.  
Lovers eating this grow blind to other women.

We know our word for love is derived from the Sanscrit  
*lubhyati*, implying desire.

Women discover their husband by the quiet, obstinate wish  
that works magically, like the fixed stare of a Serpent.

I have read in the Bestiary that if a virgin  
shall be taken into the woods and seated on a hillock,  
a Unicorn will be attracted to her and will come  
and kneel down and lay his head in her lap.

Lions, when they are ill, seek Monkeys to eat.  
Yet animals forget naturally what they have done,  
and the cruelty they practice does not well up in them  
as it does in us. We should like to forget our sins,  
but we are unable not to remember.

I have learned that I shall be always what I am.

The Sien-seng are men of extreme continence,  
leading lives of unbelievable austerity. They eat bran  
which has no flavor, and do not take a wife.  
Their chins and their heads are shaven,  
and they wear robes of blue sacking.  
They sleep on mats made of harsh wicker, and worship fire,  
and keep idols toward which they prostrate themselves.  
The form of each idol is female, and each is given  
a female name, which is why the Sien-seng cry out  
in anguish, repeatedly, the names of many women.

I have talked with a man who had himself immured,  
leaving only one window through which he was handed  
a bowl of lentil, which he befouled before he ate,  
and denied himself its final seed, and prayed  
and excoriated himself. In the seventh month  
a woman appeared to him, kneeling over him,  
and through a perforation in her belly he looked out  
upon a desert. To all who questioned him, he replied  
that vinegar is sweeter than the taste of pucelage.

Suffering is of itself neither good nor evil.

The river creates its course and the banks  
which contain it, and no two are identical.

I hate and dread each day, I have lain here  
so long, helpless and tormented. Once again it is  
dawn. I stare at the wall, seeing the print of Arashiyama  
gather colors from darkness.

According to Locke, the Englishman, if I shall trace  
the progress of my thoughts, observing  
with close attention how they repeat and add  
themselves to each other, uniting the simplest receipts  
of sensation or reflection, I shall find myself  
traveled further than I would have imagined.  
By comparison, there are aborigines in the Bay of Bengal  
who have not yet learned a method for making fire.

At Harappa, in the Montgomery district of the Punjab,  
has been found evidence of a civilization  
that hitherto was unknown. Eight hundred archival seals  
made of stone and copper have been recovered,  
each containing, on the average, half a dozen glyphs.  
But as to the people who made and used these vouchers  
nothing whatsoever is recorded—their race,  
the names of their kings, or their language.

I have been watching the cartographer  
who is at work on a map, bent over it with dividers  
and similar contrivances of which I have little knowledge.  
The longitudes and latitudes are meaningless,  
nor do I recognize the outline of any coast,  
so foreign it is. I have inquired  
concerning what terrain this might be,  
but got back no answer except the crackle of parchment.  
I have reason to believe he is obsessed by us  
and endeavors to describe the boundaries of our estate.

Someone has said that on the 15th day of August  
a boy in a Japanese city deliberately burned to ashes  
the one thing that had not been taken from him,  
which was a schoolbook he found while sifting the ruins  
of his father's home. In this book were several poems,  
and exercises in the art of reading. No one thus far  
has explained his act. But is it not clear to everyone?  
The boy had perceived the absurdity of such things.

Lord Macaulay informs us how democratic institutions  
in due course shall obliterate liberty and civilization.

*Ora pro nobis.*  
Pray for us.

I spoke to a woman  
who said that a few moments after noon  
the buildings of the city  
suddenly were illuminated, black  
and crenulate as medieval watchtowers.  
Two nations' prodigious error  
bloomed and softly shut like petals  
within a bleak Ægean dream.

It has been reported that the first troops  
to enter the area  
were cheerful to the point of  
euphoria, pausing frequently  
to distribute sweets  
and to play with the children.

I have heard that in Landsberg prison  
south of Munich  
fifteen enemy officers waited under sentence of death  
for crimes against humanity  
until, owing to circumstances  
which were considered beyond control,  
they were allied with their captors;  
whereupon their sentences were commuted to imprisonment  
with the provision of early parole  
in order that they might be recommissioned.  
Singular skills are useful.

The blows from their rubber truncheons  
sounded monotonously, it is said,  
like the plunging of animal hooves  
through a muddy field.  
Brief is our pain.

*Die Kunst ist lang  
und kurz ist unser Leben.*

Christmas Day.

The horizon is obscured;  
a north wind blows.

The sky is lowering and sullen, whiter than paste  
that children use; our compass drifts unnaturally  
as though in portent of things to come.

It is rumored that somewhere in the Canadian arctic  
lies a valley warmed by geysers and hot springs,  
where the climate is tropical and serpents flourish,  
and fabulous monsters roam undisturbed by the passage  
of ages. If this is true, then all that seems most real  
about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream.

Magister Adam has written that beyond Wineland  
no habitable place is found in the ocean.  
The land is filled with intolerable ice  
and utter darkness. Prince Harald, exploring  
to the full breadth of the North Ocean,  
scarcely escaped with safety the gulf of an abyss  
when the bounds of the earth grew misty and dark  
before his eyes.

Last night an albatross flew over.  
Metallic is the moon and cold  
on the slope of ominous telluric waves.  
Where we are headed I know not,  
nor have courage to inquire.

Lat. 46.23 N.; Long. 160.10 E.  
I am chilled and sick at heart.

*We have come so far north  
God knows if we will see  
this winter's end, or  
once more behold a tree.*

*The falcon's knuckles  
have frozen to his prey  
and one island of ice  
encloses us. The wood  
that makes our boat is  
frozen as hard as a bone.  
We cannot guess if this be  
day or night, nor upon  
which continent we are bound  
nor why, but that it were  
madness to linger here.*

Symbols adumbrate the end.

We buried him at the foot of a vein of white quartz  
standing like a monument, so that when the savages  
were gone away we might return and find his corpse  
and carry this with us back to his children. But  
the way is long and full of danger. We are counseled  
and told it would be unwise, and certain we should  
lose our lives together in this land. Down to rock  
we dug his grave and in it placed him hurriedly.  
And on his left side was placed his sword. On his  
right the axe. Laid over him the great shield. And  
his head was to the West so that he faces the dawn  
from whence comes the Lord of the Resurrection Morning.  
And then we departed.

I know now that things are not what they seem.

By cold batrachian jellies are we linked  
to blinded fluid things  
that seep and writhe through ageless protoplasmic floors.

Only a moment has passed;  
I am like a beaker of liquid subtly altered  
by a single drop of foreign essence.

This is the twelfth day of June. The water  
has risen, strangely black and vitreous,  
and fantastic reptiles we thought long preterlapsed  
appear on every side, though I alone can see them.  
Thus, I have asked myself if they exist;  
since if they do not, nor ever have, then I am mad.  
I see them plainly, as I am able to perceive  
our future course through remote and secular channels.

It has just been reported from Cape Artemision that  
in a net belonging to a fisherman  
an immense object was caught;  
but as it was being hauled to the surface  
the net broke under its weight,  
and the unknown thing settled quickly out of sight.  
There is much we know in regard to corporeal objects,  
but less in regard to the human mind and still less  
of our beginnings.

I will now consider more exactly,  
and with extreme probity,  
whether I am able to discover within myself

further intimations  
that shall burgeon richly. Nothing  
must obstruct these meditations.

I have been thinking of my uncle  
who was gone twenty years,  
and brought home a sea chest filled with Eastern brocade,  
jewels in a leather pouch, perfumes, and exquisite books  
illuminated by hand in lavish colors  
with gold facings; who spoke of marvels he had seen  
and of oil paintings,  
and dishes he had tasted, and of strange  
musical instruments. While at his feet  
with neither a word, nor any smile,  
her black eyes brilliantly fixed on his face  
and copper bells attached to her ankles,  
lounge a Semitic dancer, whose name he never told us.  
Thus always do we seek our own delight.

Certain peoples abstain from blood,  
the flesh of swine, and all things strangled;  
and in their lamentation they employ these words:  
*Jeru! Jeru! Masco! Salem!*  
by which we think they recall Damascus  
and Jerusalem.

In Syria is the river Sabbatius,  
so named because its rivers flow toward the sea  
six days of the week; but on the seventh day  
its waters come to a stop.

Except for the miracles of revelation as narrated  
in the Old and in the New Testaments  
we are at liberty to doubt, or to believe.

For beatification two miracles are required;  
for martyrdom, none.

It is in the diary of Albrecht Dürer  
that we read of the slaughtered ones  
which lie across God's altar  
and cry for vengeance;  
and of how the voice of God replies, saying  
they shall wait  
until an accomplished number of innocents are dead,  
when justice may be done.

Perhaps it is true,  
we are like those doves that stand  
between cathedral bells  
until they have lost all sense of hearing.

I know what I cannot prove, by reason or experiment.

*Eppur si muove.*

I divide the world into these parts:  
that which is pleasing to me I say is choice  
or natural; but that toward which I am averse  
I say is repugnant to all Mankind.

A warm breeze from the mountain  
does little to assuage my illness;  
I am nervous and excited; I am restive  
and pluck at the fringe of my blanket.  
Soon there will be a visitor I dread.

Someone has knocked at the door!  
I will not respond. My candle bends to a fitful wind;  
what is seen is made of things which seldom appear.

Who can hear me? Where should I turn?  
*Actus non facit reum nisi mense sit rea.*

I think what I remember with the utmost clarity  
is not the actual circumstance of his death,  
although I had noticed how the bullets struck him,  
had seen him gaze beyond the attentive soldiers  
and then, half-knowingly, throw himself backward  
against the rocks. Blood trickling from his nostrils  
failed to disturb me, nor blood appearing—  
magically, some exclaimed—through his open lips.  
What astonished me was that a strange woman should  
rush forward to embrace him, as if he were a living man.

We read in the Bible that there shall be a time  
when many that sleep in the earth shall awake,  
some to everlasting life.

Rosh-ha-Shannah. A few minutes after five this morning  
was seen a great comet with a curving trail of fire.  
It ascended and all day hung blazing, undiminished and  
malevolent. Fishes leapt out of the river, dogs howled,  
houses swayed. Apparitions such as this provide warning;  
they serve to remind us we cannot live materially.

*One whose name I never learned  
has come this way.*

It is claimed that by his work each man celebrates  
the psychic structure of his life.

I have spoken with a Philosopher who postulates  
that nothing whatsoever is mandatory,  
the opposite of which is conceivable! If this is true,  
how can I be obligated to any man?

I have made the acquaintance of a Tactician who  
calculates that should the Senator's argument  
be accepted, less than one of eighty thousand shall  
survive. It is my hope that of these few  
the Senator may be one. I conceive of no retribution  
one-twentieth so just.

*I could distinguish boats in the harbor below. It was  
late afternoon when I flew over. I could visualize  
those men preparing to quit work. I could imagine myself  
in their position—I, too, have a wife. It was not that  
I eagerly did what you know I have done; it was,  
to put the matter in the simplest terms, a function.  
Do you understand? I was merely handed my instructions.*

*In fact, I never had seen the young man who approached,  
saluted, and gave me the envelope I was expecting.  
What should I have done but accept? Should I have  
woodenly remained where I was, protesting to superiors...*

Toward evening the gates of Heaven are shut  
and no prayer obtains admission.

In the library at Upsala is preserved the contract  
by which Daniel Salthenius sold himself to the Devil.

Since noon I have been contemplating  
the Lord Chancellor of the Realm, Sir Thomas More,  
who steadfastly rejected each petition  
of the King of England; who therefore was beheaded  
and his head lodged upon a pole on London Bridge. Who  
among us cares to reflect on this?

None dies  
but has desired it.

Each part of my body knows what it is and what it does,  
and lives as it will. Yet not one of us can explain  
what compels us to reveal ourselves through symbols.

Duns Scotus, Doctor Subtilis, tells us  
that reason cannot comprehend ideas of immortality.  
Has he said who keeps the grain in storage  
till it rots?

Some believe there is an icy wind steadily blowing  
without remission toward our vaults.

Boethius inquires whether we do have a free will  
or if the fatal chain fastens also the motions  
of our mind. Tell me, if you know, and I will answer  
with the date that winter sets in Babylon.

Gold and jade protect us from corruption.

Wheat has grown up to the gates of the city.  
An owl has flown into the garden.  
All night I have listened for cathedral bells,  
remembering Saint-Etienne.

A crumb of *madeleine*?—I do not know its taste, nor  
Sunday at Combray, water lilies on the Vivonne,  
no, nor the parish church. But one day in a strange city  
lying alone and far down the dim west I came upon  
a wicker basket filled with miniature chocolate bottles  
from Czechoslovakia, each bottle wrapped in foil;  
and I knew that inside each must be a sweet drink  
of some colored liquid which once I tasted  
when I was a child. And it seemed I always waited  
before the closed portals of that first Jerusalem rose.

The legend of the Prodigal Son, I have heard, is the story  
of one who could not stand to be loved.

*God set free  
of Malady,*

*every Man.  
To me, say  
one word  
for Suffering.*

We know that many saints are in Heaven,  
but cannot announce with certainty that anyone is in Hell.  
Yet we do believe in the existence of Hell as utterly,  
or more so, than we accept the idea of Heaven.

From Nicholas Flamel we learn of hermetic arts,  
and that we albify the shadow-stricken earth.

A prodigious force is directing me; I am no more than  
light reflected from a mirror, illuminating what I must.

The primordial Being which is meant to show the way  
will not appear until we have summoned him into existence  
through the ghastly nature of our accomplishments.

*Opera illius  
mea sunt; this  
and other works  
are mine.*

Redemption sings unannounced  
in polyphonic voices few have heard.

Like the annular rings of a tree,  
prophetic dreams increase.

We were begun in a German forest, but shall end among  
white sands.

Merchants from Crete and Phoenicia  
have drawn their keels on a foreign beach.  
Black ramparts of Ilium cast red shadows  
over bales of merchandise and sacks of coin.  
This is a parable of our recalcitrance.

Since it is understood that angular momentum  
can be transferred from one body of a system to another  
but cannot be destroyed; since the Earth and the Moon  
are a unity; since it is known that the Moon gradually  
is receding from the Earth; and because we know  
the curiosity of Man to be insatiable; therefore,  
being given these factors, it has been computed  
a time will come when the month shall equal the day.  
Then the night shall be long and frigid  
and life must wither and die from the heat of the day.  
And we who live in perpetual darkness shall journey  
half around the Earth to witness our diminishing Moon,  
until it rises in the west. When this occurs  
our thread of life shall be broken, as the Moon itself  
must shatter, being first distorted in the sky, growing  
elongate and giving way to the power of its master  
until it is torn in half, then into a thousand pieces  
that will create a ring around us, an arch  
of famous light. The Earth will be shaken by fearful  
quivers, the animals will run up from the ground



and crocodiles will bellow and run through the forest, planetoids thunder against us, and cities be submerged under blue water. Only the fish of the Sea will survive and through them, in time, new life may evolve.

I set down all I believe and more;  
it is not for me to announce the provinces of Truth.

Should I mark more than shining hours?

They are called *silos*, because they resemble those towers in which fodder, grain and other foods are stored. But there is only the windy sky around them, broken rocks, sand, weeds, and a few burned and blasted roots. Animals, even the smallest, will not come near this place. It is as though they have sensed the purpose of these objects, and comprehend them far better than we.

There is a chain of fate that links us irrevocably to our own destruction.

Laplace was of the opinion that a comet struck the earth during some remote era, reducing the human population to a few individuals who lived in a primitive state for countless centuries, occupied by the problems of survival, until they had lost all memory of the arts; and not until these wants were felt did they begin again, as if Man were but newly born.

It is said the Greeks were the first to employ argument as a deliberate instrument toward the realization of truth. From truths previously established they began, and proceeded according to the laws of human thought until they had come to their conclusion, which was necessarily accepted, however unwelcome.

On the linen wrappings of certain mummified remains found near the Etrurian coast are invaluable writings that await translation.

*Quem colorem habet sapientia?*  
Ordinary men fulfill themselves  
in the company of their fellows.

I am told of a peasant who, one morning when mists lay across his field,  
picked up a feather that had dropped from  
the great horse, Pegasus; who placed the feather  
in his cap and abandoned the world  
for a dream.

I have heard that when the wild geese move in their season a strange tide is raised; and long after they have gone the fowl of the barnyard leap up frantically into the air with shrill, desperate cries—their nut-like heads stuffed and disordered with vestigial recollections

urging them from domestic felicity toward unremembered chasms in the presence of another, bolder skein.

Nothing existed before me; nothing will exist after me.

Myth, art, and dreams are but emanations  
from ancestral spheres.

Karma, which is the wheel of fate,  
is indestructible. A new world shall be born  
that it may continue to fulfill its endless process.

We are to regard the world as an empty trifle,  
so said Buddha; then alone  
will it yield happiness, enabling us to live blissfully  
throughout life's vicissitudes.

Let us become Yasoda, the soul of woman, which calls . ut  
to Lord Krishna in the fullness of her love, and sees  
in him the universe.

*As thou to me,  
so I to thee.*

I was greeted first on this earth by an odor of blood  
and by the passionate exhalations from my mother's body,  
and these I will remember longest.

It was the opinion of my father that Job's affliction  
was his due; since God is just, and therefore  
he who has not transgressed shall not be punished.

Some say that not Cartaphilus only, but his wife also  
urged Jesus down the street. And this is why they both  
are wandering, separately, and meet for a single hour  
each hundred years. Always, when they meet, their moment  
of reunion is embittered, thinking of years to come.

*Adon-olom, asher-molach, b'terem kol . . .*

In Sinai during the months of May, June, and July  
beneath the tamarisk tree a substance is found  
called *manna*, produced by two species of cochineal  
which feed on the leaves. Each morning it is there  
in the form of hyaline, aureate nuts.  
This food must be gathered early, for the ants appear  
to devour or carry away as much as they find.  
According to our Bible, this is *manna* from Heaven.  
That is, from the white flowers of the tamarisk in Sinai.

Late in May, when the moon is triply-ringed,  
if the Wandering Jew shall chance upon two oaks  
that have grown together in the form of a cross  
he may sleep beneath them till the first cock crows.

The legend of the Traveler appears in every civilization,  
perpetually assuming new forms, afflictions, powers  
and symbols. Through every age he walks in utter solitude  
toward penance and redemption.

Nameless fears, like ancient tapestries, adorn the wall.

Primitives brought to civilization seldom are astonished  
as we expect them to be; their marvels differ from ours.

A serpent will not attack a naked man  
because Adam walked unharmed and unashamed in Paradise.

The blood of a goat will soften diamonds.

The crow, Cornix, can predict the future and disclose  
the paths of treachery; yet it is wrong to believe  
this bird understands the secrets of God.

He who is given the greatest power  
is commanded to be most lenient.

This is why the King Bee,  
even if he owns a sting,  
does not ever make use of it.

The Honeybee, when isolated, dies of loneliness.

Natural phenomena fill me with terror.

Ominous revelations delivered by a multitude of voices  
impinge upon these meditations. This morning  
certain papers which belonged to my preceptor were found  
on the banks of a river in Provence. I conclude  
that he is gone, whereby my stature has been enhanced;  
but I am afraid. I would reject this delphic obligation  
if I could.

Locke has told me that if I shall add together  
several units, I create the idea of a dozen; as  
by the putting together of repeated ideas of various  
perches, I frame that of the furlong. Similarly  
I contemplate each piece of good advice.

It is said of Cabeza de Vaca that he possessed  
an understanding honorable beyond that of his  
contemporaries. For this he paid, wandering Jew-like  
down green centuries from Bimini.  
I must not neglect to account for this.

I note that the river Humber has been named  
for the German, Hymyr, who ravaged the countryside  
but drowned as he fled the Briton avengers.

A mysterious object just now has drifted overhead!  
Fog obscured my view; still, I do not think  
I would have been wise enough to describe it, except that  
I suspect its course may link our world to dolmens  
and stelæ.

Near the termination of its appointed life  
the cooling sun will appear  
from the surface of this planet, long centuries  
frozen black, like a glowing violet jewel  
or a luciferous droplet of blood!

Shapes of the dead stirred to Resurrection  
as the gleeman sang. In time of doubt,  
we confront the gnomonic wisdom of our fathers.

Clouds, horses, heights, the bosom,  
forbidden hungers,  
solitude, gestures of inquiry and of terror,  
to say nothing of revelation—  
these are but a few of the many things we convey  
by the use of our hand.

We learn from Hakluyt  
of the ferocity of the law; of hanging  
twenty at a clap,  
which number appeals to our primitive sense of rhythm.

I cannot say whether I am awake, or if I sleep.

Have gone this day to see the heads of Ireton,  
Bradshaw and Cromwell, which are set up  
toward the further end of the Hall. The rosebushes  
are full of leaves, the ways are dusty.  
It has been a strange winter, I should guess.

I have heard the sound of a goatherd's horn  
across twenty miles of azure water; and  
I think I will lie down to rest for a little while  
in the arms of Morgane le Fay.

Perhaps I shall become not unlike those boughs  
stripped of foliage and dropped into the mines of Austria,  
there to become so altered, spangled and encrusted  
with salt, their nature scarcely can be determined.

*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?*  
Knowest thou . . .

In Scotland  
an act summarily was passed  
which enacted severe penalties  
not merely against witches,  
but toward all those who sought by any means whatever  
to enter into the secrets of futurity.

I had been puzzled that my son should so engross  
himself with subjects of love and  
philosophy; for these seemed more appropriate to myself.  
But last night with the particular  
clarity of nocturnal thought, I guessed his need  
to obtain some concept  
of himself in relation to the universe,  
and a dim idea of where our passions bind us.

Once, I remember, I asked what he could see;  
he replied there was nothing but isolate peaks  
about which the water swirled and foamed.  
I asked, then, what lay in the depths; he turned swiftly,  
gazing at me with distress,  
as though such inquiry had been born of admixture  
and queer purpose. It may be, he said,

the severed arm of a giant squid, or a tree trunk wallowing, a ribbon-fish or the corpse of a whale shark. I listened, knowing better; for Olaus Magnus reported the presence of this dread creature off the coast of Scandinavia during the 16th century. According to Magnus, it was two hundred feet in length, with a scaly body and the mane of a horse. Bishop Hans Egede observed it off Greenland two centuries later—the head looming and swaying above the waves. Now, as though in a dream I have seen this hideous idolum which signifies the imminent close of the Christian era.

I remember the hills of Ushita, the woods of Nigitsu.

It has been noted that after the flight of the *Enola Gay* a fearful apathy settled on the survivors of the city; few cared to speak, dogs seldom barked, and trees were strangely emptied of color.

It is nearly dawn. I do not know the date.

The power of the individual is unique and unpredictable, the slow discovery of our race.

A singular quality of intellect cannot fail to publish itself in widening circles. We know that al-Hallaj cried out in ecstasy one thousand years ago: *I am the Truth! I am He!* and for this he was tried and cruelly tortured, and put to death.

From good must come good.  
From evil,  
evil.  
This is karmic law.

All night I have spent observing the Heavens.  
God give me to explain what I have suffered.

Our latitude is registered 12.16;  
I cannot announce the hemisphere.  
The moon plunges through broken clouds.  
Areas of the sea  
whitely illuminated  
remind me of Triassic marls,  
things my daughter must have seen  
when she called out  
through the emptiness of other nights.

We float among a vision of sea things;  
I have been here countless ages.

I have heard that an amœba  
drifting on the border between light and dark  
turns inevitably toward the light.

The sky is pallid. There is a faint overcast;  
the wind is chill. Shadows beset us.

No sight of land.

When at Panuco  
the last of De Soto's men  
waded ashore  
an age was ending.  
The bright dream of Cíbola  
had fled.

Helpless are we, and miserable, bound by duties  
of the flesh.

*Esa es la herencia de Adán!*

It may be there is no remedy  
sovereign as a woman's tongue, if she  
be virtuous and quiet.

Uxmal on the cool plateau, Chichen Itzá  
in the jungle. A thief has stolen two gems  
from the eyes of Chac Mool.

The silence is unbroken  
except for the roar of a jaguar and the humming of  
mosquitos. The Mayan lies asleep.  
When the moon rises I will go,  
for there is news of a great lake in the jungle  
which they call the Lake of Paradise.  
In a village beyond the river  
an old man lives, who, one day when he was a youth,  
went hunting and saw the glitter of it through the vines  
and heard the multitude of its birds;  
and since then has spent his life in wonder  
that he did not choose to spend a moment on the shore.

*Am I awake?*

It is past eleven. I hear the nightwatch.

There is no end to those who see, or imagine  
they can see, empires beyond the river.

It is known that two Franciscans traveling through Mexico  
less than a century after the death of Cortés  
discovered Indians worshipping the image of a horse!

We are lured by eternal cities to the north.

During the Panamanian campaign a soldier named Ojeda  
amputated his own leg with a red-hot axe. This seems  
to have come down to us out of the pages of Homer.

It is said they marched three full years  
murdering, pillaging and baptizing; and for their pains  
found one hoard of three hundred and fifty weight  
of pearls, together with a few figures carved from  
iridescent shells. These shells they discarded,  
divided the pearls, and went on. And it is claimed  
one man grew so tired of this existence  
he whirled his bag of jewels about his head,

scattering them in all directions.  
But no one stooped to pick them up  
or even paused, their thoughts were so fixed on home  
and what should lie beyond the second hill.  
Where the heart leads, we follow.

*The houses, they have told us, are built of lime  
and each portal sculptured of turquoise!  
They assure us it cannot be much further.  
I have marked on a tree the date, my name,  
Ruiz, together with the name of my wife,  
who is in Barcelona; that we are Christians  
and I have marched this way.*

When the Bible had been held aloft, which was the plan,  
the savages were chopped to pieces, the women bound,  
and every child past the age of nine garroted—  
this age having been ascertained as the ultimate limit  
beyond which redemption of the soul was not conceivable.  
This, also, is relevant to our day; for we imagine  
no alternative, so finite is our circumference  
and regnant the plenitude of mutual apprehension.

It is our greatest bondage that through possession of  
one vice, we lose the capacity for reason.

In Darien are many rich mines.

Fire on the ground is a positive sign of buried gold.

Balboa's dog received the pay of a crossbowman.

*They said we should navigate that stream  
whose mouth is the headwater of the Sea of Cortés,  
and it might offer some approach  
to El Dorado or the realm of the Khan,  
where Cibola is a part. Yet I would rather  
our ships unfurled their sails to lean against white water  
until we raised the coast of Spain.  
There I would be content, I think, forever;  
or until almonds no longer bloom in Alicante.*

I do not know if I dare continue; a desire for bliss  
eats ever deeper into me.

*From the bay where we had come ashore  
we marched in search of Cale whose inhabitants  
wear golden hats. When we could not find this place  
we turned and went east, for they had told us  
of a region, or a city, they call Apalachen.  
And this we did find. It is rich  
in maize and yellow pumpkin, but there is no gold  
in Apalachen—nor will there be, some say,  
unless they count our bones turned gold  
in the swamps of this green, accursed land.*

Have we more than we were given?

A wheel turns slowly in the beginning;  
but as it progresses, the angle grows steeper.

In his third communication to the Emperor Charles V  
Hernán Cortés observes that as the breeze was strong  
he and his men were able to dash among the native canoes  
and break them up and kill and drown many people, and  
this to him was the most marvelous sight in the world.

The river which flows across the alluvial plain  
does not change its course; but invariably becomes  
more characteristic of itself.

Spanish soldiers captured by the Aztecs  
were dragged up the steps of the great Cue.  
There, at the top, plumes were set upon their heads  
and they were given elaborate fans  
and were instructed to dance before Huichilobos.  
It was only after they had finished dancing  
that they were seized and stretched across the altar,  
their hearts cut out and their bodies  
kicked down the steps to the people, who gathered  
expectantly about the pyramid for a taste  
of foreign flesh. How does this relate to us?

In discussing the morality of a given action,  
it is imperative to remain conscious of tradition.

At Lagos in the 18th century during the vernal equinox  
nubile girls were carefully impaled;  
and it is said they went to their death willingly,  
so persuaded were they by the incantations of the shaman,  
convinced they should die that others might live—  
a parable to confound the ages.

Our desire to prevent the end of the world  
leads irrevocably to human sacrifice.  
Now, this first obtains as a primitive gift:  
Druidic priests kept criminals and captives  
in circular wicker cages designed to represent the sun,  
which they set afire to propitiate their god.  
But the second means of sacrifice is less overt,  
involving, as it does, a living human deity;  
from which must follow a frightful implication.

When my brother died I explained to everyone  
that he no longer existed. But then it occurred to me  
I had been mistaken,  
since nothing that once exists may be lost;  
nor does anything fail to exist because it has not yet  
come into being. I had been betrayed, I could see,  
by the limitation of my senses.

Salamanders dwell in regions of fire,  
sylphs in the ultimate reaches of space,  
gnomes in the earth.  
Undines dwell in the sea.

As one drop precipitates  
crystal from its fluid,  
all dreams resolve.  
I am Magus. Trust in me.



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It should be emphasized that the route the Pilgrim chooses to Santiago de Compostela corresponds symbolically to the central plane of the galactic system—that irregular span we know must be comprised of stars and nebulae invisible separately to the naked eye; and furthermore is an allegory of the route we follow to achieve the Magnum Opus.

It is said that Nostradamus experienced a sequence of visions accompanied by utterances in a tongue unknown except to him; and he set down all that transpired, and later, when the ecstasy had diminished and vatic powers receded, he created acrostic lines; for if they had stood as simply as he conceived them, Europe must have staggered and like an earthquake changed its true perspective. Thus we recognize how marvels prevent their own completion.

Toward the tribulations of ordinary life common understanding will suffice, however ineffectual for philosophic purpose.

The question has been asked whether it is permissible to evoke the souls of the dead. The immediate response of the Holy Office is absolute: *Uti exponitur non licere*. It is forbidden. Still, the hands of the clock do turn, and it is incumbent upon us to evoke the mighty dead even as we call upon the resources of the living, to establish beyond doubt the utter purity of our intent. Everything else has been but a preparation for this.

Someone just now has inquired concerning the usage of a device I am building.

I will respond in this way:

When the Greeks were studying the shape of the ellipse they could imagine no purpose for its shape, but yet their investigations were requisite preliminaries to later, eminently practical discoveries.

Therefore, the question is not valid.

When I have completed the fine adjustments

I will show the citizenry where to look; each then shall be privileged to observe for himself the phenomenon of which I often have spoken, which gradually is fading out of sight and will be lost entirely to our descendants, diminishing through various causes, certain of which are explicable, but others less so, not unlike the magnitude of nations.

We are a tree, as we are its fruit.

The sun rides low in the north, very near to the horizon; seasons alter. I have a letter from my wife who has told our children that I am drowned and never to come home. Why should I feel as desolate as I do? All journeys end.

The dolphin can tell if the drowned sailor ever has tasted dolphin flesh;

if he has, the fish will devour the body; but if not, the fish will nudge his body ashore.

Now, whoever is not unacquainted with the writings and disputes of various philosophers will acknowledge that no small part of them is spent on the subject of abstruse ideas. For instance, according to Cardanus, an emerald placed on the tongue will assuage the most violent grief. And yet this is not to be taken literally.

The motion of the head can transmit to the beholder affection, approval, badinage, curiosity and remembrance. The confluence of the hand, head, eye, and brow results in variations as infinite and filled with meaning as are the words of a supreme poet.

In certain countries the great masters of any art will never teach for money.

There are measurements other than those we know.

The mighty river Brahmaputra flows in serene majesty, and life in the field and village runs smoothly on.

I have been asked upon what form is our earth supported. I respond that an elephant holds us on his marvelous back. I have been asked upon what does the elephant place his feet. I respond that he places them on the shell of a tortoise. As to the tortoise, what supports him, I know not.

Indra is Lord of the Heavens.

What should I say next?

We have been told there is a seventh wave which comes in with higher certainty and magnificence than its predecessors. But the life that lives in the depths is not changed; it remains immeasurable, silent, and oblivious.

Australian scientists reputedly are studying the carcass of a monster washed up on a remote beach on the coast of Tasmania. It is almost circular, and has no eye which can be discovered. Nor does it possess a head, as such, and it is empty of bones. The flesh is gelatinous, white, and rubbery, and is sparsely matted with hair. The body has been measured: it is twenty feet in length, eighteen feet broad, and is some five feet thick. Its weight has been estimated at between six and eight tons. It is like a turtle, but without appendages, without a shell. I have spoken to a man who saw this thing, who believes it must be an animal, although he admits he never has seen a beast resembling this, nor has heard of anything similar, and presumes it has survived out of the past. I believe, to the contrary, it must be a rare monition of our future state.

Mid-afternoon. Spray sweeps the wooden deck.  
Each time we sink within a wave I wonder  
if we shall be lifted again, or if we are meant to  
descend forever.

Our day lengthens each century  
by two thousandths of one second. On its axis  
the earth turns ever more slowly; and in years to come  
will show always its same face toward the moon.

It happened that when Copernicus of Frauenburg  
was about to publish his treatise on the true motion  
of the earth, he wrote to a certain Osiander  
who was a Lutheran clergyman of Nuremberg, asking  
about the reception such a book might expect.  
Osiander replied, saying, first of all it is a fact  
that the motion of a planet as it appears to us  
may be well enough explained by any of several theories;  
and because this is known to the ecclesiastics,  
who perceive no harm in such speculation, provided  
the originator of a system in conflict with doctrine  
does not pretend his hypothesis might be more than  
idle fancy, it would be wise of Copernicus  
to announce his treatise in some similar light,  
by such means to avoid the dangers of controversy.  
This the astronomer refused to do. There are few men  
of his proportion in any age; there are not many  
who will not dissemble. But still, there are these few.

In a Peruvian desert stands the ruin of an observatory  
of fantastic antiquity.  
Those who employed this place  
knew the earth was round,  
and began each year  
with the rising of the Pleiades.

Gemini stood in the house of Aries  
near the equinoctial colure at the moment of Creation.

Within the Sangraal have I witnessed  
a man upon whom were the signs of the passion of Christ,  
who said: *This is the chalice  
wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday,  
and now thou hast beheld it so openly as thou shalt  
in the city of...*

But this was all I heard; the vision failed.  
To this day I do not know if I am meant to rise again,  
or if I have come and gone from this holy place  
and the time of my redemption is past.

Once again the animals stare with heraldic meaning,  
the arrogance of centuries uncurled between their paws.  
I am a man from the Middle Ages. My faith is as pure  
as a hammer. Especially have I avoided each  
sensual pleasure. *Hoc est enim Corpus meum; hic est  
Calix sanguinis mei...*

Of his jeweled wing the Peacock  
is excessively proud, but upon  
seeing his black, ugly foot he screams aloud;

so, Man, taking pride in vain achievement  
complains and is angered by failure.

The Partridge, being a perfidious bird,  
is wont to go away and steal the eggs of another.  
But in spite of this she obtains no satisfaction,  
because the young, when they are hatched  
and hear the cry of their true mother,  
run straight to her who has given them birth.  
Thus the Devil, who attempts to steal the progeny of God.  
When we have heard the noise of our Creator  
we understand that we have been stolen  
like the children of the Partridge,  
and run toward Him who most truly loves us.

*Years are reckoned by the passing of winters.*

South of Ankara, past the towns of Konya and Karaman  
at the edge of an escarpment prior to the Goksu valley,  
there is a monastery which dates from the 5th century,  
consisting of three buildings: a colonnaded basilica  
with a narthex at its entrance, which measures  
ten feet in width; a church complete but for the tower;  
and a baptistery, all in virtually a perfect state  
of preservation. The gate to the basilica displays  
what quite well may be the earliest known instance  
of the tetramorph: that is, in one single design  
a sculpture which unites the symbols of our four  
evangelists—the lion of Mark, the angel of Matthew,  
the bull of Luke, and the flying eagle of John.  
Nearby, on supporting columns, stand the two guardians  
of this monastery, the Archangels Michael and Gabriel.  
Michael, on the south, tramples underfoot a devotee  
of Cybele, the Phrygian goddess, which means  
Christianity stands triumphant over paganism.  
On the north side, Gabriel is depicted in similar  
but more complex design. Forty monks lived here,  
ruled by their founder and abbot, whose name was Tarasis.  
Of him, little is known, other than that he died  
on the 13th of February on the 15th indiction  
after the consulship of Flavius Severinus and Flavius  
Dagalaiphos, thus dating the settlement at 462.  
Scooped out of limestone rock are cells wherein  
these monks lived, prayed and studied under the rule  
of their abbot. Their lives were, we think, cœnobitic,  
which is to say, lived in common. Beautifully preserved  
ornaments abound, stone fishes and partridges among them.  
But the partridge, as a Christian symbol, has died out  
during the centuries which unite and separate these men  
from us.

We fully recognize and admit that our completed image  
is not merely a reconstruction of separate, constituent  
and unrelated impressions; but rather we tend to perceive  
certain shapes and patterns both naturally and readily;  
and these we select out of whatever may contain them,  
regardless of their disguise.

In days when the discovery of particular marks or signs  
was regarded as conclusive proof of a suspect's guilt

the searching for, recognition of, and probing toward these stigma flowered into an honorable profession. Shrewd practitioners then, as now, drew a choice remuneration. Among these was a certain Paterson, who, having picked his victim totally naked and rubbed both hands up and down and around the body, slipped into the quivering flesh a long pin, buried to the head, and left it there. It was then proposed to the victim that he locate this pin and draw it out, which some were able to do, but others were not. Those who could not find it were seized, numb with fright, or tearfully protesting their innocence, and were bound and burnt alive while Paterson stood by reading aloud the Holy Office. In the town of Elgin two men were immolated; in Forres, two; at Inverness, one; and eighteen later on. Paterson was paid for each, and had two servants, so highly esteemed were his district prosecutions. Ultimately was learned what some had always thought, yet never dared to suggest; that he had not truly represented himself, but was a pretty woman in male clothing. By innumerable means we discover our own delight.

The sign may be the figure of a toad or a bat, the slot of a hare, foot of a frog, a spider, a malformed whelp, or a mouse. It will be found under the lip or upon the fundament, if the suspect be a man. Where women are concerned, one should meticulously examine the breasts and pudenda.

*Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

This noon, I believe it was, my daughter inquired about our cat, and I instructed the child to look about. Together we went outside and noticed a crowd had gathered by a huge fire. It seemed we could hear children screaming, for which reason we joined the crowd and there observed a multitude of cats chained together, ours among them, being roasted alive. I explained to my daughter we should have kept our pet inside, this day on which we honor Saint John. Are we not dust, and dusty shadows?

A Portuguese on his way from Coimbra to the University of Paris fell in with a stranger who offered to teach him black magic at Toledo, for which lessons the Portuguese should make over his soul to the Devil and sign this compact with his blood. Done, and seven years having passed the Portuguese continued on his way to Paris and there obtained quite easily everything he sought. Later, he burnt his book of spells, scattering the ashes, and returned to his home where he took the habit of Saint Dominic. After a long life

devoted to prayer and to penitence he died at Santarem, and there his body is venerated to this day. So also do we render homage to the weak, if they recant, above the strong.

I seem to hear a rattle of chains and the creak of a galley oars. A voice speaks in the Oscan tongue:  
*Does this vessel exist? Or does it sail across eternity?*

Tomorrow at dawn we leave for Sidon and Tyre and the white harbor, Minet-el-Beida, that is not far from Ras Shamra, and Ugarit. Why is the breeze unchanged? What is the color of gulls in Malabar?

From the East has come Plague, Cholera, and Mankind. Evil comes from the East, but disappears into the West.

I must look for significance in the past.

It should be noted that in the year 1798 the Bishop of Durham testified before the House of Lords that the French, having abandoned their plans for an assault via the channel, were believed to be plotting a method to undermine the moral strength of England and so to conquer the Island by the use of a troupe of costumed dancers! Yet this will astonish no one who pays attention to our time.

Thinking brings forth only thought.  
*Erdachtes kann Gedanken geben ...*

My acquaintance, the Austrian scholar and physician is busily writing, although I have been unable to determine the nature of his subject. Around us, familiar walls are crumbling, flames spew up from Europe's chimneys; the night is made hideous with the shrieks and groans of victims. But always I hear, if I bend down, the subtle noise made by his pen scratching across the parchment:  
*Not only shall we find recession from acute self-criticism and despair, but that corresponding loss of imagination, intuition and sensitivity ...*

It may be that we are entering a state which seems to us not incompatible with our given ethic, the true cast of which will prove apparent in the future, to any child considering us. Perhaps we already have forgotten how they gestured, and the sun obscured by ashes, deliquescent currents of a warm electric wind. To what prayer will you listen, if not to this?

The creature had no face and only one limb. Yet it lived and they had given it their name because it was born to her.



They had conceived it,  
and it existed  
by reason of charred events  
over which they might have gained  
some measure of control;  
while the creature,  
sighing heavily in its blindness,  
seemed also to comprehend.

This day is over.

I could not say where we are, nor indeed  
what time it is. I hear someone singing.

The verses of the Kabir have  
four different senses:

Illusion,  
Intellect,  
Spirit,  
and the Exotic Doctrine of the Vedas.  
Why should a man complain if he is void of understanding?

We know that the word *raga* derives from the Sanscrit  
*Ramj*, which means to color or to dye;  
thus the moods of music which color our lives.

It is said of a certain Bengal dancing girl  
that she drew rain from the clouds.

It is said that the night *raga*  
once was ordered sung at noon.  
Darkness descended  
and spread as far as the singer's voice.

It seems to me that I am reclining  
voluptuously. I have become a woman, yet this  
fails to surprise or to alarm me. I am  
filled with lassitude, and strange convictions.  
Nothing is wrong, but that I am faint and ill  
and I am weak with desire.

No man passes my door  
toward whom I do not feel the urgency of love.  
The stranger who will visit me tomorrow  
fills my dream tonight.  
From the red tile balcony of my father's mansion  
I used often to stare at the harbor.  
To my necklace of jewels I will add a charm  
for luck.

*How should I explain to myself  
why everything should so excite me?*

I am awake now; it has all been a dream.  
Of it I recall only the moon wondrously emerging  
from a vestibule between two spreading fronds.  
That is enough; from this I divine that soon  
I must go down the misty street where blind whores wait,  
once more composing my amphigory of lust.

There are certain women who are indolent, greedy  
and carnal, possessed of selfish humors  
more treacherous and invisible than channel winds.

I have seen a sarcophagus cast up on the shore  
at Fos, and the vessels of Saint Louis  
sail out from Aigues-Mortes. How can I explain  
why a slender woman excites me?

I know that the toad which lives in prison  
is moist to our touch, and flabby  
because it does not ever give the steady warmth of love,  
but is thus from hidden desire. I no longer deny  
cruelties are sweet; there are vines whose tendrils  
split cathedral walls.

*Warts and fleshly conch,  
the butcher's face,  
a time is close at hand.  
Most of the wicked in cold blood,  
next the good in violence;  
anger and hours enough  
for old regret. Sorrows end.  
The toad, emblematic of France,  
was born under an early king.*

When prophecies are found to be without meaning  
those who have sold their possessions  
return to untilled fields and looted homes,  
broken by the desolation of their hope.  
Here, in this anguish for a Second Coming, lies cause  
for deep foreboding.

In the year 1198 all Europe was swept with alarm  
when it was learned  
the Antichrist had been born at Babylon.

A date for the end of the world was fixed by Merlin.  
That date was 1970.

Because of the prophecy of Stoeffler, a renowned  
mathematician, whose computations enabled him  
to foretell the Deluge that should inundate the earth  
as high as the mountain peaks, a certain physician  
of Toulouse built for himself and his family  
an Ark, and provided it with stores of food  
and whatever else they should require while waiting  
for the waters to subside. What has been done is done.  
Yesterday's ignorance and fright become the realities  
of our time. Consider the physician of Toulouse.

The moon as it approaches the earth  
will raise fantastic tides  
that shall sweep across the land, engulfing everything  
except the highest summits. Yet  
Man will not die  
because he will have fled and have sent forth  
into other spheres the Raven and the Dove.

Noah's Ark is reputed to be

resting on a mountain in Greater Armenia  
where the snow falls to such depths  
that no man is able to climb through it.  
There are those who swear the Ark is visible  
at a certain hour, if the day is bright;  
or on nights when the moon is nearly full.  
They point to an enormous dark object high up  
in the snow, where no one ever has been.

*Credulity is greatest in times of calamity.*

They say that in Mesopotamia  
men still dig for the treasure of Nebuchadnezzar,  
who grazed like an ox and wet his mortal body  
with the dew of Heaven, until his nails turned into claws  
and his hair was folded into feathers.

Gradually the future is becoming clear to me;  
pathetic difficulties beset those who depart from  
traditional assumption.

This is the evening of the ninth day of March.  
I have taken pains to record the exact instant  
at which the moon obscured a most lovely star  
we call Aldebaran. And I note our year: 1497.

According to Pythagoras, we ourselves  
are the measure of the universe. If this be so,  
pray for us.

The lantern of Augustus has become a storage-place  
for flowerpots.

I have just found a clay figure, which I believe  
represents Saïs. At any cost  
I must vary the conditions of my existence!

Two courses diverge before us:  
we distinguish them without difficulty. One  
we know to be inevitable; and yet  
why should we choose either?  
Afflictions and evils that befall us  
are but adumbrations of tomorrow.

All morning I have spent watching for a sight of land.  
It is almost noon.  
Birds reel and scream above our ship  
and I have heard a voice  
which seems to ask if they are more prudent than I,  
who never make a sign, but merely wait.

Now there is nothing except the inviolate sea.  
The birds have gone, if ever they were here,  
and we sail on through endless waters  
beneath a gaseous, blue-white austral sun. If only  
I knew how it was meant to end, I might begin.

Someone cries out that we have sighted an island  
of blue sand. What is the meaning of this?

*Hæc omnia tibi dabo, si caudens adoraueris . . .*

At first I was incredulous, then puzzled  
by the duality of Man. Once it had seemed to me  
that whoever revered a high creation must be  
generous in his relations with every living thing.  
Later, when I had seen more of Mankind,  
I did not know what to think. But now I perceive  
we are like reeds that grow in water, and  
I comprehend this entry in the journal of a soldier:  
*Yesterday morning we came unexpectedly upon  
a group of the enemy who had paused to eat  
and laid aside their weapons, which is why  
they were unable to defend themselves. We  
destroyed them and continued on our way. Winter  
is almost over—I look forward to summer  
when the rains shall end and flowers appear.*

He had been struck in the back as he was  
running downhill, and must have leaped forward.  
His body lay half-concealed  
by the autumn grass, his boots  
higher than his head. When we came by  
we noticed how his blood had searched the slope,  
as though it feared us, and was  
endeavoring to find some place to hide.  
He was, we think, indifferent to abstractions,  
limited in imagination, yet withal,  
owning a sharp intellect for minutiae  
of the written law. On the one hand  
we doubt he was of sufficient obtusity  
that antagonists might outwit him; nor  
on the other, pellucid in the comprehension of  
his estate. Endowed with ample sincerity  
and conviction, he could not ever doubt authority.  
And if he had a pleasing manner and a voice  
which was modulate, so much the better;  
others then could forget the nature of his office.

It is my heart which makes me eloquent; *pectus est  
quod disertos . . .*

When we got to the place where the issue was decided  
we could distinguish little, except a few yellowish  
brick chimneys whose significance we could not guess;  
although there had been some evil here, so persuasive  
and explicit were these smoking, crumbled ruins—  
more articulate than any book, as final as the warriors.

The falconer cannot hold. What is best  
seems worst.

Barbarossa sleeps in Thuringia.  
In the Kyffhäuser he sleeps at a stone table  
attended by six knights  
who wait the fullness of time.  
Already his beard has grown through the slab;  
when it has thrice wrapped around the table  
he will lift his head. In that hour  
Germany will rise.

*Auch das Schöne muss sterben;*  
even the beautiful must die.

Twelve years have passed.

The keeper explained with an apologetic smile  
there was not much to be seen anymore,  
it had been so long. Brush and weeds had overgrown  
the odd cylindrical hut.

I did not tell him I had seen it  
once, or that I almost accepted his invitation  
to enter, to hang up my clothing on a hook  
and refresh myself with a shower  
from the painted nozzles.

I did not tell the keeper  
I ever had seen this place, since  
he failed to recognize me. I am touring  
your country, I said, and of course  
such things as this are invariably interesting.

It is well known how we are both the creator  
and the victim of our universe.  
Each sovereign nation conceals within itself a myth  
of diabolic force that waits the chosen moment.

God shows a malignant face.

It is said the word *diabolus* derives from *dia*,  
meaning two, and *bolus*, meaning pill. The Devil swallows  
body and soul.

Certain areas I leave for a purpose.

The mind and body exercise upon one another  
reciprocal powers,  
the extent of which we do not know.

Lat. 35.28 N.; Long. 17.12 W.

The wind is light.

From the south comes a moderate swell.

I am ill at ease;

I am troubled and full of doubt.

Death has ravished an ancient race.

*Now ask my name, who binds men on earth and lays low  
fools in the light of day.*

Darkly the ravens circle.

Should I yield and bend as Laotze admonishes?  
Or resist, as Jacob did?

A physician has told me that in the blood of a man  
who devolves into a catatonic stupor  
the level of oxygen saturation is remarkably similar  
to that of one who has fallen asleep and  
is dreaming.

*Wir siegen unsere Toten!*

The road was lined on either side with stucco barracks,  
not one of which had windows. There were willow trees  
and beech—yes, and I recall the administration building  
where I was escorted for my interview. I have forgotten  
how many men were there, but they were in uniform  
with the exception of one—a grey-haired officer  
who was dressed in summer clothing. When I  
saw him I knew beyond doubt he had been summoned  
at the final moment, that he had been ready to depart  
for his vacation when someone reminded him of me, and  
they had yet to deal with me. This must be the reason  
tears gathered in my eyes while I listened to the evidence.  
I remember saying to myself I had every right to feel  
outraged, not because the charges were untrue but because  
these men, who did not know me, none of whom ever had  
seen me, should feel their obligation to so arraign me.  
It is strange I should not be angered by deceit,  
not half so much as that any man could look at me  
and say to himself, thank God!—by tomorrow  
I shall be at the shore and can forget about this.

Smoke rises from a chimney; memory oppresses me.

Let the words of Giordano Bruno be burnt in stone:  
*This sentence, delivered in the name of a God of mercy,  
is a cause of . . .*

The decision, he had been quick to explain,  
was not his. Indeed, he whispered, gesturing  
with the utmost vehemence and watching us for a sign  
of understanding, he thought it unpardonable!—  
adding almost at once that if he had possessed  
even the slightest degree of authority  
he would have countermanded it. Perhaps it is so.  
Yet what we recall most often, what was always  
most difficult for us to accept, was his anxiety  
to impress upon us that he was not to blame.

I would crush these pillars, if I were strong enough,  
remembering the hills of Ushita and the woods of Nigitsu.

Wheat has been thrown in the harbor. Whose fault is this?

Voltaire, one morning, following his habitual complaint  
that he was about to die, resumed a favorite pastime—  
harassing the corpulent priest who waited perpetually  
certain any man ultimately must abjure such heresies—  
and muttered while feverishly plucking at the coverlet,  
his forehead yellower than a gourd, those small eyes  
malignant and evilly coruscate, that howsoever long  
we continue to believe absurdities are we doomed to commit  
atrocities.

Two centuries ago London was shaken by twin earthquakes  
and alarmed by the prophecy of a third  
which should totally destroy the city. Now  
when the eighth day of March drew near, thousands  
fled into the countryside, and those who had scoffed  
when they observed the panic, were themselves

overcome by terror and could not keep aloof,  
but joined the maddened exodus. I will meditate on this.

The ancient Cretans had no word for panic,  
nor knew of it in any sense.

Seasons alter, we with them.

What shall I say next? I might mention  
that the tomb of Mohammed is miraculously suspended  
between Heaven and Earth.

I could announce that whoever owns the Koh-i-Nûr  
shall rule the world, provided the owner be a woman.

I could speak of an island called Srirangen  
in the river Cauvery, which flows through the state of  
Mysore. Close to its western shore  
a Hindu temple stands, shut within seven walls,  
in whose innermost shrine an idol is seated  
whose eyes are the brightest diamonds in the world.  
If I went there, Death would not be apt to find me.

I am like the turtle dove which does not drink clear water  
but first muddies the water with its foot,  
the better to suit its pensive mind. Have I not seen  
what is more valuable than silver, or the hoarded  
treasures of Lithuania? How should I explain?  
Sea-gold and marble columns never have been what I sought,  
nor shards of broken amphoræ; but the slightest measure  
of myself, and of those who have preceded us across  
this desolate shore.

Nothing escapes my notice, except the passage of time.

I set down that the pitch of a violin may shatter a goblet  
or bring to the ground a cathedral tower.

I feel it incumbent on me to record how Nicholas Flamel  
on the seventeenth of January, a few minutes before noon,  
succeeded in obtaining from one-half pound of purified  
mercury a definite quantity of silver, which was adjudged  
to be finer than any the king got out of the royal mine.

I will set down that the history of the Orloff  
has been lost in the mysterious imaginations of men,  
and the date of its entry into our affairs is not known.  
Some assert it is the Great Mogul, seen only once  
by Western eyes; yet there are others who believe  
these two are separate gems and the Mogul will reappear  
undiminished in the palm of a native child.

I shall here record the existence of an island called  
Java, where nutmeg grows, together with spikenard,  
pepper, galingale, cloves, cubebs and precious spice,  
and women are kind, where sorrows end.

Last night a woman took me to her bed.  
I explained to her that in the desert there is a place  
called Oudan, and I must go to Oudan. She replied

that by morning I would have forgotten.

It seems to me now I am in some Slavic land  
where it is summer. Clouds fly overhead  
as I have not seen them since I was a child.  
Near the hilltop a young girl  
is standing, and beside her a boy  
whose long hair is blowing in the breeze.  
She begins to sing, and dances for his pleasure.  
Trees are dark against the sky,  
pale yellow flowers adorn the hill.  
I think of pigeons in a courtyard  
fluttering and clapping their wings,  
*By the castle road in winter,*  
*by the castle road in spring...*

Suddenly I am in a Roman attic; a young man  
I met on the banks of the Tiber has invited me.  
I was reluctant, though I could not say why;  
it was plain he loved me. Now he has  
quickly, furtively, put on an elegant  
brocaded robe, and shows me the wonder  
of his pale gynandrous thigh, motioning me  
to come to him where he indolently reclines.  
It seems that we are flying. And is there  
some reason I should feel alarmed?

I have just this instant waked up.  
The ship is rolling across heavy seas.  
From the porthole I discern nothing but interminable fog  
and spray that flings itself against the gelid glass.  
There are no voices, nothing  
save the creak of timber. God knows  
where we are bound.

When Columbus landed among the Antilles  
he could not have been aware that to the north of him  
like a tapestry the last Viking colony of the New World  
was fading coldly out of sight. I must meditate  
further on this.

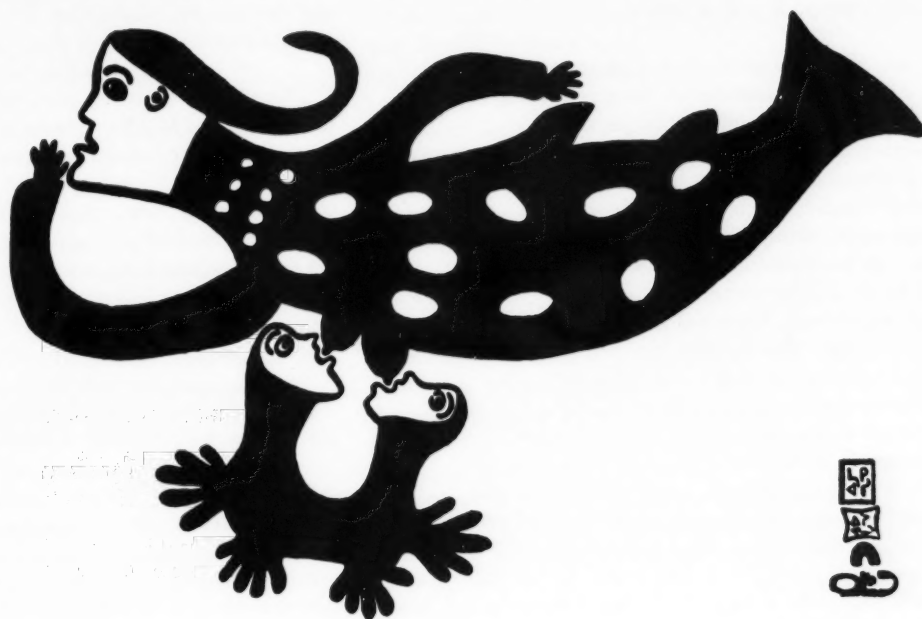
It was the figurehead which gave soul to Norse  
longboats—carved of soft wood  
in the form of prodigious serpents whose burning gaze  
streamed outward from the bow. Truly  
we are lost. *Pater noster, qui es in cælis...*

Mankind yearns for annihilation.  
The earth shall revert to worms and the rolling sea  
to plankton.

Lat. 28.40 N.; Long. 60.10 W.  
I reflect on the second Bishop of Yucatán, by whose zeal  
we have lost all knowledge of the Mayan glyphs.  
Of thousands of illuminated manuscripts on sized-agave  
paper, only three were saved from this vandal cleric.

It is said that Almagro climbed the Andes, losing  
one hundred and fifty Spaniards and ten thousand Indians  
to the snow. Six months later, upon his return,





he found them standing where they had been left, singly, and in groups, tightly holding the bridles of their ice-bound horses. Tell me, who has computed their share of Paradise?

Come closer.  
Listen. I transcribe  
reality for you.

We know that somewhere on the plateau of Bogotá exists a band of savages which annoints its chief with oil, and showers him with gold dust until he is gilded and is known as El Dorado. Let us march forth to discover him where he stands, alone and regal in the August noon.

Against the center of the furthestmost wall of a temple containing a single chamber in the ruined city of Chichen, long lost beneath the jungles of Yucatán, is the figure of a man with a symmetrical beard and powerful Hebraic features. Various theories account for his presence, yet thinking brings forth only thought.

A toucan is reported, more than a century old, which lives in the jungle and had belonged to Indians and learnt their language. Now this tribe is extinct, so that of all things on earth there is only this bird which can speak the words these people spoke, and has no idea of their meaning.

In northern Panama there are Indians which are called Guaymis, whose chiefs wear a resplendent headdress of feathers obtained from the Quetzal, sacred bird of the Aztecs. These men are small, with reddish skin and flat faces, and they assault invaders with a throwing stick, the *m'adli*. They wear necklaces made of jaguar and peccary teeth and human scalps. It is said that one, after he had been captured by Spaniards, and tortured, and was ready to die, gazed up at the cross which they held above him, and inquired in his native tongue if he would find Christians in Heaven, for which deliberate blasphemy they scorched his bones. Thus, we also live again the conflicts of our inheritance.

Discipline, threats and blows are required; by the usage of such methods the mind of any man can be induced to surrender itself of arrogance.

When Bartolomé de las Casas had demonstrated to his countrymen how they had been guilty of outrageous crimes against humanity he was himself attacked, and the historian Saavedra Fajarda, as well as numerous captains, priests, and counselors testified to the plentiful harvest of souls, saying conquest is ethical and injustice cannot exist which follows close upon the order of authority. Nor is anything more holy than a war

which is fought in the purity of high intent.  
This argument is entered.  
*Lá vão os pés onde quer o coração.*

We are told the ocean is no more than forty leagues,  
but still we know these people are mendacious  
and would give everything they possess  
to witness our end. God knows why. Is this our thanks  
for having staked our lives in South Sea hurricanes,  
hacked a trail through pestilential jungle  
and miasmic swamp to bring the message of Our Redeemer?  
Some say we would have been wiser to stay at home  
and let these filthy savages roast in Hell.  
Such is gratitude. From our plateau  
the escarpment breaks away in violet, umber and saffron  
struck with hues of richest red. Clay and  
sandstone turrets, totems, effigies  
and narrow granitic mountains loom further  
than any of us can see. The land is bountiful,  
but yet there is a sense of doom. Malignance plays  
about our souls. We have marched three full months;  
we suffer from the east wind and the cold.  
Our fires are small. They look pitiful in this place  
where snow falls incessantly. Vallejo has sworn  
October snow falls less quietly in Castile.

Pray for us.  
*Ora pro nobis.*

Even now I do not know what was said  
to convince me, unless  
it may have been whispers of another country  
beyond Quivira, which they call Arae,  
and beyond this another whose names is Guaes,  
which also is marvelous. We believe  
Arae must be a most rich prize; but as for  
this place called Guaes, my friend,  
Moctezuma's treasure is fit for dogs.

*In a moment we shall cross the equator.*

He had been mortally struck,  
and as I stood gazing down on him  
he wept, and said he would die.  
The wound was not bleeding  
half so profusely as others I had seen;  
still, it seemed to me  
I should not argue with him.  
So it was I asked why he had volunteered  
to come on such a voyage as this.  
He answered it had been necessary  
and thereupon he stared hard at me and I  
discovered that he was dead.  
Asking again my same question,  
why he had lifted up his name for this;  
he answered me again, and said  
he had done so out of admiration for his leader,  
saying he knew nothing of the world  
and was overcome with admiration  
for the fine eloquence and authority of the leader.

*We utter words and  
hear them  
and they pass by. And we say  
this is a lengthy stanza.*

We long have recognized as an indisputable fact  
that during the Middle Ages the Moors drove westward  
seven Portuguese bishops who crossed the Ocean Sea  
and founded the Seven Cities of Antilia. For this reason  
Cristóbal Colón, Admiral of the Ocean, gave this name  
to certain islands of the Caribbean; and therefore  
we are not wrong if we assume it is but a matter of time  
before we part the leaves of one tree, or sail beyond  
a final point to discover these citadels before us,  
and be blessed.

Pedro de Alvarado founded the Spanish city of Guatemala  
the same year Hans Holbein painted the *Dance of Death*.

All rivers flow east. Leaves  
rest on the mountain.

I pause, listening to the state of my excitement,  
and discover it to be not only prodigious  
but increasing! I await some further intimation  
that shall burgeon richly inward.

I have heard it said that one man, living alone,  
by the intensity of his conviction may ignite the earth.

My brother just now has paused in his work to ask  
what I am doing, and the reason. He believes  
my life would be less unacceptable if I should labor  
toward some profit, or loss, as fortune wills.  
I have explained to him, but he is puzzled.  
I am gathering, in order to collate, what otherwise  
must be scattered and left anonymous by the maelstrom,  
tenderly, with a sense of profound obligation.  
I have rescued from oblivion many things  
that have no name, and there are more. My brother  
stands silently, not far away, regarding me.  
In a moment he will ask to whom I may be obligated.

As the earth turns,  
each life turns.

Where are they painted  
that were drowned,  
who had taken their vows?

South of the Florida Keys on a Cuban beach  
five shipwrecked priests are known to have buried  
the fabulous jeweled robes of the Virgin of Yucatán.  
*Missum quod nescitur non amittur*; losses that are  
unknown are no loss at all.

Because I have despaired of love, and Christianity  
is a box of futile toys, I have studied  
Finnish magic and the sorceries of Lapland,  
have informed myself concerning the Bersekir of Iceland,

the Shaman of Siberia, the Mutang of Korea, and Serbian lycanthropy.

Roumanian farmers put up each night  
a few brambles on the lintel, and new turf  
on the sills. In this way  
it becomes impossible for a demon or hag to purchase  
entry.

John Baptist Cibo, who was elected to the papacy  
under the designation of Innocent VIII,  
being sincerely alarmed by the prevalence of witchcraft,  
issued the bull of 1488  
calling upon the nations of Europe  
to rescue the Church of Christ from the powers of evil,  
detailing sorcerous afflictions, blighted marriage-beds  
and the blasting of corn and the fruit of the trees  
and herbs of the field,  
appointing inquisitors in every country  
armed with apostolic powers;  
and thereby did more to augment  
the reach and vision of everything he abhorred  
than any man who ever lived.  
This, also, has its parallel in our time.

Saint Philip Neri was able to distinguish heretics  
by their odor. Upon being met with one  
in a public street he was obliged to turn away his head  
from the noxious emanation.

No one is bound to accuse, or to incriminate, unless  
it is before God. *Accusare nemo se debet, nisi coram Deo.*

The transmutation of base metal into gold,  
symbolic of our quest, is said to be accomplished  
by means of a miraculous plant  
which grows on the slopes of Mount Lebanon.  
In the month of May, after the last snow has melted  
this plant appears, invisible by daylight  
but glowing like a torch in darkness.  
The leaves disappear when we attempt to remove them.  
In this way, the allegory is complete.

Let us doubt without unbelief of things to be believed.  
These are the words of Saint Augustine.

It seems to me that I am calling—gesturing  
and hurrying toward a man I never have seen;  
but when I reach him he is altered,  
turned into a monument! I cannot think what to do,  
and look around and see another man  
slumbering at my feet; but as I stoop to waken him  
I discover that he is made out of stone!  
I am lost in some antediluvian forest. Tangled branches  
of long fallen trees prevent me from escaping.  
I have guessed what this means: each of us  
is bitterly and perpetually deceived.

Credulity is greatest in time of calamity.

It was the twenty-fourth day of August  
shortly before noon, as nearly as we can tell.  
In the vaults where they had gathered,  
cast into one ineffable mold,  
eight families were unearthed,  
more rigid than marble—  
variegated and temperate now—keeping close watch  
over their petrified food, jewels and candelabra.

#### *Mirabile visul*

Is it not marvelous  
both to see  
and to relate?

I have agreed to paint a narrative on the city walls.  
I have now been at work many years,  
there is so much to be told. I have painted,  
among other things, an evening in December  
with a sky that is smokily overcast  
and dry winds rippling through barren trees.  
I have painted my sister—bloodied, shaven and  
dressed in mouldering rags—as she was led  
out of her cell. I have painted her among the others.  
The Angel of Death is there—in culotte skirt  
and riding boots, carrying a leather whip  
in a white-gloved hand. I have painted my sister  
singing to the Angel of Death, who listens  
with evident pleasure. When the song has ended  
my sister must walk through a door to the furnace  
where fiery clouds belch from a luteous chimney.  
God the Avenger sees everything.

The world is deep and deeper  
than daylight may reveal.  
*Die Welt ist tief und tiefer  
als der Tag gedacht.*

Henrik Holck on the way to claim his bride  
dreamt he was offered a sword in place of her.

My grandfather spoke of having seen him twice,  
once walking in the courtyard  
and once in the royal antechamber  
upbraiding the King. Now, the statues in his image  
have been broken and their pieces hauled away.  
The house in which he lived is gone,  
and the cemetery where his wife was buried.  
Gone is the site of his own burial.  
A few legal documents remain, his testament,  
and one madrigal we sing.

They say that I gazed down at him with indifference;  
but I remember only that he lay on his back,  
one leg slightly bent, with one hand resting  
on the pommel of his sword—the other outstretched  
as though he had been reaching for a blade of grass.  
His mouth filled up with blood as I stood over him;  
it ran across his lip and hurried down his cheek,  
staining the white collar and the eagle.  
They tell me I kicked the body and spat

and made an obscene gesture, and hurried on my way.  
I have been considering, since then, what I should do  
with my life—because I cannot go on like this.

*Pause.*

*Begin again.*

The ship lies at anchor.  
It is three in the morning.  
Palms no longer creak in the wind.

A spider dangles above me in the darkness  
of this austral night.

Gross hallucinations trouble me. Seasons end  
that I shall not have but once.  
My soul is filled with  
light, slow currents among sporaceous shadows of  
an earlier need.

Yesterday at low tide  
I came upon a long bronze casket  
almost buried in the sand, richly salt-encrusted.  
I meant to open it, but a gull appeared  
wheeling and screaming  
each time I fondled the ancient lock.

A race is not quick to lose its memory  
of the past  
through dark centuries  
or upon foreign ground. Traditions grow obscure and  
more obscure at every year.  
Alien strains engraft themselves  
on old legends  
in puzzling and strange fashion.

Visible changes come slowly  
or not,  
as we wish.

Soon it will be four in the morning.

If I resemble some other man, who can describe  
how inwardly I am possessed by narcotic visions? We  
are born and we die. Not one of us recalls  
the significance of his birth;  
equally do we stay unaware of the intimations  
of our death. How should we accept the Seasons of God?

It is said that by the quiet use of  
our hands,  
even those among us who are most baffled and tormented  
may find some measure of peace.

Strolling singers who roam the earth telling of  
their need, returning thanks,  
find always, south or north, someone  
skillful at song, open-handed and generous,  
until all things vanish; light and life  
passing together.

Have I hunted with Swedes and Hrethgoths  
or sung songs with Eomanric,  
who gave me this ring?

I know that I may employ flowers of sulphur for the lungs,  
sarza for the liver, and castoreum for  
those intricate passages which associate the brain;  
nor have I yet denied the efficacy of these.  
Still, my questions go unanswered. But there is one I  
do not hesitate to ask again.

*Have you seen him? Has he come this way?*

If, by chance, you meet,  
say that a Christian  
whose name you have forgotten,  
was inquiring,  
but could not wait.

They had laid him between two rows of candles  
bending down  
from a south wind that entered  
through primitive, medieval fenestration. Magic of gold  
and flowers!—a recollection of Cistercian monks  
comforted me as I looked on him  
this final time, whom I have loved.  
I thought he was not asleep, but only simulating;  
that scarred and pitted face retained  
the look I knew so well,  
of pensive, unperturbed meditation. The king never dies.

*Rex nunquam moritur.*

Thou art Peter,  
and on this rock will I build my church.

It is incumbent on me to establish some image whereby  
all men must judge  
future interpretations, believing  
in the value of mine. This I do tenderly, humbly,  
and with the knowledge of utter obligation.

Whitsunday.  
The sky is bleak. Birds overhead.

I cannot be sure if I am awake, or sleeping.

The fishermen are dead; we do not know the cause.  
It seems to us their boat is scorched,  
as though they had sailed far to the south  
where the vertical rays of the sun prove fatal.

The community of victims is necessarily identical  
to that which unites them with their executioner.  
*Da amantem et sentit quod dico*; a similar lover will  
understand.

We know how the intellect comes into play only upon  
the command of lower faculties, which are



thought, memory, and imagination.  
When these have been aroused, the intellect is stirred.

*Lalle, Bachera, Magotte, Baphia,  
Dajam, Vagoth, Heneche Ammi Nagaz...*

In cases of extreme dæmonic possession  
the features of the victim become contorted with hate;  
he, or she, experiences headache and vertigo;  
instinct and functions are flung into disorder;  
there is a tendency to prophesy; witnesses describe  
a chill wind that emanates from surrounding walls.  
I have set this down promptly, in saffron letters,  
because of its importance.

A wax model of a woman rests in a glass case  
on a bed of cinders. The wax is burnt and smeared,  
the hair has been torn out, the limbs are broken  
and the features melted together. That which we destroy  
abides within us.

Neither soldiers nor peasants become the founders  
of a noble race; natural laws have been defined.

The Governor, having arrogated to himself a conscience  
that seeks to displace my own, I have no choice  
but to refuse. Were I to acquiesce  
I should be no wiser than fragments of amphora  
scraped from the harbors of Tunisia.

I have seen an object clinging to a cliff  
with nothing about it for miles in any direction  
except the sky, the sea, and primeval rock.  
Even the fish have divined its presence and lean  
motionless beneath their natural depths.  
Only men are there, to burnish and praise it.

*Who is your authority? Who  
is he?*

*Who has granted you the right to leave us like starfish  
shriveling on a blistered beach?*

He explained to us how he chanced to be in this  
situation, and the reason he was obligated  
to deal with existing conditions, assuring us  
most eagerly that under favorable circumstances...

*Our lives we pledge! Our fortunes! Our sacred honor!*

Kraepelin has described paranoia as the endogenous  
insidious development of a  
permanent, unshakable, delusional system  
with complete preservation of clarity in thought,  
will, and action.

We spoke with them at great length, but came away  
knowing only that they believed their course  
to be clear, their duties plain. Their vision  
was not obstructed, as is our own, by niggling doubts  
or pernicious hesitation.

It is mid-afternoon, yet there is almost no light  
beneath the trees clogged by vines, growing with  
such fantastic rapidity it seems they have altered  
while we stood here whispering. We advance with caution,  
it is so dark and filled with adumbrations of tomorrow.  
There is a deserted hut, thatched with palm, veiled  
by slack spider webs. We move among ashes white as pewter,  
broken bowls, pools of mephitic water; and sense  
forgotten evils here. Among the treetops something  
moves restlessly. Beyond the vacant hut, ringed  
by unpainted sticks, we observe what must have been  
a grave. The light we shoot aloft proves what we  
have suspected, and delicately clattering instruments  
which monitor the exploration ceaselessly apprise us  
it should not be long. Memories oppress us.

This was the site of our capital; there was none  
more beautiful in the civilized world.

We have seen the pastel tunics of countless men;  
the fabric is lustrous—indeed,  
marvelous to behold! Yet some say they are but figures  
swiftly drawn for a new Goyesque caprice!

Who has shifted onto me this prodigious weight?

My brother in the wisdom of his conceit  
is not willing to admit that my ingenuity  
is mathematically, inevitably, equivalent to his own;  
since we are not separate entities, but one.  
And therefore our two accomplishments are one.  
He believes I cannot solve the acrostic of his fortress;  
but yet it is self-evident that I must,  
because we both have drawn the plan.  
He believes the perimeter of my argument has  
wrinkled like the wattle of a beaten cock,  
not realizing this must be his also. I am he,  
wrapped in identical conceit: what he does  
have I done; what I do, has he accomplished.  
Thus, we near the end of our cloistral journey.

Terror exceeds contrition; meticulous horror sings  
its high Euclidean song.

Archæologists have discovered a lens  
of pre-Christian origin;  
we know that through a primitive telescope  
Cæsar viewed the coast of Britain.

This day has ended.

Since dawn I have been reading on the subject of  
miraculous healings, apparitions  
and similar phenomena. Now, one Catherine Labouré  
was visited on numerous occasions by the Madonna,  
who said in response to her complaint that a certain  
Father Aladel chose not to believe in Labouré's account  
of these same manifestations:

*Be calm, my child. The day will come  
when he will do what you ask for.*

*He is my servant and would not dare to displease me.*  
With this, the visitation ended.

It is significant that whereas mystics speak in unknown tongues and variously confound each hostile witness, particular truths endure. And of these, one is the unicity of the individual. Because Labouré had been a servant, we question whether it was the Madonna or a menial that spoke. Even so, it is imperative to accept the principle of miraculous intercession, since by ourselves we could not help but superintend our dispossession.

Apparitions are a reminder; they constitute a warning.

According to the biography of Saint Teresa of Avila, an angel pierced her heart with a spear that burned with a point of fire. It is known that after her death the heart was examined by twelve reputable physicians, who discovered on its surface a mysterious white fissure.

Hinton considers us potentially of further dimensions. Here, again, I demonstrate the imprint of my necessity.

The practice of exsanguination was greatly augmented by the celebrated announcement of William Harvey, which cannot surprise whosoever has chosen to contemplate the Alphabet of Man.

Pliny informs us that the Garden of the Hesperides will be found on the Atlantic coast of Africa in the estuary of Loukkos, on the site of Lixus. But I have been there; and I found only a box floating with the tide, bright with promise, precious to all Mankind—which is the reason I hurried forward. But I was too late, and beheld it drift away, knowing it never had been meant for me but another man—emptied of dreams and loss, orisons, symbols, and a vision of the equinox who will set forth, not as I would sail from Greece to Colchis.

How does it come about that each of us devises some differing manner in his own mind to worship what he loves?

We consider among the shadows of mid-morning what had been announced in terms of light. I recall the heads of Entremont and Roquepertuse! *Exorcizio te, immundissime spiritus, omne phantasma...*

It has been recorded that the outbreak of the Korean war precipitated numerous suicides in the city of Hiroshima.

Ominous revelations, delivered by a multitude of hallucinatory voices impinge upon these meditations: Sodom and Gomorrha have been destroyed by subterranean

explosions of compressed gases and deposits of petroleum.

What should I say next?

Inside a hollowed oak I once found the remnants of a leather bag containing five bronze coins bearing the emblem of a bull with lowered horns, many silver pieces from the time of Vespasian, a solid gold amulet of marvelous design, and jeweled medals carrying the inscriptions of Gordian, Julia Pia, and Gallienus. Now it seems strange to me that this was not enough.

Waxen, yellowed masks are doctored by living hands to simulate the grimace of life, when there is none.

Songs of love are sung appropriate to the holocaust.

Shall I set my wages on the Wheel of Fortune, or not?

Nothing is better calculated to invite us to live as we ought, according to the friar Roger Bacon, who are born and raised in this life of grace, than to see men deprived of grace reach incalculable dignity through the holiness of their lives.

I have heard of a certain man that never spoke for twenty years, who could not be influenced by an age that failed to participate in him. Perhaps the mockery of the populace sounded less consequent to his ear than the passage of each April breeze.

The greatest of pleasures, I have heard, is privilege. This may be, I do not know. It has a plausible sound.

Yesterday I attended the theater. I seated myself, thinking I must be early. Perhaps I fell asleep, I do not know; I assert only that when I lifted my head the columns had fallen, weeds withered among dusty marble tiers, and glaucous lizards rhythmically were breathing the somnolent noon; and it seemed I was in Tunis. What meanings might obtain from this? There could be several.

My friend, the Historian, has explained how his most fertile pods quite often are those wherein coexist seeds out of curiously varied fields; and yet, contrarily, he added, I do not mean we bring necessarily into close conjunction processes that obviously are disparate. Not, that is, for this condition but none other.

I have spent the night drawing premonitory figures. I have drawn the picture of a dog but like a lion rampant—that is, standing on its sinister hind leg with forelegs elevated,

the dexter above, its head in profile,  
with a mane and frightful teeth and every feature  
of a lion. Now it is morning; I see  
what I have drawn and it is a lion. Yet  
a dog appeared to me, which I drew; and all night  
while I labored, Death stared across my shoulder  
waiting for me to hesitate. Visions are seldom  
without some usage.

A boy appeared, not more than twelve years of age,  
with a fair complexion, plump and continually smiling,  
with that strangely sweet odor of youth, and  
affable resignation to the demands of his elders  
one perceives, now and then, in boys of moderate  
disposition. He entered obediently  
as soon as he was summoned, and stood before us  
deferentially, gazing not at us but at the floor.  
He seemed a little more shy, perhaps,  
than other boys his age—on account of that singular  
quality, we think, that brought him to our attention.  
He was asked to look at each of us,  
so we might see for ourselves what we had been told.  
After some slight hesitation,  
as though he fully knew what this might mean,  
the boy did lift his head and, in utter silence  
looked our direction. Although we had been warned  
what to expect, we were horrified. It was true,  
the eyes of the child were gazing inward.

It is to be understood that there exists  
a mystic correspondence between the organs of the body  
and the several parts of the Universe.  
The head is in accord with the Ram, the feet with  
Fishes, and so through the signs of the Zodiac.

I am held in thrall by a thousand things! Last night  
while studying a cluster of lights I imagined  
a constellation which extended from Achernar to Megrez;  
so that no matter where I stood, some reaches  
must remain beyond me.

The diameter of Antares is reputed to be  
four hundred and twenty million miles. Hours pass by;  
each is reckoned against us.

*Pereunt et imputanter.*

Though it is known to visit every man  
tragedy shall be recreated only by one  
born of the mass and weight of human suffering,  
who cannot but purify himself  
in the unending struggle against his destiny.

When there is no creed opposed to argument  
there can be no heresy, and persecutions flower feebly.

Certain faces grow familiar down the course of history.  
Imprisoned because they could not agree to prevailing  
opinions were, among others, Rousseau and Diderot,  
Voltaire, Defoe, Pepys, Knox, Wycliffe, Cervantes,

Calderón—is there some reason to continue? What is this  
but a ceaseless narrative?—told by kings and peasants.

Who is that in the golden helmet  
who rides over wind and water? Tell me, if you know,  
and I will announce the date that winter sets  
in Babylon.

Near the close of the 16th century  
a date was fixed for the end of the world,  
when all men should be turned to karyaster  
and the earth itself to vapor. That date has come  
and gone; yet it was the same year and  
near to the very day when, for the first time  
in recorded history, an entire city suddenly  
disappeared as though struck by the breath of God.  
Thus, beginnings notify their end.

It is said that the loss of one life is easily grasped,  
or the loss of ten, or of one hundred,  
but that the loss of all the inhabitants of the earth  
is much too vast for comprehension; but still  
the assimilation of this is not requisite,  
for on the instant such a catastrophe occurs  
none would be left to marvel or lament. It is my belief  
this is no less irrelevant than to argue over the noise  
a tree makes falling in the forest where no man is.  
I am not able to accept the loss of one life,  
nor is there any gaoler I do not abhor,  
beside whose name I fail to inscribe perpetual guilt,  
nor on whose grave I would place so much as a stick.

Should I imagine a faith without reason?

We are told that forty stallions,  
together with forty virgins in jeweled garments,  
were slain on the grave of Genghis Khan!

*Goats and camels sing  
and cymbals ring!  
Rarely do thoughts of love disquiet me.*

Women have drunk their incessant dream of love from me  
and would eat my heart, if I offered it.

My brother cannot admire any man  
who professes to adore a woman: when he hears it said  
a sly smile comes across his face. I know him  
to be a libidinous, sensual man, extremely tender-hearted,  
who cannot bear to injure anyone. Are such complexities  
more needless than they seem?

We are told of the female eel, which is  
so overcome with lust  
that she is willing to become pregnant by a serpent,  
and for this reason can be summoned with a hiss.

The Church, in its struggle with the lusts  
of Man, takes care to achieve no ultimate victory,

since then there could be  
but little justification for its perpetuity.

It is incumbent on me to record  
the agony of Saint Simeon, who pressed an iron belt  
into his ulcerous flesh.  
I must speak also of Macarius, naked  
in the mephitic swamp. But above all others  
I mention the agony of Jerome  
who slept unremittingly the powerful dream of women.

I have just now waked up!  
There is a presence outside my door;  
I hear someone breathing.  
*Lalle, Bachera, Magotte, Baphia...*

The night is brilliant.  
With the advent of darkness I become  
more masculine and confident.  
Women are not unaware of this. They are aroused  
when they least anticipate, and give forth  
a singular fragrance,  
neither too subtle nor imperious.  
The night is beautiful,  
and pleasures lie in secret.

Warm winds blow across my body, and odors  
from the tropic shore. I hear the sound of a woman's voice  
which has carried over the water.  
I am sick of contemplation. I feel the need of  
pleasure.

All that remain of her visit are these: a few  
petals, an opened brooch,  
a glove,  
and a ruby on the floor  
near the veil  
I, with such violence, had torn away.

According to the Upanishads, they that see variety  
and never unity  
shall suffer many deaths.

*Lajjita*, which is modesty,  
is a downward glance, the lashes meeting.  
*Saci*, that which is  
secret, we convey by glancing steadily from the narrowest  
corner of the eye. *Vira*, the heroic,  
is a radiant glance. It is open, direct, majestic  
and controlled,  
with the iris immobile.

The wind has died away. There is not a sound.  
I will sleep now; I am at rest.

The sea this morning is gray-blue in color  
like some half-forgotten gown.  
I cannot say what this portends.  
The birds have flown; we watched them yesterday  
bending eastward

carefully, silent and intent,  
full of knowledge too subtle for human apprehension.

Hours divide.

Noon. I have gathered murex and green abalone.

It is summer overhead and along the shore.  
There is not a sound except the lapping of water  
as if even the tide was undecided.  
I might linger where I am. Idly  
I wonder, and wait.  
Have I been here so long,  
suspended like an insect in this austral breeze,  
dreaming the lengths of meridians,  
that I could not, even if I wished, reach the coast of  
Timor Laut? There is time enough. Tomorrow  
will be soon enough.

I have been happier these past few days  
than I have ever been.

This morning, at the furthest point of the reef,  
we discovered the wreck of a foreign ship.  
The masts had splintered and fallen.  
Bolts of embroidered cloth surged in the water  
and a casket of mahogany tilted emptily toward the sky.  
The port from which this vessel sailed  
we do not know. The hull  
was unadorned; not a word was written anywhere.

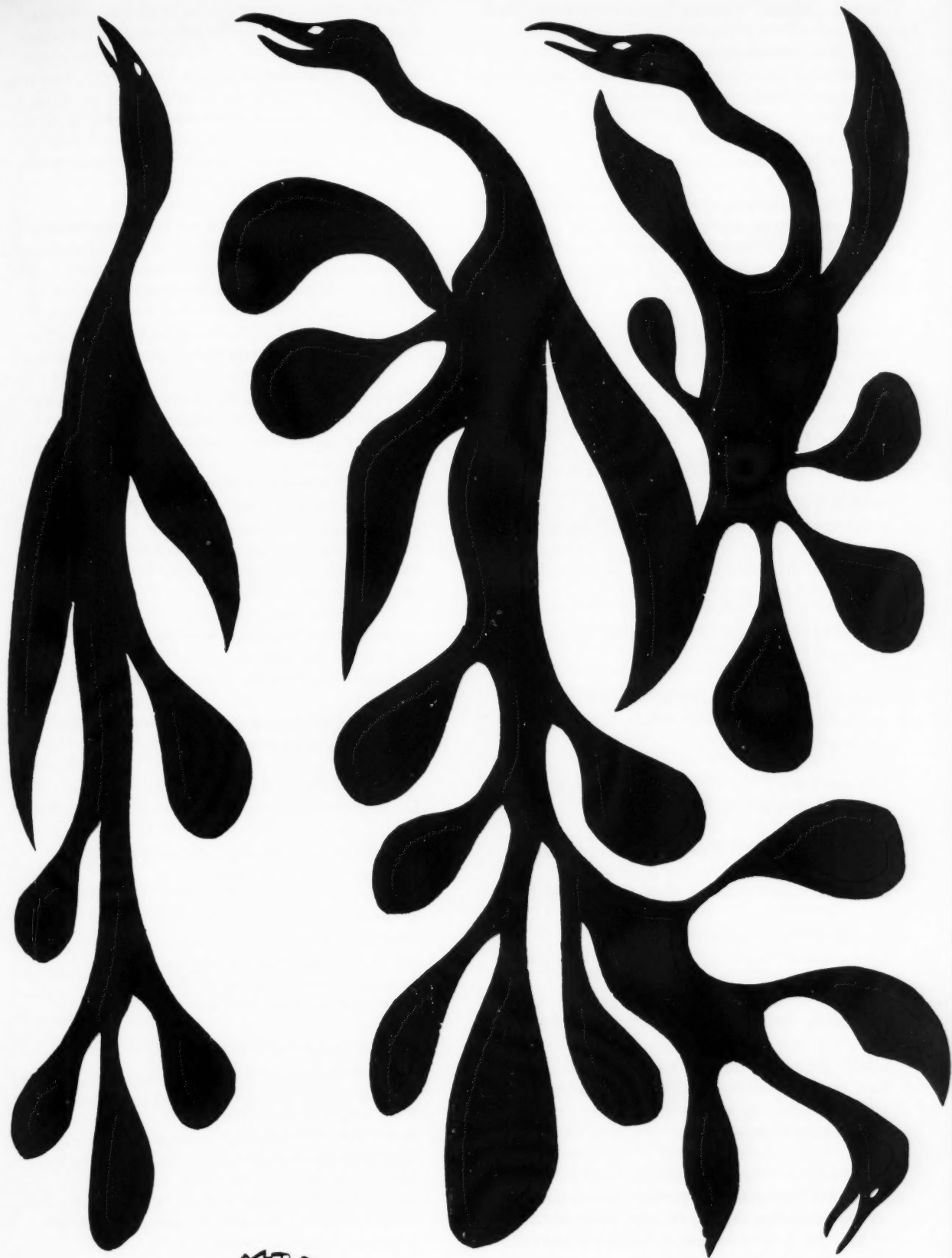
*Die Kunst ist lang und kurz ist unser Leben.*

In the sand we have come upon two fragments of rotted wood  
on which there are traces of what may once have been  
white paint, turned aureate by the sun. My brother thinks  
these were sticks lashed together to fashion a cross;  
but I have told him they signify nothing, and our day  
is quickly over.

My beginnings seem to me far away.  
Countless things have intervened; I have loved  
so little, and yet so much, that I can barely speak.  
I have taken accurate note of each, although  
each of its self was meaningless,  
aware that within me each would exist for a purpose  
past comprehension. I took note and waited,  
patiently, for that shock which creates  
the transillumination of temporal matter,  
as crystal is of an instant formed in treated water.  
Thus I have waited. Life goes on, and days  
draw swiftly in.

At the bottom of each layer of certain shales  
in Oeningen, are blossoms of poplar and camphor,  
harbingers of the vernal equinox. Above these  
are tiny, winged, summer ants, and leaves of elm.  
Wild grape, plum, and the camphor's autumn fruit  
complete this varve. Thus each year is fixed  
and printed, as it were, by the lithography of Nature.





I would speak of the seasons, but there are none in me.

Years of abstinence, rectitude, and growth.  
We are a tree  
as we are the fruit.

*Vorbei sind diese Träume.*  
This day has ended.

Methods of argument leading  
out of one expression toward another  
may not be worn from the passage of centuries;  
I will explore new and uncertain ways,  
starting from sensuous perception.

Lat. 30.16 S.; Long. 120.10 W.  
The water here is like rose quartz  
or bloodstone  
as though we had anchored on a bed of coral.  
Even our ship takes on a radiant hue.  
This world is bright  
and things we fail to dream...

A broad leather belt swiftly was strapped across his face;  
at this he stiffened, but otherwise could not move.  
The mask extended from the center of his forehead  
to his chin; in it were two slits, one for the nostrils,  
the other for his lips.

I communicate directly. I would speak discreetly if  
there were time.

*Dhia Bith leat chun an ath Chlach Mhile*  
*agus na's fada.* God be with you to the last milestone  
and beyond.

It is well known how didactic poets, investing each  
judgment with beauty, appeal to the young.

It has been noted that dramatists, poets and composers  
are like spiders which produce great works  
by the meticulous spinning forth of their entrails.

Juan de Echelar created a candle  
from the arm of an infant strangled before baptism  
and lighted the tips of the fingers,  
which are said to have burned with a perfect flame.  
What is the meaning of this?

Darkly the river wells from a sudden orifice;  
I am not strong enough to channel the turbid waters  
which subside, only to pour forth again  
while I least anticipate.

When the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers had been burnt  
and of her body nothing remained except noxious smoke,  
odors and residue, the populace collected handfuls  
of her ashes to treasure; and Sévigné observed  
that now she had become part of the atmosphere, meaning  
all of us breathe malevolence from the past.

When the saints have reigned an even thousand years  
the earth, regenerated by fire, again shall be habitable.

Are there measurements of time other than those we know?  
Some speak of a Capuchin in the forest  
who paused an instant to listen to one bird sing,  
and returning to the convent gate  
found none remembered him, he had been gone so long.

In Persia there is a city called Saveh  
from which the Magi went forth to worship Christ.  
The Magi are buried in Saveh  
in three sepulchres. It is reported their bodies  
are yet whole, and their beards still grow.

A man with a red beard is not fit to be a doctor.  
A spider hung around the neck is protection from ague.

When I was young I did not know whether to become  
a musician, an artist, or a professor of medicine.  
To have no belief is to suffer.

From the University of Montpellier  
where the disciples of Avicenna were rude to me  
and belittled me, I traveled to Seville.  
But I was not at home there, no matter what they say.  
Oh, yes, I have visited Salamanca  
and have seen the Sorbonne  
and everywhere met with fools!  
I believe there must be one wise man,  
and I will travel until we meet,  
or Death rides from the gate of Helsingfors.

What have we done with our lives but earn money, connive  
and slander, as we await the dawn?

Some say Judas acted not for silver,  
but to hasten that moment when he would be redeemed.

*Stewed bats, goat blood, ground horn of animals,*  
*webs, viper lungs and roots,*  
*bark and powdered jewels*  
*we faithfully administered,*  
*meanwhile praying for his Soul.*  
*But on the fourteenth day, in great agony,*  
*he was observed to surrender up the Ghost.*  
*How could we have done more?*

Tonight on the church road the moon  
looks colder than I ever have seen it,  
and mist obscures the valley.  
It is a long way to Jutland  
in this year of Our Lord  
1602. Save me from Evil, I  
who am the Prince of Medicine  
and Philosophy, chosen of God  
to extinguish and blot out delusion.  
My fame has spread throughout  
this world. Crowds everywhere  
gather about me. Virgins offer

their bodies, and old men  
their works. Who can say why  
children are not impressed?

Each thought I set down  
and stamp with its appropriate color,  
that there be no mistake.  
Of mistakes there can be none;  
we lack the time for emendation.

It is not long past that I entered a country  
renowned for the quality of its horses.  
But everyone to whom I there addressed myself  
said these animals were of meager account,  
and there were horses descended from Bucephalus,  
which are born like him, with a horn  
on the forehead; and I would distinguish  
the print of their hooves in the morning sod  
if I would but travel another league.  
For advice, I courteously thank every man.  
I seldom have need to remark on my plans.  
Why should I tell strangers I expect to travel  
until I have come at last to that holy city  
which is called Byzantium? Now, if you are able,  
speak my name.

Of precepts and didactic teaching,  
little remains.

What shall I trade for a basket of Brazilian diamonds?

What is the price of a pearl  
from Coromandel?

What is more precious than Xanadu,  
or a galleon  
steeply balanced with Indian gold?

Have I been asleep? If so,  
the substance of what I dreamt  
I cannot tell,  
nor of tomorrow; or if either might bring us  
a moment closer to Redemption.

That which was our beginning  
we have named the Creator,  
and our whole history is a rhythm  
and a cycle which is made  
out of our procession and our return.

Four suns have appeared in the African sky;  
a woman has given birth to the head of a black caïf.

In the year 1162 the maiden Alan-goa,  
ravished by a moonbeam, gave birth to Genghis Khan.

There is nothing I hesitate to summon out of the past  
if it may suffice to prevent or mitigate our future.

On the 28th day of November in the year 2349  
before Christ, a comet cleaved the plane

of the earth's orbit beneath the meridian of Pekin,  
where Noah dwelt. The mountains of Armenia were shaken  
to their foundations, wellsprings of the deep  
were opened, and rain dropped and continued until  
it reached a depth of six and one-quarter miles.  
Let us doubt without unbelief of things to be believed.

In the Middle Ages it was held that songbirds  
migrated during particular seasons of the year.  
But in the 18th century this was totally disproved  
and the medieval mind exposed to steep ridicule.

There is no faith more impenetrable than skepticism;  
nations fail with the complicity of citizens.

It is said that during the metamorphosis of England  
from pagan traditions to the Christian faith  
there came a refinement of values, ordering the currents  
of life, coloring the devices of imagination.  
From primitive epics to Apocryphal themes,  
martyrologies, dream-visions, prophetic verse  
and hymns of adoration, the mood was altered;  
wherefrom we are taught of the shaping energy and  
strength of Christian learning, of the power  
of Biblical exegesis and the omnipotent liturgy,  
of Hexameral tradition, of dogma and of doctrine.

A letter exists, dated 1448, to the Bishop of Iceland  
from Pope Nicholas V, lamenting the various misfortunes  
that have overtaken the colonists of Greenland  
to the west, many of whom then were suffering the assault  
of Arctic nomads. There is another letter, dated  
half a century later, in which Alexander VI observes  
there has been no priest resident in Greenland  
for eighty years, and Christianity is all but perished  
from that frontier. Now, of this settlement,  
whether it was at that time prospering, or its people  
dead, little else has been recorded until the 18th  
century, when a Norwegian missionary found the ruins of  
a church, and the crumbled walls of several houses.  
But of the Northmen themselves, there was no sign.  
Fur-clad Esquimaux this missionary questioned,  
describing for them his multivocal rites, knew  
nothing of foreign settlers or of such a religion.  
Contraries happen alike to pious and to the impious.

Failure does not concern me; the condition of life  
is defeat.

Pass by that which you cannot love.

*He governs life who has bound the Sea,  
and bridled and fettered the dark Flood.*

We have found a vessel lined with moss and juniper bush,  
with a burial chamber built of oak planks rammed into  
blue clay beside the rail. A man was buried here  
we know; we have found traces of rust from the handle  
of a long-vanished sword, the head of his spear

and a shield boss, together with the charred bones of a dog, and remnants of a horse which was buried standing. We have found, too, six glass beads and tangled cloth, and bits of wood carved ornamentally in high relief, *inter alia*, with figures, by which we have concluded that these people, whoever they were, held in high regard the verity of human existence.

We found, too, the burial site of a medieval bishop who lay on his back, hands clasped at his waist. Thin snow drifted down the granite steps, piercing winds tugged at the rigid yellow parchment; and we have every reason to believe this man was interred on the day when Timur Leng returned to Samarkand!

I am tired and discouraged. Everything  
I could do, I have done.  
Is it worthwhile to try again?

*Je suis...*

Someone is embracing me!

I have been alone since yesterday. If only the wind  
would cease!

Did a woman speak?

*Aubade?*

On a plaque somewhere you will read  
this inscription:  
Is nothing written?  
At times,  
said Azeddin El Mocadecci,  
we look to the end of the tale  
that there should be marriage feasts  
and find only, as it were,  
black marigolds and a silence.

Do all rivers flow east?  
And do old leaves scatter on the mountain?

Five in the morning. We lie in utter darkness.  
There is no breeze. Somewhere  
a man is groaning, as though he has been seized by  
a hideous cockatrice, or goatish dwarf.  
Are we not similar to those amphiscians  
whose shadows fall at one season to the north,  
but at another to the south?

Ghostly ribbons of light emerge;  
I discern the placid surface of the Inland Sea.  
Calm and strange  
like a benediction the water slopes away.

The moon is down.

I have watched the eels  
as they leave—turning, gliding without a sound,

seeking they know not what,  
no more than I. But I must go  
with them.

I have been studying old maps with names that trouble me  
like fluttering moths—Nicobat, Penju  
and Lombok, Ayuttha! I cannot wait much longer!

The tide is high.  
All is possible to those who believe.

I remember a little girl dancing,  
remote and untouchable,  
on the bank of a river. All unknowing, she danced  
the eternal promise of Womankind,  
they who are  
softer than boiled rice, more firm than  
lemons in the spring!  
She noticed me  
and frowned, and went on dancing.

*Cipango of glittering gems! Rich  
icy silks  
from Samarkand!  
Nutmeg  
from Malabar! Sandalwood  
burns in Java!*

I have walked down to the shore.  
Mist covers the rice fields,  
bamboo no longer rustles in the west wind.  
I hear pagoda bells.

The night is brilliant; soon  
it will be dawn;  
the ship's bell echoes  
from the furthest points of  
Scorpio and Boötes.

Poise  
and counterpoise.

I feel I have withdrawn and am immured,  
listening. I am no different than a lens of reddest glass,  
opening always to red rays,  
excluding others.

Once more we are near the Cape,  
the sea runs against us  
and our sail is badly torn. I have inquired  
of everyone, of each sailor,  
what is to become of us.  
They have told me, every one, the same.  
The vertical rays of the sun  
spell Death. This is plausible. It may be, I  
do not know. But still,  
my question never quite is answered.

*Am I awake,  
or...*



Someone enters with clasped hands, praying aloud,  
somerly, who wears a shining brocaded chasuble  
that extends majestically from his shoulders  
to his knees. His words reverberate from painted walls.  
On a stark, wheeled table several implements  
have been meticulously arranged. We who visit  
are mute with anticipation. Suddenly, at a signal,  
a narrow door is flung open and we witness a stranger  
carried in to us from the adjoining chamber.

In our reflections  
the natural order of each determines the next;  
none is more,  
nor can it be less than it seems.

From whatever is known to be good, shall come  
its own consequence;  
Evil is born of what is evil.

Of what use are words, however fateful and oracular,  
if they fail to move and horrify the listener?

Daily we observe murder, concupiscence, greed, poison  
and grossness, and slaughter without astonishment.  
Nevertheless, it is accepted of the moralist,  
the true homilist, that he repeat himself; indeed  
we expect him to reiterate whatever was said before him.

Alvarado sold his rights in the conquest of Ecuador  
for a sack filled with dollars made of lead. *Lá vão os pés  
onde quer o coroção.*

It is said that certain savages of the New World,  
when they had been persuaded to give up their convictions,  
plucked wild roses which they bound to the Crucifix  
as a means of indicating their adoration.  
But when the Spaniards discovered what they had done  
their villages were burnt and the inhabitants massacred.  
In a similar fashion, we have proceeded on our way.

Father Padilla is buried beneath the floor  
of the native church at Isleta.  
Each twenty years the edge of his coffin becomes visible,  
having worked its way upward through the earth  
to warn us, and must be buried anew.

Like smoke from the ruins  
of one issue  
another rises,  
or swallows from their nest  
enact a brief continuum.

I remember a woman of San Ildefonso  
reputed to be more than a century old, who offered me  
a bowl polished with obsidian stones. I accepted  
this bowl in both hands, and observed that it was uneven  
as are all things. When I had placed it down  
so that it rested between us, it appeared symmetrical  
and was filled with beauty.

Recently, in the Mimbres mountains of New Mexico  
a shepherd who sat down to rest under a cottonwood tree  
discovered a length of metal protruding from the roots.  
He dug it out and found it was the hilt of a sword,  
which had an elaborate basket and a marvelous arabesque  
inlaid with gold; and the blade was of Toledo steel.  
Now, what he did with this sword I do not know,  
but it had laid three centuries beneath the cottonwood  
since El Dorado passed that way.

Men hunt and fight; women dream and contrive.

The wind has changed;  
it is time to go.

Thirteen years since the war.  
Already it is as though it never occurred.

In good time I will desecrate monuments which offend me.

I am told of the Frenchman, Bournazel,  
who wore always a scarlet tunic,  
until he was advised by his commander  
to show greater prudence.  
Reluctantly, it is said, he dressed himself  
in a khaki coat, so that he was  
indistinguishable from the rest,  
and on that same day he was killed.  
I will find more than a little profit in this.

High in the Atlas mountains  
I discovered the source of a river  
and followed it,  
certain it would lead to the sea.  
But it grew more shallow  
and turned finally into the desert,  
so that when I had come to the end of it  
the dunes were moist,  
but nothing else was there.

Between the eastern end of the Mediterranean sea  
and the northern extremity of the Syrian desert  
not far from Beirut, lie the ruins of  
Baalbek—stones of prodigious dimensions.  
In the quarry from which these stones were brought  
a single block stands, measuring  
fourteen by seventy feet, which weighs  
fifteen hundred tons. It has been squared, as though  
the masons had readied it for levitation.

New truths are not evoked by previous generations.

Uranus found in Herschel's dream  
those dreams one spent  
where Bohr's celestial icon  
meant each dream is folded.

*Cælum non animum mutant...*

From a distance of two hundred miles we observed  
the remains of trees, humans, and animals borne aloft!

We are condemned by the course of precession  
like the water of a river;  
more characteristic of ourselves,  
more devious and elaborate than before.

We know of no single thing which cannot be multiplied.  
And all that lies beyond our grasp  
is on a sudden found in bones of minor compass,  
as we sift each yesterday within our own.

Flowers, coins and stones have been conveyed  
into hermetically sealed rooms.

Miraculous results have been achieved  
through the simplest means:  
a bottle, a prism, a lens, a fragment of paper, an apple  
high on a summer hill.

I arrange and interpret memorable items  
as vipers out of necessity, by immense labor  
and with difficulty draw themselves free  
from the confines of their early, narrow sac.

*Clarior ex obscuro.*

Ligurius is a precious stone. When the Lynx  
has pissed, he covers his piss with sand.  
In seven days it has set, and become the stone.

It is well known how the Crow has power  
to forecast dire events,  
often spying upon Man in his treachery,  
and gives warning of many things which come to pass.  
But it is not true  
this bird is privy to the secrets of Almighty God.

The Negro when he is drowned  
looks white and loses his blackness.

At the moment of death  
Azrael separates the soul from the body.

Are we not singular visitors here?

I have spent all night at work on a magnetic anchor  
to dredge gold from the bottom of the Breton seas.  
I have reason to anticipate success; but if I should fail,  
let no man forget how opulent a dream was mine.

Just now I have heard someone say that many neglect  
to discover what gives them pleasure.

Nothing exists on earth, within it, or above it  
which is not of service to me.  
I gather, preserve, collate, and set down each, as though  
all things are stamped with varying colors.

I do not reject the magical properties of gold,  
which act as a cure for ossification of the heart.

I preserve and cherish the legend of Saint Germain  
who also was called Count Bellamare,  
Count Aymer, and Chevalier Welldon, who claimed  
to be five hundred years old,  
who figured in the court of Louis XIV.  
Although he was investigated by the governments of  
three nations, no one could establish the place  
or the date of his birth,  
nor was his death recorded. It is said  
he never ate; whether this is true or not  
there is no doubt he mixed the finest dyes,  
made jewels which deceived the experts  
and drew flaws out of diamonds.  
Enormous wealth was his; and though he was followed  
by royal spies, none learned the source of his money.  
He was not seen to age from the day of his appearance  
in the year 1746 to the day he vanished  
twenty years later into Russia. Moreover  
he had personal knowledge of events transpiring  
centuries earlier, correct in detail.  
So vivid were his recollections  
that whoever heard him swore he must have been present,  
which was his claim. Casanova says he died at Hesse  
in 1782, but I saw him in London  
yesterday. He appeared no older.

If I dare to follow these thoughts  
I do not know to what depths they might lead.

Who has found love twice  
in a similar way?  
*Dictes moy ou, n'en quel pays...*

I hear a horse's hooves clatter on the rocks  
and a lady comes riding through the trees  
out of a dark Merovingian forest. Behind her  
on a dun-colored horse slouches a greasy female servant  
dressed in stinking rags, who shows a knife at her belt  
and a sullen gaze, bawling an obscene pagan song.  
I bow to the lady, who smiles and offers  
good day, blessing me as though I were equal.  
The brown flesh of the idolatress is repugnant,  
her toes grimy in the stirrup. Night falls,  
snow covers the rocks and I here meditate  
whether the vile bitch has forgotten me, or not.  
More than other men I am affected by what is absent.

*Pass by that which you cannot love.*

I think of Nicholas de Cusa  
who, after great intellectual effort, confessed himself  
unable to solve the coincidence of opposites.

Now, the Manichees and the Christians held  
to the same conviction, that there is a conflict between  
the power of Light, which represents Good,  
and the power of Darkness, which is Evil.  
But the Manichees held that the outcome of this struggle  
was in doubt, whereas Christians  
presumed there could be none, and the power of God

must triumph. And therefore it must follow,  
according to the laws of human nature,  
which we know to be immutable, that if it had been  
the fortune of the Manichees to attract the host  
of Mankind, then no Christian would have been immured.  
But because it was inevitable that men should choose  
Christianity, which assuages fear and offers comfort  
sorely needed, it was equally necessitous  
that the Manichees, when they had been defeated,  
should be slain, their corpses kicked and spat upon.

It is said of Kubilai Khan that he respected  
the principal feasts of Jews,  
Saracens, Idolaters and Christians.  
Being asked why this was so, he replied:  
*There are four prophets to whom the world does honor.*  
*Christians say their god is Jesus Christ.*  
*Saracens venerate Mahomet.*  
*Jews revere Moses.*  
*Idolators pray to Sakyamuni Burkhan.*  
*I honor each, thus I am sure to honor him who is true.*  
*And to him I pray.*

I will pray without cessation.  
My faith is as pure as a hammer. Neither rock  
nor brick can burn; and therefore  
the earth will not dissolve in fire, as was foretold.

I believe King Arthur has come again. A fisherman  
from Devon has seen the print of Arthur's men  
on British sand. I believe he has come to hunt  
the mighty boar, whose name is Troit,  
for I have heard the terrible voice of Cabal  
and saw him on a stone near Builth.

We know that many ways lead out of the King's court  
and Geraint has taken a ridge from the Usk to Cardiff,  
while others choose dark valleys, or go into the woods  
by the river of Death. There are walls and towers, hills  
and plains; these you must find both here and in Hell.

Where are the bones of Weland?  
Have we more than we were given?

*Wrth ein ffurwythau*  
*yn*  
*hadna*  
*bydder!*

Breakers, cliffs, frost, hail, gannet  
and sea-gull. I have gone past the walls  
of Balclutha and they were desolate.

Waves break with the noise of avalanches across the shore  
and I am far from home. Before dusk I will climb up  
into the castellated cliff, there concealing myself.  
Gannet and tern shall descend around me.

Arbitrarily we circumscribe reality, choosing to limit  
the universe to the bounds of our apprehension.

Meanings elude all save the most acute; peripheral visions  
burn undiminished past every vicissitude.

Someone has slid open the aperture of a lantern;  
I see within the light  
by which our multitude of shadows dance.

Who would show colors to the blind?  
I abandon myself to further contemplation.

There are reports of a prodigious island in the Atlantic  
to the west of Ireland, which is called Brazil.

Dawn,  
chill and grey as porcelain.  
I am alone.

Let them indulge their pride  
if thinking I am destroyed is comfort to them;  
let it be.

Men congregate in the fashion of animals  
but recover their senses slowly, one by one.

No living thing is responsible for its actions.  
A woman or a man is no better nor worse than a stone  
which, when it has been impelled in a direction,  
must continue traveling until its force is overcome  
and subdued by another. Not one of us prohibits himself,  
nor can ever outspeed that which is responsible for us.

What is true of Alexander and Cagliostro  
is true of me.

I do not know how long I have been here;  
I no longer place sticks in a row;  
there is no use. The day is freezing cold.  
Void of hope I continue.

The assumption is made that God possesses an infinity  
out of which to select for the purposes of Creation;  
and that because He is God, what He has chosen  
is whatever is most perfect and which must achieve  
the utmost diversity of content arranged in the highest  
significance; but yet some factors of the present  
imply with increasing certitude a maleficence of design.  
Therefore, we suspect the essential nature of God is evil.

For a little while we exist  
in a world we fail to understand; every scheme  
results in chaos and utmost discrepancy.

A Thorn-apple will set men dancing, allowing them  
horrors of which they have neither consciousness nor  
later recollection.

The Mandragora torn up by its roots  
at the base of a gibbet  
overthrows reason, changes men into beasts  
and promptly sends women insane.

Out of the mouth of a slain priest,  
according to an ancient manuscript,  
burst a white dove!

Out of ashes, voices speak.

Soon we must learn the truth  
that has waited in cities we have ruined.

Heaven has grown empty,  
a memory of things that were, and secret unrest  
gnaws a bitter taste  
at the lactescent roots of being.

In each of us another lives, that we may never know.

My hair had grown long when I returned from the war.  
I was wearing a padded cotton jacket and was relieved  
to see our homeland. My cap was in my pocket,  
friends were with me when I descended from the ship.  
We were met at the gate by an old man  
not one of us had ever seen, who was the age of my father,  
wearing a tattered suit, who held up a colored drawing  
of a soldier but did not speak. I knew at once  
this must be his son, from whom he had heard  
nothing. I looked at the picture, which resembled  
me, with a long hooked nose and brilliant eyes.  
He wore a jacket like mine, and a cap, and a black cross  
adorned his breast, which I have also. I have seen  
enough dead soldiers with bloated faces, green and  
thick with ravening flies; for all I know,  
I might have stepped on this one's belly  
in my efforts to escape. I shook my head.  
He stepped aside and my friends and I walked on.  
But I turned to see him holding up his picture  
to the millions who hurried after us.

According to Schiller, the gods of vengeance  
proceed in silence.

What we have been  
we remain.  
*Du bist*  
*am Ende was du bist.*

My brother told me once that each time  
someone looked at him,  
so that he longed to remain,  
in that same instant was he compelled  
to resume his wandering.  
So was he afflicted  
for jostling Christ on the road to Golgotha.

The fixed verities, constant integers of natural law,  
are lessons which have escaped this world.  
What is given us at birth,  
the discernment of suffering,  
is that sympathy which mutely atrophies.

Colonists of New England,  
when they had defeated the savages,

chopped off the head of Philip  
and mutilated the body,  
mounting his head on a high pole  
in the town of Plymouth  
as a symbol of triumph, to exemplify  
the course of civilization.

To think deeply right now would terrify me.

I will comfort myself with the prophecy of Seneca:  
*A time must come when the ocean will loosen the bonds  
by which things are encircled, when the immense earth  
will be revealed, when Tethys will discover the universe  
anew, and Thule be no longer the end of the world.*

In his own way each supplicant unites his prayer  
with those of others.  
Voices raised in a multitude of accents  
become the single invocation.

Voltaire protested the Lisbon earthquake of 1775.  
Ancient Gauls unleashed their arrows against the sky.

There was once a king of the Franks  
whose name was Gunthram, who went hunting in the forest  
and was overcome with sleep and laid down his head  
upon the knees of his retainer. While he slept  
a lizard came slithering out of his mouth  
and looked for a way to cross a stream that was nearby.  
Now, the king's retainer, when he saw this,  
laid the king's sword across the stream  
and the lizard ran across the sword and disappeared  
into a hole in the hillside opposite.  
And when Gunthram the king awoke he told of a vision,  
vowing he had crossed an iron bridge  
which spanned a mighty river and had entered a mountain  
that was filled with gold. Then the king's retainer  
told the king what he had seen while the king slept.  
And a search was ordered and gold discovered in the hill.  
Then Gunthram the king had a paten made  
and adorned with precious gems  
which he meant to convey to the Holy Sepulchre  
in Jerusalem. But he was prevented.  
You will see it on the shrine of Saint Marcellus  
at Chalons, which is the capital of the kingdom  
of Gunthram. And it is there to this day.

Omens, dreams and presentiments belong to us  
who are not kings, but vatic priests.

If fortune favors me, I shall discover things  
so grand my name may never be forgotten  
until gnostic words do not record how sorrows end.

*Time was.*  
*Time is.*  
*Time will be.*

According to Carpocrates  
we are delivered from no sin we have not committed.



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## Gislebertus/Sculptor of Autun

**GISLEBERTUS HOC FECIT...** This is the bold signature carved in the 12th century on the tympanum of Autun Cathedral in Burgundy which Andre Malraux has described as an "achievement without precedent—an epic of Western Christendom."

Medieval sculptures were very rarely signed; the few known signatures are small and inconspicuous. Both the size and position of Gislebertus's signature are unique. To have been allowed to inscribe his name in such a place of honor, below the figure of Christ in Judgement, he must have been a very well-known artist, highly regarded by the bishop and chapter who felt, no doubt, that his signature would add credit to their church.

Only recently has it been learned that Gislebertus created, in addition to the tympanum, all the sculpture of Autun, including more than fifty interior capitals and the famous Eve which was part of the destroyed north tympanum and was found by chance in the walls of a private house at Autun. Over two centuries before Michelangelo, an individual artist had been commissioned to decorate an entire cathedral.

This is something completely new in accepted theories of medieval art. The idea that churches were built and decorated by anonymous workshops, coupled with the absence of written records, is so deeply rooted that it has taken years of patient investigation to bring together evidence and arguments in favor of Gislebertus's virtually single-handed achievement at Autun.

Since his fame in the 12th century, Gislebertus's sculptures have suffered from the vicissitudes of changing taste. By the 18th century, the canons of Autun Cathedral had grown to despise his work as relics of a barbarian age; they covered the tympanum with plaster (which probably saved it from destruction during the Revolution) and removed the head of Christ. The north tympanum, depicting Adam and Eve and the Raising of Lazarus, was taken down, the fragments thrown aside or sold, and the doorway rebuilt to suit 18th-century tastes. The apse was entirely faced with marble at considerable expense, and in the course of the operation most of the original upper-level capitals were badly damaged.

It was not until 1837, some 100 years later, that a local archeologist, the abbe Devoucoux, came across an early document describing the scene of the Last Judgement carved over the west doorway. He sounded the 18th-century plaster decoration, and discovered the tympanum, more or less intact, beneath. In 1856, the fragment of Eve from the north doorway was discovered in the walls of a house in Autun which was being demolished: one of the glories of French medieval sculpture, she had served her turn as an obscure piece of masonry for over a century. In 1939, the marble facing of the apse was taken down, revealing the original 12th-century structure and—as recent research demonstrates—Gislebertus's first works at Autun. In 1948, the head of Christ, identified by the abbe Grivot among some unclassified debris in the local museum, was returned to its rightful place on the tympanum.

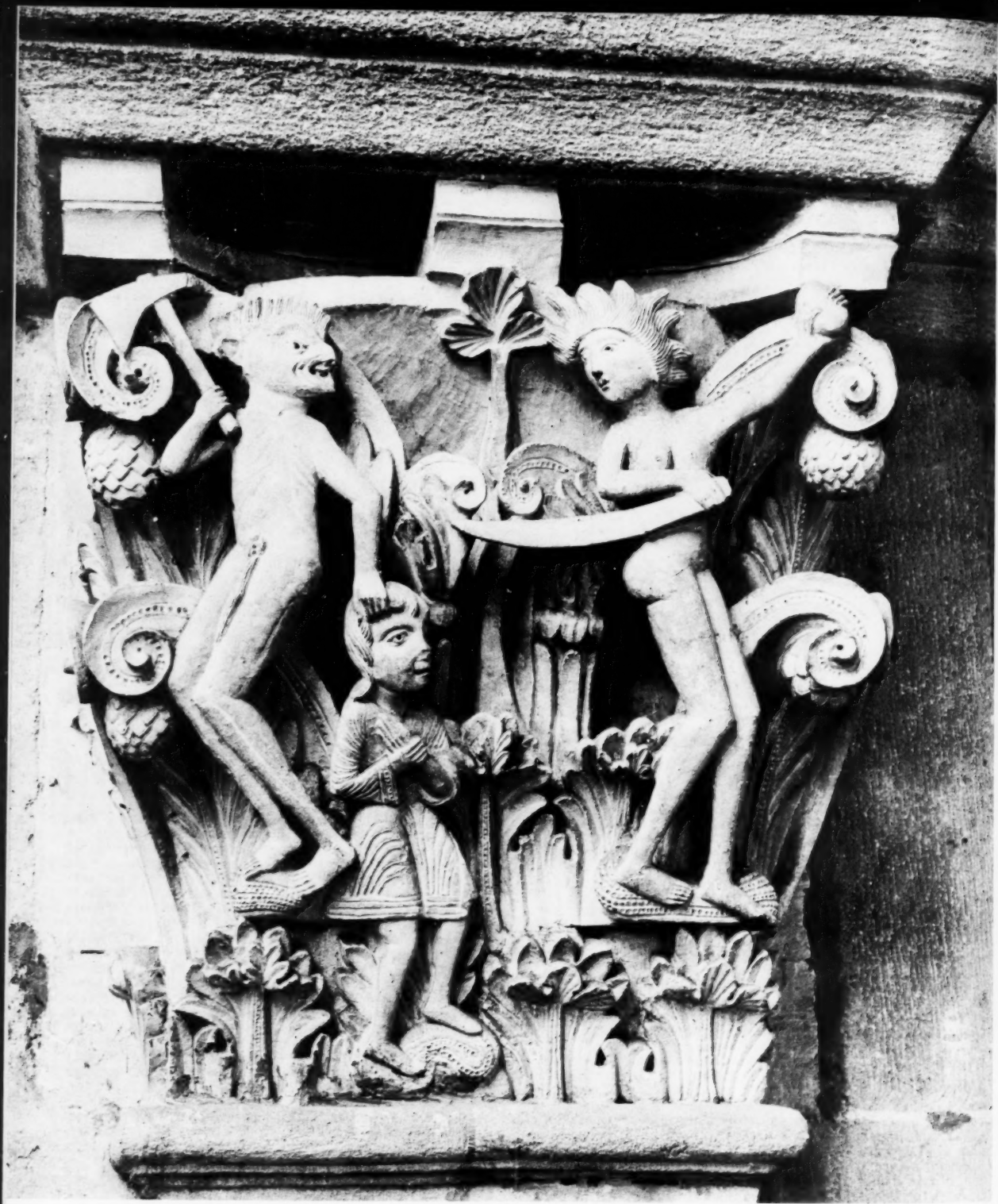
So the restoration of Autun continues and with it the name of Gislebertus. Thus far, little has been learned of the man who created this sculpture. Clearly he was a master when he came to Autun and must already have practiced his art elsewhere. From fragments excavated at Cluny, and by iconographical comparisons, it is thought he served his apprenticeship there, probably as an assistant on the tympanum of the greatest abbey in Europe, so wantonly destroyed in the Napoleonic era. At Vezelay, also in Burgundy, fragments have been discovered that show, unmistakably, his style. Where else he may have lived and worked and what further sculptures may be concealed or scattered, we do not yet know.

(Text by Mary Laing. Miss Laing has worked on the Gislebertus restoration with Arnold Fawcus, whose interest in the sculptor has resulted in the traveling exhibit of photos and fragments now having its United States premiere at the De Young Museum, San Francisco.

All photos: Photo Franceschi—Trianon.

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We know that those things which most profoundly  
and most permanently affect us  
have come not out of deliberate calculation,  
however intricate or stupefying to the brain,  
but through labyrinths of feeling  
whose multiple entrances tend to elude detection;  
which only much later, if at all, can be admitted.  
No man likes the deep purposes of his nature  
held up to study.

I proceed without confidence;  
I am sick with hesitation.

Yesterday someone mentioned animals  
and things sensed in darkness, and told me  
a man's work should have the feel of a carving  
in oak. If, he explained, it is meant to endure  
and retain some characteristic meaningful  
to future generations, it must at every cost  
give evidence of the passage of time,  
of meditation, and of skill in excess of mere  
dextrous facility. Having said this, he paused;  
I supposed he had concluded. Then he said  
an heraldic device is not easily chiseled.

Every skilled man is to be trusted with his art.  
*Cuilibet in arte sua perito credendum est.*

I know what I cannot prove, by reason or experiment.

It was three minutes after ten, precisely,  
when he was brought to us.  
He seated himself, almost indolently,  
and gazed above our heads  
as though relieved the time had come!  
We have discussed this privately,  
remembering, first of all,  
that he selected a lavish supper,  
that he played at cards  
and joked with the Jesuit,  
and toward four o'clock in the morning  
lay down on the simple bed and wept,  
meanwhile looking blindly all around  
and through the light we kept  
burning by the Governor's order.  
It was then he fell asleep for the first time  
in several days, and appeared to dream:  
a curious expression played across his features.  
And once he lifted up his hand, as though in greeting.  
When he awoke and realized the hour  
he seemed surprised, somehow embittered;  
but then, glancing toward us  
he smiled a trifle foolishly, and bent his head.  
We have prayed for him, more than once. Now  
who prays for us?

I do not think I soon will forget  
how his hands drew suddenly up into fists, dancing  
of their own accord across the polished oak arms  
of the ponderous chair. I do not believe

I ever saw his face, concealed by his painted yellow  
leather mask. Smoke was ascending from two holes  
bored in the metal cap. For an instant  
he tried to speak; and we have talked of this  
between ourselves. We are of the opinion  
he meant to tell us something. We think this may be so,  
yet there are few things of which we can be sure.

*Mon frère, a-t-il...*

Together we are devoid of responsibility  
and know no fear.

Tomorrow we must believe, if not today;  
the hands of every clock are turning.

The sky is overcast.  
Bluish sunlight filters down  
crooked, granular, medieval streets;  
and I sense a delphic voice  
through the firmament of nether space.  
In my heart there is no doubt  
of plenary and miraculous powers.

I must establish beyond doubt the purity of my intent.

There are seven days to the week  
because there are seven celestial bodies wandering  
across the firmament, which are the sun and  
the moon and the five planets, Mars, Mercury,  
Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. This is the reason  
we call the latter days of our week  
*mardi, mercredi, jeudi, vendredi and samedi.*

Two hundred years ago a certain French astronomer  
observed and recorded, during the nights of May eighth  
and tenth, the position of what he took to be a star.  
Because these two positions failed to agree  
he concluded he was mistaken and had made some error,  
whereupon he continued with such matters as seemed to him  
of greater magnitude, and never knew he had fixed  
the planet Neptune.

As a result of multiple calculations  
one faint point of light, of the fifteenth magnitude,  
ultimately was discovered, whose shift in position  
during a period of six days was appropriate to an object  
theorized to exist in an orbit one billion miles  
beyond that of Neptune. This object  
was accorded the name Pluto, and its mass determined  
from the perturbations of Neptune's orbit,  
in natural conjunction with precursive data  
which had been compiled over a number of years.  
Even so, although we may describe its several properties,  
predict its course, or announce its phenomenal  
history, it will remain altogether as it was,  
betraying itself minutely to the strongest of our senses.

Whatever occurs in the world is in accordance  
with laws of perpetual truth, geometrical or metaphysical.

We understand that the supernova,  
kindling a light brighter than one hundred million suns,  
occurs to our knowledge each three centuries or so.  
Now, three and one-half centuries have elapsed  
since Kepler's phenomenon horrified the world;  
and therefore we have every right to believe  
our heavens will be set ablaze  
more strangely than the apparition born one August morning  
of secular winds across Japan.

The Roman theologian and Master of the Palace,  
Spina, inquiring as to why God should permit  
the death of innocents, responds in this way:  
If they die not by reason of their own sins,  
yet are they guilty by virtue of original sin.  
Thus, it is implicit that no judge commits injustice,  
since the accused cannot possibly be innocent;  
and therefore whoever undertakes to defend himself  
should be considered twice guilty.

Truth is not a sequence of facts;  
we may be instructed by a dead man's garden.

I remember Maidanek, Davao  
and Bataan.  
I could remember more;  
let no man, ever, be mistaken.

*Jura naturæ sunt immutabilia.*  
Immutable indeed are the laws of nature.

There is reputed to be a stupendous fossil which has  
a quadruple bank of osseous protuberances  
springing from the base of its skull.  
The tail of this creature is heavily spiked  
and armored, and its teeth are those of a carnivore.  
Although its flesh and entrails do not exist,  
paleontologists have calculated its weight,  
and the dimensions of its organs, and tell us  
its brain must have been approximately the size of  
an infant's fist. Who reads a moral in this?

I shall continue to occupy myself with meanings that lie  
beneath the surface,  
in lieu of the visible prospect.

I mention at this point the log of the Yankee whaler  
*Monongahela*, together with the testimony of  
her captain, Jason Seabury, and of the men who sighted  
and chased and struck with two harpoons  
a plesiosaur that had survived from the Jurassic era.  
These sailors measured the carcass,  
finding it to be one hundred and three feet in length,  
and seven inches; after which they stripped off  
its meat and saved its oil, bringing this to port  
to sell, because they were practical men.  
Numerous sermons could abide in this.

Beyond the possibility of questioning,  
certain marine reptiles once thought to be extinct

continue to live in the depths.

Through the ages they have evolved  
and adapted to fantastic pressures that play upon them;  
for which reason we observe them but rarely—  
when they are sick, or have been injured.  
On such occasions they swim toward the surface,  
becoming visible to us for a little while.

I believe the sea is preparing specific revelations  
for the benefit of Man,  
who has forgotten the value of himself.

Now, another day comes quietly to its end.

The night is lambent;  
it is wholly beautiful.

If our sun were situated at the heart of the great star  
Betelgeuse,  
earth's orbit would be enclosed  
utterly within the shell of this superb creation.

Who knows whether we lie asleep  
or a world is dreaming?

Moments alter  
like this glove a woman abandoned,  
expecting me to find it  
hours ago; it is  
somehow different than when she was here.

I remember a woman who asked me to bring my mother's heart  
for her dog to eat;  
and while I was carrying it  
I stumbled and fell, and the heart  
as it rolled in the dust  
cried out: *T'es tu fais mal, mon enfant? T'es tu  
fais mal?*

Thoughts of women—brutal, obscene fantasies—  
obsess and torture me.

I was ill and thought I would die,  
and spoke to the woman I loved. She listened  
while covering her head with a scarf.

Women are suspicious of men that explore the depths.  
Women feel a brooding affinity with water.  
I understand, as I contain their nature within my own.

I am told of structures that have no windows  
but only narrow slits, by means of which  
a man may defend himself and his family.  
On top of these buildings there is a flat roof  
with a parapet around, over which the women  
always are visible, peeping down at the struggle  
while they contemplate who shall come up to them  
when it has ended. The difference, they feel,  
is small; women respect the victor.

Rabovsky materializes in the dreams of women;  
he is the fabled incubus, which is their one desire.

I hear someone coughing; a noise  
like dry reeds splintering. I turn in time to see  
someone lean forward, coughing again  
and again; and it seems I have fallen  
steeply through one experience into another,  
into a chthonic world where  
I am lulled by strange expectancies.

I hear the rushing noise of space, the unmistakable sound  
of our journeying earth; and I behold a woman  
dressed all in black, whose lace gloves  
reach to her elbows. Out of her bodice the nipples  
of her bosom spring like blossoms from Japan,  
or the pink sockets of the blind. By gaslight her thighs,  
murky and evil as twin serpents, openly invite me.  
She smiles and beckons; but I notice another man  
seating himself in the shadows,  
who regards me with amusement. At this instant  
three solemn raps are heard, the green flames shrink,  
and I depart the theater in great haste, remembering  
I have seen his face before. Tonight I leave;  
I set sail at once toward the holy city which they call  
Byzantium. But yet I know we three will be aboard.  
*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même.*

When once we know them, symbols lose their magic.

This morning there was no sunrise.  
Rain struck ominously against the gelid glass.

I could, if I chose, remember much: scenes, words  
and strains of music, phrases from Vinteuil  
we seal like ferns in sediment—bleak Assyrian pictures  
there is little need to draw again.

Is it my self that speaks,  
or through me the spirit of an age?

To the moral man  
nothing takes root less deeply in the soul  
than Jesuitic attitudes;  
and therefore we seldom should wonder if  
a majority of lives are spent  
in useless answers.

Moralities are built of transitory things.  
Who loves twice in a similar way?

I do not know how long it has been since anyone  
reached out to me. When I was young  
I thought I could not live without love;  
but I am older now, sifting and weighing  
motes of dust.

There will be a time, someone told me,  
when you know that spring is near,  
when snows melt in the field

and a moment for which you have lived  
is come round at last.

*Verweile doch, du bist so schön.*  
Linger awhile, thou art  
so fair.

I believe in the curative properties of silver;  
I set twin florins on my eyes when I am tired.  
I think a chestnut in a leather bag is good  
to ward off evil. I empty out of my pockets  
each charm and relic my wife has secreted there,  
yet my love for her is both positive and constant.

My brother just this instant has remarked that  
into every woman he meets, he projects whatever  
of himself is base. Yet there is nothing that is base  
in any man, not more than in a woman. We live as we must.  
Still, each time I gaze at my brother's visage—  
at his brutal, shapeless lips—I cannot be certain.

There are few things about which we may be positive  
in regard to women, but it is well known  
that amongst them the seat of wantonness is the navel.

I feel obligated to comment on the woman of Italy  
whose body was surrounded by a halo of light.  
Unquestionably she entertained profound ideas  
on the nature of religion, and we suppose  
deep changes occurred within her. I would say  
the stringency of her Lenten fast may have resulted  
in an excess of sulphides which became excited by  
certain ultra-violet radiations inherent in the blood.  
I believe, as is evident, in miracles; I believe also  
in the values of science.

What first existed was born in robes of phantasy.

No count was possible at Hiroshima; consider the centuries  
and keep silent.

Oracular calculations demonstrate it may be possible  
to eradicate terrestrial life. A certain biophysicist  
posits one unique explosive object to the weight of  
ten thousand tons, which, under optimum conditions,  
should produce sufficient dust to poison the atmosphere  
so that nothing could survive. However, preliminary  
studies undertaken by one government institute suggest  
that the manufacture of such an agent might necessitate  
a total effort of at least eight years and would cost  
approximately forty billion dollars; and, even so,  
there could be not the slightest guarantee of success.

By how much is any man more consequential than I, or I  
than he, or we both than some other, or again, he than us  
both; by so utter a margin is that superior where nominal  
expectations fail less often.

There can be no doubt that one essential precondition  
of intuitive thinking is the exclusion of rational

or factual considerations; Kekule solved the problem of the benzene molecule during a fatigue-engendered dream when he beheld a viper swallowing its tail.

Now this day, too, has ended.  
The world may look the same, but is not.

It is enough at this point to say  
the Wolf invariably is born during the first thunder  
of May, which means the Devil was thrown down  
from Heaven in his first Pride.  
I think this is so, but I am not sure.

To become a man is the greatest art.

Marco Polo relates that hawks belonging to Kubilai Khan  
wore silver tablets attached to their feet.  
Now, silver does not corrode, and many hawks  
when they had been released, never were seen again.  
I believe that if I search the Mongol empire  
from one end to its other, undissuaded in my quest  
by thoughts of profit, lascivious women or  
inclement weather, I will find in the forest  
or upon the steppe a regal silver tablet inscribed:  
*You hold on your wrist the hawk of Kubilai Khan!*

Soon, I think, I will come to the river  
of Kara-moran which flows through the mighty lands of  
Prester John who, it is said,  
conversed with Jews in the north of Asia  
that never had heard of the siege of Jerusalem  
nor of Jesus, nor of our Redemption!

There lived at one time in the city of Mien  
a very rich king, who, when it came his turn to die,  
commanded that two towers be erected over his tomb,  
one of gold and the other of silver. He ordered  
their shape to be circular and all around them  
thousands of gilded bells should be hung.  
Last night, just as the moon was rising,  
a breeze blew into our encampment and we heard  
a tinkling noise. The tomb of this king  
must be nearer to us now than ever before.

It is known that while quantities of Chinese silk  
were passing by way of caravan into the Roman empire  
the Romans had no idea from whence such luxuries came;  
and not until seven hundred years after Jesus Christ  
did Europe first suspect the existence of a civilization  
other than its own. Now, we again suspect what long  
has been. And what is left to come subtly may prove  
our last estate; so madness plots the route of caravans.

Idly we comfort ourselves; what will be  
has been foretold.

We live in the final tepid rays of the Christian era.

The green gum of frankincense burnt ominously  
on early altars when Legions rowed  
to England.

Designs which exceed our comprehension are summoned  
for their purpose.

Phantoms outbalance the conscious mind.

It is rumored that among certain papers in the Vatican  
are clues relative to the fate of the Greenland colony  
which mysteriously disappeared five centuries ago.  
No one has explained why these papers have so long lain  
undisturbed within the archives. Might it not be that  
memories of our failure wheel over us, more pitiless  
and unremorseful than Enguerrand's falcon?

Pius V, in conference with his advisers,  
all at once stopped speaking and held up his hand.  
Without a word he hurried to the nearest window  
where he remained with a look of absolute concentration.  
Turning at last to his advisers, who had waited  
uneasily, perplexed and astonished, he told them  
of a marvelous victory which had been scored  
in the name of Christendom. Later came news of Lepanto  
where, during those same moments, the course of battle  
changed—the Turks were repulsed, and Europe saved.  
We are overcome with unspeakable awe in the fabric of  
miracles.

Poincaré conceived of unimagined dimensions,  
of five and six.

From the age of twenty Agrippa conducted experiments  
in chrysopaëia.

We are at rest in the center of the universe  
and are encircled by the course of the sun  
that shines upon us and solicitously bestows  
its warmth. Thus, we prepare for eternal life.

The star Epsilon Aurigæ, whose position is calculated  
some 3° from Capella, is partially eclipsed  
each twenty-seven years by a fantastic object  
no astronomer has yet seen. Across the penultimate  
reaches of the universe there is nothing  
half so terrible as this. My faith is like a hammer,  
but I am stupefied with dread.

We are the Dioscuri,  
and one is mortal.

In order to appreciate those qualities  
which are most valuable and original,  
the beauty and power of which is no other's,  
we should know to what extent and from whom  
the transference has been effected.  
Concerning choice, disposition, embellishment, and style—  
we need to inform ourselves quite thoroughly.  
If, let us say, some liturgical topic  
has been appointed to a man's particular usage,  
wherewith he has so played across it  
that it appears to alter before our eyes  
like the features of a familiar statue



struck with firelight, until we grow bemused  
and silent, half-convinced this lifeless object  
may turn toward us to speak, or to enfold us  
in a marble grasp, censure proves its own conceit.  
*Culibet in arte sua perito credendum est.*

During the 18th century there was a woman,  
supposedly mute, who was conducted about the countryside  
by ecclesiastics; and, at every stop they made,  
in every wayside chapel, she was seen miraculously  
to recover the power of speech. We believe as we wish.

I have heard of a man who, when he lay dying,  
realized that in the house adjoining his own  
a suicide was imminent; whereupon, with an expression of  
desperate haste, he lifted himself from his deathbed  
and staggered into the house of his neighbor  
where the suicide was dangling from a beam, and  
swiftly cut the rope, to the amazement and terror of  
those that followed. Mine, also, is a presentiment  
of incomprehensible events.

Vortices exist through which a man may be abducted.

I have torn to pieces  
the plans with which I had been provided.

I cannot forget the estuary brimming with corpses,  
nor the exotic flowers.

*Du bist am Ende was du bist.*

I choose to teach the infinitude of Man.

The Luciferians, a sect which flourished during  
the 14th century, listing numerous adherents  
among the mendicant orders, had no doubt God seized  
the throne of Heaven by force, treachery, and usurpation.

I have fixed my lens.  
Now I will wait; there is time enough. Soon  
I must perceive the first point  
of color,  
followed by a thread of rising smoke.  
God give me to say what I have suffered.

Evil shall be believed  
when it rides home to stare at us.

Lat. 30.48 S.; Long. 92.10 E.

The focus alters.

Whosoever my brother is, I would not play false to him.

Of those multitudes which have passed before us  
few appear deserving of our notice;  
and yet we should recall how equivalently  
we soon shall be lost among future throngs,  
and that eye now turned round upon us  
quickly enough shall turn back once again.  
Our utmost hope, therefore, should be no less  
than to assuage the traveler in his extremity,  
trusting we go not unregretted.

We are informed by M. Sainte-Beuve  
how the very greatest names are those which distress  
or swing counter to every fixed belief.

It is well known how Alexander Pope  
affixed to Bolingbroke's letter to Swift  
a terse note to the effect  
that some advantage to their age might accrue,  
should they spend three years together.  
I will meditate further on this.

I have thought of Ruskin as an old, demented man  
with emptied eyes and the beard of a river god,  
seated in his favorite chair. If a polished pebble,  
a coin, a picture, or any object that he had loved  
were placed in his hand, he would smile. Or if  
Severn children petted him. But like a young and  
weary child himself, the scalloped mind hung dangling.  
Seldom did he notice much, outside his endless dream.

There is much that we know in regard to corporeal objects  
but less in regard to the human mind, and still less  
of our earliest beginnings—the God of Asine and Tænarum  
walked on water long before the birth of Jesus.

My brother, who is a teacher, although few can discover  
what it is he teaches, spoke this morning of capacities,  
of how we tend to hold in mind particular aspects  
and properties we deem attractive; and, comparing,  
contrive those recondite associations, perform and think  
through symbols, pretend, and remove ourselves out of  
each world into another. I will ask him if I am, in fact,  
a marvelous creation. I doubt he will answer; there is  
not a sound, except the scratch of his pen across paper.

*Those which are disparate, so as to be bound  
in opposition, necessarily unite with each other  
by virtue of inverse conjunction.*

A fish that lives in the deep gloom of a cavern  
will grope toward the light, if it can see or  
otherwise sense the brilliance of the outer world.  
Whether or not it shall perish in this unaccustomed  
glory, still it has removed itself from the company  
of its fellows. And always those which remain  
are those with little sensitivity to light—the blind  
that beget the blind. This is a parable of our time.

Night. I am alone. I will allow nothing  
to interrupt the course of hariolate cogitation.

A voice has told me that before this journey ends  
I shall see the drowned Phœnician sailor.

Someone just now has proposed that civilization  
must endure successive cycles  
of evolution and self-destruction!

The Governor has advised us to prepare ourselves  
in such a manner as to seem

## ESKIMO PRINTMAKERS

Excavations of early Eskimo dwellings reveal that, running parallel with the development of their beautifully functional tools, they have at all times felt the need to create artistic objects expressing their feelings about the wonder of existence, their religion and life around them.

Eskimos at Cape Dorset, on the southwestern shore of Baffin Island, are famous for their expressive stone and ivory carvings, and the work of such artists as Kiakshuk, Niviaksiak, Munggitok and many others has been shown in many galleries throughout the world.

Cape Dorset is the English name of Kingnait, and designates Foxe Peninsula, an area of some eighteen thousand square miles populated by semi-nomadic Eskimos who trade into the small settlement that includes only a handful of whites. It is an isolated place, remote from even the nearest Eskimo group. Here, the Eskimos have recently developed what is, for them, a new method of artistic communication: the stonecut print and the sealskin stencil. In them are portrayed the secrets of dreams, the rhythm of birds in flight, the power of the sea beasts, the exuberance of the hunter.

Canada's federal Department of Northern Affairs has assisted these artists by erecting a small, heated building, and by supplying them with the necessary paper and inks, encouragement, and some technical assistance. The production of prints is slow and painstaking, and only a limited number (usually fifty) are carefully taken from each original block or stencil. After the fifty prints are pulled, the stone is broken—or the design is filed off and the stone re-used.

In *The Beaver* magazine, Autumn '61, Irene Baird wrote: "Whether a piece of graphic work—or soapstone carving—is technically excellent or just modestly good is for the judgment of experts. The one quality that a non-expert can safely lay hands on and feel secure about in any judgment of art is impact—the compelling sense of life lived, of some universal flash of experience conveyed. The veriest layman knows whether or not a piece of creative work excites him or leaves his heart cold. This is perhaps as far as non-professional judgment should be expected to go—or need ever go. Impact of this order is really a sense of mutual recognition between the artist and the outside world. The world that can so often feel to him so far away—and not in the geographic sense."

Like every race that lives close to nature the Eskimo people have a streak of mysticism. The life of man and of animals, of weather and land—the world of the Arctic itself—is mysterious and puzzling. These feelings are not always easy to express. The artists reach back and draw on a consciousness that lies below the level of mere observation. Their pictures are strange because their life is strange. Yet even in their serious work is a joyful sense of the comic.

neither sumptuous and hedonistic, nor unnecessarily ascetic. Perhaps we are not unlike children shut off in the narrowest room of a mouldering castle, surrounded by a deep, impenetrable forest, who, because they perceive nothing, are doomed to live in utter ignorance of the extent and boundaries of their true domain.

Pennies are placed upon our eyes.  
Coins of Ampuria and Rhoda are found in Gaul.

We alone have constituted authority over time.

A substance can begin only after it has been created,  
and cease not until it has been annihilated.

What should I say next?

The clouds must be warm and low, which means  
someone will visit me when I least expect.  
I have walked carefully to the door  
and stand beside it, my hand poised above the latch.

This shall prove our season of excitement  
when coruscate madness blinds us; together we stoop  
and recover our senses, slowly,  
one by one.

Mambres and Jannes brought up frogs  
into the land of Egypt, but could not get them out.

Mumphazard was hanged because he would not speak.

I am ill. Someone has touched me;  
I need to lie down.  
I would scatter dots on a sheet of paper, or practice  
the art of geomancy,  
if that would be enough.

Ice floats on the water! This means our lives  
are pledged.  
Honor is at stake.

We know of a ruin called Ys  
at the bottom of the Breton seas. Fourteen days ago  
we drifted over it,  
where it lies, fanciful and green. But now  
sluggish waves break and foam about us;  
the wind is bitter, it blows from the north.  
The door to the chartroom is locked,  
and there is no sound within.

Late this afternoon a monstrous creature  
appeared out of the fog, its body scarcely rippling  
the Arctic tide, its head swaying, lowering  
and rising high above us  
as though these present hours still were Jurassic,  
and this ship and all of us on board  
were spending eternity in nacreous waters.  
*Nota habet ea signa quibus obsess...*



On the crest of a phosphorescent wave  
I see the figurehead of a Viking longboat!

I am deeply troubled.

On Kingigtorsuak Island we discovered  
three cairns, and a stone  
which bore this inscription:

*Erling Sigvatsson and  
Bjarne Thordarson and  
Endride Oddson raised  
these cairns Saturday  
before Rogation Day.*  
But this is all we understood,  
because there followed  
six terrifying symbols  
none of us ever had seen.

By our fruit  
are we known.

Painted on the wall of a passageway in the cathedral  
at Schleswig are eight turkey cocks!  
These paintings date from the time the cathedral was built  
in the year 1280. Historians claim  
there were no turkey cocks in Europe until  
Spaniards brought them back from Mexico.  
Now, the Greenland hunters admired the polar bear

and the falcon, sending home specimens from the New World,  
and no one denies the existence of white hunters  
on the mainland of America long before the birth of  
Susanna Fontanarossa.  
From this we draw our own conclusion.

There can be no doubt of cosmos within chaos,  
order among disorder,  
and a law to each contingency.

During a battle between Norsemen and savages  
a woman whose name was Freydis  
picked up the sword of her husband, who had been slain,  
and as the Esquimaux rushed toward her  
she drew out her breasts and slapped them  
with the blade. The savages were appalled;  
they dropped their weapons and fled.  
This woman's act may be understood by  
women of every age, but not by any man.

The cave is not at rest until it is entered.  
Purple and ermine are the colors of women,  
and their wound.

We know that when a man bows down he modifies himself  
and becomes a servant, who says:  
The sight of you brings me such pleasure  
that I take my ease. But soon I must rise again,

for the thought of further pleasures possess me.  
When a woman curtsies, we know she is saying:  
Because I see you, resistance vanishes.

It is late.  
A clock chimes.

I have lost all sense of existence.

The wind blows from the east at five knots.  
Pelicans coast on the water.  
We are close to land.

The sky is overcast  
and the date I set down  
is the 13th of April.  
The year is 1886. Tomorrow  
I become twenty years of age.  
I am well and look forward to life,  
but also I am able to look into the past.

It was the 19th of May in 1845  
when the two ships of Sir John Franklin's expedition  
last were seen. Searchers discovered  
only a scrap of paper revealing that Franklin had died,  
the ships had been abandoned, and survivors  
were starting across the ice.  
Six years later the crew of a British merchantman  
met two ships riding high above the water  
on an iceberg of fantastic dimensions.  
The admiralty description of Franklin's ships  
matches the description of these spectral vessels  
coursing polar seas, whose name are *Erebus*  
and *Terror*.

It is known that ships at sea develop a psychic entity;  
and this is why the foundering of a ship  
fills the beholder with awe. Whoever speaks  
while his ship slides into the ocean will be damned  
throughout all eternity.

Lat. 70.10 N.; Long. 12.18 W.  
I hear the sound of a reef.  
Others have heard it, too—I am certain  
because not one man has mentioned it!

I have just this instant seen a face in the mirror  
and observed its moving lips, which seemed to say that  
I no longer am where I was; I shall be found  
not in Sicily nor Edinburgh, but where I least anticipate,  
and thou also.

I have had experiences no one would credit.  
I might compose a letter concerning them,  
which would be read with great eagerness, if only  
I conjecture to whom it should be addressed.

*Another flake has fallen through the years.*

These moments evolve bright with detail;  
each I must study as meticulously

as though it were the vein of a leaf. None  
should leave me less. If I am rich  
with borrowed excellence, yet am I rich. Is this  
not better than to be impoverished?

Since noon I have waited beside the sea wall.  
Idly a young girl is approaching,  
dressed in a robe of blue English brocade.  
It is August in Brittany. The sun beats down  
on metallic waves. Suddenly I realize  
this coast has been deserted for centuries  
and I am not myself, but the embodiment of all men  
in whose sight she is without Evil, full of Grace.  
How should I surpass what I behold?  
Now, who am I? Tell me, if you are able.

Regret is useless;  
rivers flow down to the sea.

Since dawn I have watched boats in the harbor.  
*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même.*

Those aspects of the human body most highly esteemed  
by earlier ages seem nugatory to this time:  
old, old drawings of the foot look wooden and sheer.  
Centers of absorption pass. By those who understand,  
seldom are interpretations asked, or given.

I have come upon the print of a woman's foot in  
deliquescent sand. Her name, which she had traced with  
a stick, embellishing it with fluted shells,  
has not yet been washed from sight.  
How should I contrive a symbol that befits her,  
so that no man, seeing it, can forget?  
*Aut inveniam aut faciam.* Before the moon rises  
I must find a way.

As Thou to Me, so  
I  
to Thee.

I have set my wages on the Wheel of Fortune  
again. Again, the arrow  
hesitated, but moved on. Tomorrow  
I will succeed.

How shall we redeem all we have lost?

Is Man destined to remain an actor  
and a Pharisee?

The celebrated star of Tycho Brahe  
first was observed on the 11th day of November  
in the year 1572, not long after the massacre  
named for Saint Bartholomew, who was flayed alive  
and hung, head downward, for his belief.  
Thirty thousands were cruelly slaughtered  
by order of Catherine de Medici, the Duke of Anjou  
and others. Astrologers proclaimed the Star of Bethlehem  
had come to announce the end of the world.



But when seventeen months had gone  
the star of Brahe dimmed and was not seen again;  
nor any disaster fell, save what was occasioned  
by human fright and folly.

The cinders of a city have written  
smokily against wall: *Thou art...*

It is time to be exact. According to Thomas Browne,  
being ignorant of evils to come, or forgetful  
of evils past, is a merciful provision of Nature  
whereby we digest the mixtures of our few days, and  
our delivered senses not relapsing into remembrance,  
our sorrows are not thus kept alive and raw  
through the chancre of needless repetition. Yet  
I would say that as we so entrust this present state,  
few shall mark the diligence of our journey's end,  
white with ashes.

After the *Enola Gay* completed its flight  
rape, robbery, and murder became not uncommon.  
Schoolgirls turned willingly into whores  
and their brothers grew into thieves. Despair  
and hunger drove them, but also the appeal of chaos.  
Later, it is said, these strangely experienced children  
spoke with nostalgia of that time, just as  
the shore becomes visible after its highest tide.

I was walking with my son in the direction of the estuary  
where I meant to explain, as best I could,  
the genesis of those incalculable conditions  
which now afflict us, when we encountered a child  
peeling shreds of skin from her body.  
Her lips had melted, and she was blinded,  
yet I think she was not unaware; it seemed to both  
my son and myself that we could hear singing,  
although it is possible we were somehow deceived.

Each of the world's religions has prophesied  
a fiery ending to the reign of Man.

*Be any man laden with sick  
women, children, sisters or domestics, or be  
he ill himself,  
then let them lie where they be;  
and we praise him, too,  
if he would burn himself, or  
that feeble person.*

There was a moral factor, as I am the first to admit. I  
have been meaning to...

We recognize, of course, how the presence of  
each individual augments the total preparation;  
during the 14th century incest was permitted,  
if practiced upon an altar.

*Fear him who trod upon the ape and the basilisk,  
who conquered the lion and the dragon!*

In the year 1350 the faithful were summoned to Rome  
to celebrate the Jubilee and a marked lessening  
of the Plague. But with these pilgrims came the flea,  
so that out of every hundred, not one survived.  
This may be regarded as a significant lesson for today.

The law of non-contradiction states that any proposition  
and its opposite cannot both be true, and that whatever  
implies a contradiction, or offers two values negating  
each other, by definition must prove unreal; from which  
we distinguish truths of fact from truths of reason.

Aquinas was of the opinion God alters the universe  
at His pleasure, but yet there is one restriction:  
He must obey the logic of Aristotle.  
He may create, however He wills, a five-tailed ass,  
but always a triangle shows three angles.

How am I obligated to the logic of other men?

A small proportion of the earth bears wheat;  
circles rotate of their own accord.

The Ecclesiastic has told me that because  
our society is perishing,  
and of this there can be no doubt,  
whoever should wish to restore it must first recall  
those principles out of which its strength was born.  
How shall I accomplish this?

Last night, in response to my questioning,  
the Astronomer paused in his work  
and said that if his private wish were granted  
he would extend to a trifle past infinity  
the visible boundaries of our dominion.  
I therefore suggested he petition  
for a newer and much longer telescope.  
He smiled, reminding me of how our monies  
always have been allotted to a sharper purpose.  
I could see that he was not embittered,  
for which I was puzzled; but then,  
without a word he bent to resume his study  
of the Pleiades.

*Encore, les extrêmes se touchent!*

Strange formulæ  
were requisite to medieval therapeutics.  
The more revolting and grotesque the ingredients  
of any potion,  
so much more efficacious was it deemed.  
Additional words for today.

Historians apprise us that exposure of court poisoning  
did not put an end to this practice; indeed  
when it became known and a punishment established  
eight poisoners flourished  
where one had worked before. This  
I set in ecru letters, because of its importance.

Chronicles record the ecstasy of returning life while the virulence of the Plague diminished. There were new fashions, symbols and ornaments; and the allegory of color became a language we have never lost.

At length this day, like many others, comes to its end.

The moving visions of Salvius, of Furseus and Drihthelm commence in the same manner as that of Er, who lay dead while his soul was conducted both to Hell and to Heaven. In this way do we enter unnamed regions, while we sleep.

In the constellation of Cygnus the filamentary nebula reaches outward a distance equivalent to forty million times the distance of the earth from the sun. It was in Manila a man told me this, and as he spoke, an east wind was blowing across Luzon. It is true, he said; and he wore in his ear the ring that sailors fix to show they have crossed the China Seas.

Why should I feel as desolate as I do? Is it because our senses tell us the world is hostile, cold, and dead? Do we count and check the divinity that sleeps within us, and make our lives a sum of antiquities further than Etrurian tombs?

If you disparage the Devil  
you must answer to the Church.

Can you mutilate one face of a coin, yet not diminish the value of both?

I remember a man crouching in the shadow of a whitewashed wall, selling goods his daughter had stolen. He saluted me in Arabic; I returned his salutation as best I could. Then, for a little while, we squatted in the shade and gazed at leafless desiccated hills burning in the midday sun. Ahmed Mizal was his name. His burnous was covered with dust. He informed me that the earth is a night light sunk into a cup in the mountain of Kaf. And he said: I leave you to discover what I mean.

Wisdom is valued  
at one-half the daily expense of the world.

I consider the emperor  
who, each time he sat down to eat,  
took from a golden chain which hung about his neck  
the helix of a unicorn  
and dipped this into his food.  
If it grew discolored, the meal was poisoned.

It has been recorded that the Count of Vermandois, treacherously arrested by Alexius, was taken a close prisoner from Durazzo to Constantinople. The reason was Alexius' terror of the Crusaders and their implacable design. By duplicity he expected

to intimidate the hostile Christians; but in this he was disappointed, as every man deserves to be who engages in, or contrives, any malevolent act for the purpose of future welfare.

I cannot imagine what to say next.

I once observed a moth fluttering blindly out of a crevice; immediately I hurried to look at myself in a mirror. My features expressed fright and abhorrence. Whatever exists without the use of intellect is, to me, terrifying and repugnant.

It is said that during an interim in the dissection of Napoleon's body, his heart was eaten by a rat.

A certain carpenter by the name of Montgomery, having been tormented by yowling cats, knew they could not be what they seemed but were witches assuming this shape. That is why he armed himself and struck at them. Now, when two old women died and their bodies had been laid out, various marks and scars were observed; and the carpenter, swearing he flogged two cats in just this way, the people of his parish set themselves to discover corroboration. Is it not to be expected that presently their proof was found?

Sir Matthew Hale, addressing the jury on an occasion which is no longer of interest to us remarked he could not in the least doubt the existence of sorcery, since the laws of every nation provide against it, wherefore it cannot fail to exist. Should this be considered appropriate to our day?

I have been thinking for a long time of the rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, who excited his neighbor's suspicions, leading them to believe he must be a wizard; and of how, when he had been condemned, he begged the funeral service of his church be read to him. Being denied, he gave it himself out of his memory to them, while he walked to the scaffold.

It is on account of the future I concern myself with the past;  
I cannot one-fifth articulate my passion.

Today in this austral gulf  
it is hotter than anywhere I have ever been.  
I lie in the shade of the sail  
thinking about the summer town where I was born.  
I think of my mother and of my sisters,  
who do not know what has become of me.  
I doubt they have heard news these past twelve years,  
though someone might have told them  
I was glimpsed in Maricao or Port Said,

assuming this should be some comfort. Or  
they may well have forgotten my name,  
or reply to whoever asks that I am drowned.

I am not my father's child; I have conceived  
myself, out of my own sperm.  
Who is not the consequence of himself?

I have just now seen the captain, who tells me  
we are in search of the golden city of Manoa!  
He has purchased a chart on which a cross is drawn  
not far from where we lie becalmed.  
But I have studied other charts, which show  
nothing except the sea for a thousand leagues  
in every direction. If I should make this known  
he would order me to fetch the sextant,  
that he might ascertain our position and alter course  
if need be. Should I say to him  
we have reached Manoa, and been there many years?

When shall we wake from our prodigious dream?  
*Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren.*

It is known the Celts so hated the Saxons  
that they would not attempt to convert them,  
for fear they should succeed and these Saxons  
be saved. What is the meaning of this?  
I cannot provide a meaning; there are several.

It is further known how the rise of mendicant orders  
marked the ecclesiastic expression of a resurgent people,  
for which reason I am here, and you. Together we shall  
form our entity, against which no power can prevail.

I have seen among figures of animals in Rhodesian  
cliff dwellings a double cross within a circle,  
which is called the sun-wheel, and greatly antecedes  
the wheel we know; therefore the source of it  
cannot have been the external world.

Gradually the future is becoming clear to me;  
the future is not unlike a turbulent pool  
that as it grows settled permits us to discern objects  
lying on the bottom, less distorted than they were.

Because the coherence of perceived phenomena  
implies the outer world, we say it is so; but yet  
this neglects to answer the question of  
how we establish the existence of substances  
beyond these central phenomena. Each construction  
of necessity embodies, in addition to its argument,  
one view of the universe and the moral implications  
thereof; which we find either agreeable or repugnant,  
according to our nature.

Earthly bodies fall from their desire to be nearer  
the center of the universe.

Alaricus turned a river  
to hide his bones at the bottom.

The Dean of Saint Paul's determined to pose  
for the monument which would commemorate him; he  
stood upon a wooden urn wrapped in his winding sheet.

It is ourselves we love with passionate emotion;  
ourselves we seek.

*Au royaume des aveugles...*

I am not able to express what I mean! Should I  
from necessity begin again?

Sticks tossed in the channel are borne away.  
We cannot escape, and yet  
beyond doubt it is death to linger here.

Saul has this day found a bronze anchor ring  
half-buried in the sand.

First New Moon of the year. The wreckage has drifted;  
we could hear the surf, and by this light  
distinguish a multitude of gulls  
wheeling above the splintered mast. The reef is  
a spectral thing rhythmically offered, open  
like a woman's body and then soon concealed by  
lucent, rolling waves. We are not positive where we are,  
nor do we hope.

Today the water is calm.  
The wind blows out of the east. In the red grotto  
from whose roof depends a myriad of lobsters  
like fantastic ornaments, we encountered  
three sharks asleep, motionless  
in a Byzantine hall. Someone murmurs  
that we live not unlike these regnant, claustral beings  
which swim through perpetual night.

A piece of gold has washed up on the beach!  
My brother has seen it, and tells me this is an omen—  
a Spanish dollar flung ashore by the drowned Commander  
who wearies of his fleet where it waits  
at the bottom of the Gulf; and sends for us  
to raise him, with all his men,  
that they may return to their wives in Spain,  
toward which they set sail three centuries ago.  
We have seen his flagship, *San Luis Obispo*,  
in blue water; we have watched stones we dropped  
come to rest against its bow,  
and have seen barracuda gliding over it  
and fabulous reptiles hover with mindless pleasure  
through deep reaches of the sun where it lies  
unspoiled, glittering among anemones.

*Who can hear me? Where should I turn?*

Our hands grow weary from stretching forth  
and riches are everywhere, further than we can see.

On the far side of a certain lake,  
not more than fifty leagues from the sea,

a volcanic mountain rises abruptly from a treeless plain. The summit of this mountain is perpetually obscured, except for a single hour each year when the clouds fold apart, no man can say why. Halfway up the eastern slope of this peak, which is called Cheptah, lies the entrance to a mine—the richest in the entire world, beside which the temple of Daibaba is as nothing! When we have come to Cheptah we will gather nuggets of gold as large as lemons, and twist heavy chunks of silver out of the walls more easily than fruit is twisted from its stem. Tomorrow we will go, as soon as it is light.

The road from Cuzco to Mayapán is not far.

There is known to be a shallow river in which the savages wade, carrying reed baskets; and these they fill up with priceless treasures. In times of drouth the bed of this river becomes visible for a distance of one thousand miles, so dazzling it is to the imaginations of men. Come with us, or stay.

When at great length he had confessed his deep obligations to our company, including those that were absent, for such love and loyalty to himself, as he said, which he forever wished to honor and reward when God should be pleased to offer him repose from this earthly labour, he adjured us most solemnly to pray for him that through mercy, forgiveness and the prosperity of celestial beneficence his soul might be received in compliance with almighty rectitude. Asking that we might relieve him of whatever sins toward which we may have charged him in times past, for that in such a way his pain might be alleviated and his anxiety moderate, he clasped both hands across ours, one after the other, shut his eyes and descended into Hell. And there was none of our company that sighed or winked the faintest tear. We stood amazed that any man could go to Death with such hypocrisy, believing his deeds much other than they were. His stinking corpse we wrapped in the blanket of a poisoned horse and, having weighted it with stones, by the usage of a forked stick, without further ceremony, rolled it to the river. It may be that none of us shall pass this way again.

*De donde vienes, amor,  
mi niño?*

Hast thou not ever seen the oranges of El Naranjal?

I think I have heard just now the clink of metal and a nickering of horses—the stamp of

hooves on marshy soil. Oñate has returned and one man is wounded: a brightly feathered arrow adorns his throat. Beneath a cottonwood carefully they place him down, whose one eye is open, the other shut. Oñate watches, but says nothing, stroking his beard. Hours elapse. They bury him beside the stream, his sword beside him. El Dorado waits ten *varas* beyond the pass, and sunlight reflects from Sevillian armor. Soon they are lost and I hold in my hand a dollar from Madrid—purer than Quivira will surrender, with echoes longer than the gloomy clank of stirrups beside the magic water.

*Ay, Estevan! Ay! Ay!*

*Estevan! Where lies this fabled city?*

If you find nothing of consequence, he said as I was leaving, send back a cross no longer than your hand. But it seemed to me I could see a gilded palace beyond the mudbrick Zuñi huts, and one arid myth became a dream.

Appearance passes; truth abides.

One fifth of the world's total treasure waits to be recovered from caverns and foundered galleons.

Once I came upon a Phœnician anchor, from which I was able to determine that the vessel had been a sumptuous, marvelous thing; for which reason I followed its chain as far into the depths as I could, and I am positive the hulk lies not much deeper; yet our brightest torches thus far have failed to pierce the obscurity of historic travels.

Very early I grew able to distinguish whatever gives rise to fundamentals. From lesser problems have I turned aside. Little wonder men should pause as I walk by; small wonder, indeed, they grow embittered and resentful. Each shouts his claim, announcing how boldly he will surpass my achievement tomorrow. If thinking so is pleasure, I respond, let it be. When the mouth has been opened the soul is visible.

Without adequate knowledge of the sea and sky we perish of spiritual hunger.

There is ambergris in the belly of the cachalot and the whale, the two greatest of fish.

There is a plant called dittany which, when it has been ground up and devoured, makes a man impervious, so he is not hurt by arrows.



I have learned that violet cures tuberculosis  
and augments the sex of Man. But I cannot say  
whether I am awake or sleeping.

Babylonians pictured the universe  
as a circular island ringed by the sea,  
with a hollow half-sphere overhead  
and doors for the transit of celestial objects  
east or west. Egyptians distinguished  
among planets and grouped their constellations,  
apprehending the universe through some other sense:  
Heaven is a woman, or a beast,  
the sun a God that sailed all day and every night  
came visiting the abode of the dead.  
But I believe the universe must be a drifting stone  
or a leaf.

The activity of that internal principle  
enabling one perception to illuminate or prepare another  
is known as appetite.

Lão-Tse,  
who was of supernatural conception,  
was carried in his mother's body for sixty-two years.  
That is why his hair was white at birth.

I believe in the immortality of life, but  
at the same time I cannot quiet my longing for rebirth.

Prior to the Resurrection it is said  
He descended into Hell for three full days,  
whose name was Tamuz, son of Ishtar,  
which means the son of God.  
Is it not shameful what we see in this?—  
our salvation and the renascence of the earth.

My abhorrence is stronger than death! I am  
Eteocles and Polyneices burning!  
The flame of my body divides in unconquerable loathing!

Last night I awoke conscious of a deadly gaze,  
and knew that something had begun to settle itself on me.  
I was not able to breathe; and I understood  
I had been chosen to regain those occult faculties  
which belonged to pre-history. Soon, I think,  
objects will have lost their power to excite me.  
Even now, as I consider the skin of my hand, it appears  
translucent. Before much longer I shall seek refuge  
in another world.

Whoever grows blind has no desire to see;  
whoever's voice is lost owns a secret it fears to tell.

When we have become insolent through prosperity  
and trample across the prayers of the weak,  
then into our souls stalks a terrible figure,  
while palaces burn.

In the year 1198 all Europe was swept with alarm  
when it became known that the Antichrist had been born

in Babylon. Is there a purpose to such happenings?  
Or are they but insane vicissitude? — senseless  
motions, midnight-wrought of frenetic dreams, nourished  
by the breath of a cockatrice.

*Who is there? Who speaks?*

Death and destruction have heard the sound of wisdom,  
as the pitcher has been shattered at the fountain,  
and the wheel was broken by the cistern.

Forgive us, we live a lie,  
monstrous  
and full of iniquity.

I have lost track of time. I follow the nightwatch  
and wait. Nothing ventures near this place;  
even the waves retreat in anguish and horror. We  
can only hope.

In the south of France there is a root known as *car*,  
which for thousands of years has been used  
to express whatever is barren, stony, or hostile. Now  
do you understand?

I must leave no doubt of my intent.  
I will repeat this prayer:  
*Mon frère, a-t-il ...*

Can no one accept me as I am?  
Listen! — I was naked, but I felt no shame,  
merely a recollection of its usage.  
Yet I was not blind; I could marvel at the trees  
of Nigitsu. How can I say more?

My daughter is in those ashes!  
Was her life given up to some cause  
you can find?

It has been gray and cold these past days,  
I have been alone too much. Or it may be only that  
I have looked too long through Sphinx eyes,  
hoping for one glimpse of reality.  
I will put aside what is extraneous  
in order to continue my work. It is late and I  
acknowledge the insufficiency of time.

Wind burls about the stinging rope!  
The ship rolls on.  
By dawn, if all goes well, we hope to raise Shinju.

At Maidanek the count was kept; at Hiroshima  
all was lost.

None is born conscious of his own birth in time;  
few have heard Jehovah speak.

I will go down into my self where dark seeds  
lie fallow, waiting the chosen moment,  
and no winds blow. Here is the place

visions wither and dreams decay, where bleak rocks  
keep the date. During your last hour  
do not plead, or pretend you heard no warning.

Darkly from its hidden orifice  
tumultuous wells the nameless river.

I will tell you once more: the end was born  
of its own beginning  
when the sun burnt like a ruby through the night  
and crusts of ice were shattered  
by mountain peaks. Are you  
listening?—it is almost midnight. This may be  
our last occasion.

I will make a further attempt. Certain stars or  
comets appear to grow progressively less distinct  
before our eyes; but it does not follow  
that this appearance is absolute. The fault  
need not necessarily obtain within the observer's eye,  
nor indeed upon that star; it is quite possible  
that the relative motion of two systems subtly  
has introduced a measureless distance in between.

*Do you understand, or not?*

Rotten posts are painted;  
gilded nuts taste dry.  
In secrecy...

Listen! There are sapphires,  
garnets, amethyst and many another jewel in Ceylon  
where the king Sendernam wears a ruby  
larger than a plum;  
and we have seen it, my brothers and I,  
and have shielded our eyes from its opulence.

What should I say next? I am held in thrall  
by a thousand things.

As I walk past a woman's window  
I hear someone whisper,  
*Lhurda, the dawn is breaking! It will soon be day.*  
*My love, the dawn is here.*

I have concealed myself.  
I listen  
while she remembers  
mysteries of birth and creation.  
I see her  
entering the water,  
who is  
more wholly precious to me than wading animals,  
or the swift iridescence of shark fins flecked with spume.

How should love endure two bodies' access gained?

I will not forget this enclosure—dark vines  
and the smell of olives, stone walls  
of Moorish make, aloe, cactus, wild thyme, voices

hopelessly calling. It has been like this  
since I can remember.

The palms are stirring,  
the moon is down.  
I will leave this place and rest  
when I have come to Obydos.

In the depths there is no light  
but that within.

I abandon myself to further contemplation.

Lat. 23.16 S.; Long. 90.10 E.  
Mid-afternoon. The wind has veered.  
The ship rolls and plunges.  
The water grows dark and menacing.

From the bow of this vessel  
moments ago I looked down and discerned  
a gigantic presence  
gathering form, rising toward me;  
and I would have swum down to embrace a shadow  
but that I felt myself embraced,  
as though I were some mute pelagic beast.

Promises seldom, if ever,  
are given to those at sea.

The octopus can not be imagined in any other way  
except as the symbol of Evil.

There was a time when the Southern Cross was visible  
from England.

Bjarni Herjulfson, having resolved to spend one winter  
in the company of his father, who was in Greenland,  
set sail out of Iceland. But a storm came up  
and drove him to the south and west—he did not know  
how long. When the storm had ended he raised his sail  
and bore northward along a foreign coast, which was  
the place we call New England. Herjulfson, because winter  
was almost over, did not pause; having vowed to pass  
these months with his father, in the year 986 A.D.

Near the close of the 15th century  
the wine-dresser of Belvedere caught a lizard  
which he presented to Leonardo da Vinci,  
who constructed out of the skins of other lizards  
two miniature wings, filling them with mercury  
so that they moved and trembled when the lizard walked.  
And he made for his pet a little beard and some horns,  
and kept it in a box; and it gave him pleasure  
to offer his friends this grotesque creation.  
To think deeply right now would terrify me.

A brooding spirit wraps each legend in loftiness  
and grandeur. I will pursue this no further.

I think of Actæon, hunted by his own dogs.

All day I have meditated on the association of the dog with Death. The dog has vast comprehension and empathizes to a degree no human mind accepts. When I was a child I was given a dog for a pet, which one day got to its feet and looked at me and barked three times in a way I never had heard. Presently I was told my sister had gone on a voyage.

Animals, in their symbolic manifestation, achieve life in the dim regions of the human soul.

To the horse, from time immemorial, man has attributed supernatural properties. There are clairaudient horses, those which are clairvoyant, and others which are able to find the way when the traveler has become lost. Horses exist that have mantic power. Horses prophesy evil and divine treachery. They hear the words uttered by corpses on their journey to the grave; but humans cannot hear such words.

Patterns may be formed that fall apart like crystals when a kaleidoscope is turned.

Adequate knowledge assumes its form.

I have just now remembered that I once fell asleep in the mountains of Corsica. In a little while two women appeared, riding a stallion without a saddle. This animal turned its head in order to stare at me; then the women, looking down, discovered I was there, and as they kicked their heels the giant beast reared like some heraldic myth, so that I thought of monstrous carnivores which I have studied in the pages of my Latin bestiary. Indolently I gestured to them, whose hair streamed outward, calling the various names which are meant for women, hopeful that one might respond. I beheld them offering white, alarmed faces. But the only sound was of hooves; and I awakened to tremendous reverberations as August thunder crashed through Corsican valleys. I cannot begin to guess the meaning of this.

Each detail I have loved, for its own sake.

I must order my life after that of Saint Simeon Stylites, who preached from the top of a column for many years and made this place his home.

Every prayer I unite with some other, that in such a way countless voices raised in a multitude of accents may join, creating a single invocation.

*As thou  
to me, so I...*

Galileo Galilei  
invented a thermometer, the pendulum  
and the hydrostatic balance.  
Furthermore, it is generally assumed

he formulated the law of falling bodies,  
constructed a telescope,  
learned of a ring about Saturn,  
the spots of the sun,  
and the phases of our planets.  
Because of these achievements  
he was cruelly scourged.

There was a time in history  
when the properties of anyone who had been  
convicted of witchcraft were granted  
to that man's accuser. No one doubts  
this has its parallel in our day,  
as credulity burgeons within calamity,  
or we oppose each other;  
since the relationship of our intelligence  
toward the truth is not unlike that  
of the polygon which is compared to a circle.  
That is to say, resemblance may be increased  
by the addition of numerous angles  
to the former, but extended through infinity  
still it cannot equal the latter.

Pius VI spoke approvingly of torture.

John Huss, the Czech heretic,  
having been provided safe conduct  
by the Council of Constance  
to state his position,  
was seized and burnt.

In previous days it was assumed  
that each of our misfortunes must be due  
to machinations of the Devil;  
and if we could simply determine  
some method by which to rout him  
our sufferings would be alleviated.  
Now another truth obtains,  
since we presume that once our wings  
have been spread across each Adversary  
we shall live in peace and bounty,  
while future ages commemorate  
the prodigal alacrity of these days.

Have spent this morning in the archives  
studying ancient manuscripts,  
reflecting on the nature of our entertainment.  
Neither crocodiles, nets, lustful beasts  
nor tridents appear remarkable in this context.

Ours is a world badly requiring that stately  
grave nobility which is stamped on certain men,  
like the colophon we expect at the end of valuable books.

In the science of mechanics it is axiomatic  
that when various heavy bodies  
act against each other  
the resultant motion constitutes  
the inevitable direction of their descent.

Now, we know that children are given to alarm  
when they first learn how the earth and each planet  
circumnavigate the sun, and stars go unfixed  
within the limitations of the sky.

As they grow older they realize no calamity impends,  
for as they fail to grasp the most natural laws  
of the universe, yet they accept without hesitation  
the deductions of their predecessors,  
as sidereal magnitudes exceed our comprehension.

On the last day of June in the year 1908  
in the forests of Siberia a noise was heard  
louder than a thunderclap. A column of fire  
surged upward and spread in every direction.  
Trees were scorched of their foliage,  
falling in vast concentric circles  
from the omphalos of catastrophe. Reindeer  
by the thousands, which had been feeding nearby,  
were immolated—their antlers, hooves  
and smoking bones a grisly testament. It is known  
that on this date the Ponns-Winnecke comet  
was less than three million miles from earth,  
and there is reason to assume a minor fragment  
of this excitation was responsible. But if so,  
the question remains as to whether this cataclysm  
in the forest should be regarded as an accident,  
or whether it was intended as a warning.

Each step we choose is ours because of the one preceding.

Whatever we have derived from the past soon shall be  
manifest. Time foreshortens.  
Cinders discolor a wall: *Mene, Mene, Tekel...*

Kingdoms are numbered when they are finished;  
prayers told for us are handed down too late.

My eldest son has inquired as to why, each mid-winter,  
we gather religiously, and decorate a tree with  
gaily colored strands. I have explained to him  
that our ancestors, crouching in the low twilight  
of Germanic forests, in order to placate brutal gods,  
tied to the boughs of evergreen trees the bloody entrails  
of their victims; and therefore we, obligated to our  
deepest atavistic fears, follow the hideous custom,  
seldom wakening from our monotonous dream.

Some say it is beyond the power of Man  
to create, and he is fit only for destruction.  
But yet I have heard of two men  
left on an island to starve, and of how  
at the approach of Death, one instructed the other  
to feast on his body. Now, when he had died,  
the survivor, contemplating the corpse, made ready  
to cut up the flesh and devour it. But suddenly  
his left hand reached forth and grasped his right hand,  
which held the knife, proving he was not alone  
as he had confidently supposed.

Purim.  
The sky is dark.

One thinks of how slight and frail our hands become,  
of how quickly they are wearied  
and what little time is ordered them to play.

We know that we have our childhood with us always,  
because it must be as Saint Augustine has written;  
if it were not here, whither could it have gone?

Each year and hour foretell  
the parabolic course of faith and life,  
and death which is, or was,  
if all that seems most real about us  
comprise the thinnest substance of a dream,  
till the heart be touched.

*Travail, regarde ton saoul  
et le clocher a jour de Saint Pol,  
et les belles œuvres des compagnons,  
regarde, aime le bon Dieu, et tu auras  
la grâce des grandes choses.* And thou  
wilt have the grace of great things.

We say of Jean de Meung  
poetry and alchymy were his delight  
and priests and women  
the measure of his abomination.

These thoughts arrive more suddenly than swallows  
troubling the air of a medieval tapestry,  
continuing out of themselves. I will follow them  
to where they go, and imagine the palace of Potemkin  
which he built of ice to please his mistress,  
which glittered night and day across Asiatic distances  
until one warm breeze drifted through the south.

Who has argued that abstinence may prove advantageous?  
Consider the Pope, who commanded fifty harlots  
sent to his chambers where his children danced with them—  
Cesare and Lucrezia, removing their garments  
for the sake of greater satisfaction. Lighted candles  
were placed on the floor and chestnuts scattered  
so that fifty naked whores crawled ecstatically  
among the votive lights, eating nuts and copulating  
for the sake of prizes.

The mind of Man is purged of vice in the same manner  
as Metal is purified of dross. That is, through fire.

As for Roger Bacon, we know how his acquirements  
so far exceeded the limits of his contemporaries  
that they could account for such learning  
only by supposing he was indebted to the Devil.

The exact number of the Devil's lieutenants  
amounts to 7,405,926. This figure has been established  
and found to be authentic. Somewhere in Germany  
the Devil's own grandmother, a woman not altogether bad,  
is alive and is reputed to carry nine hundred heads.

The extent of Hell is two hundred Italian miles



In the year 1450 the proposition that witches fly at night became officially recognized; and with this presumption the accused could not, through any means, give credence to her innocence. For, if she were noticed at one place, the accuser need only answer well and good, yet she flew to the Sabbat where I beheld her. Five hundred years have passed, and yet human credulity does not abate, nor the need to inspire ourselves by usages of fright and play witness to each extremity.

Françoise Secretain has revealed that in order to attend the Sabbat, she places a white stick between her legs; and uttering occult words, she is borne through the air!

Having sucked poison from another's system, the whore is untouchable and a poisonous heroine.

Those which are guilty are boiled to death.

Faith is repugnant to reason.  
*Il faut opter...*

As we go in search of the Jew  
we proceed ourselves with a goose or a goat,  
which animals are holy, animate  
with divine power  
enabling them to discover the retreat of unbelievers.

She recently had dug up, we judge, from the churchyard her child's body and made use of it in magic compounds. The husband argued that she was not guilty, saying we had but to open the coffin and there we should find the little body intact. Because justice is our reason and we are inclined to mercy in every case, we proceeded to the churchyard where we had the grave unearched and the coffin opened. True, we saw the facsimile of a corpse. So perfectly did it resemble an actual body that none of us could have said this was an illusion created by Satan, had we not been always conscious this woman was guilty of her crime. This is the reason we have burnt her; and because he was bewitched we have burnt the husband also. The people give thanks for their salvation; they praise us who have so rid their community of foul magic. From here we travel to the Auvergne; but where we will be found when we have cleansed and scoured Auvergne, no one can say.

Daily we expend ourselves with hammering against the sea.

The essence of Woman lies with her corpus;  
Man is made of the profiles of his face.

Each adept is required to choose another name  
the instant he has accomplished the Magnum Opus.

Visions are not without their usage,  
however fanciful,  
if only to purge us of dark and sickening forms.  
*Faciat hoc quicumque alius, quod fecit...*

We exist in an epoch cursed by Protestant armies  
more insane and terrible than the black monks of Zaragoza.  
This I state without fear of contradiction.

The hour is past eleven.  
Pray for us.

I remember a vine-covered wall—the vines  
oddly mutilated, the stones chipped  
from the impact of countless bullets, whose magic  
I have not yet quite forgotten,  
nor the directions men choose as they fall.  
I remember best that it was the month of August  
and the earth was dry. Because this summer  
has been so hot, I reminded myself—because  
the dust is impervious, the earth will not accept  
my brother's blood, for a little while.  
To what prayer will you listen, if not to this?

Urban has preached a new crusade.  
How many of us shall see our homes again?

When my son returned from the war he remarked  
that the enemy so had committed and obligated him  
that he was not able to spare one; thoughtfully  
he explained how this weighed against his soul.

Murder may be regarded as a venial peccadillo,  
so powerful is the influence of others.

I have tried to be content with the register of God;  
where the heart leads, we follow.

A majority of Demons walk by night, since then  
they easily pass into the heart of a man; but there is one  
which is so bold he stalks through the heat of day,  
and this we call the Demon of the Meridian.  
Thus, the meaningful separates itself. Interpretation  
shall be left to others.

*Jura naturæ sunt immutabilia.*

Peruvian women, without bitterness, offered their bodies  
to victorious Spaniards. Not one  
singly, and then another, but in unison  
they acquiesced,  
as rudimentary creatures seek passage to the sea.

Women gathered outside the Circus Maximus  
to intercept the men who returned  
from watching these bloody spectacles.  
At such a time, no man was strong enough  
to resist the supplication of lecherous whores.

During the Franco-Prussian war  
the cannonade emanating from the Bois de Boulogne  
attracted great multitudes of women  
who arrived by landau and barouche, staring  
at the guns, and got as close to them as they could.

Truly, the essence of woman lies with her corpus.

The Bear, unlike other beasts, does not copulate  
after their fashion, but in the manner of humans.  
Taken with each other, they join in a fierce embrace.

Concerning the Partridge,  
desire so torments the female  
she becomes pregnant  
if even the odor of the male  
carries to her on a breeze.  
But this cannot be true of Woman  
who is above every bird.

The dung of the Cocodryllus  
when employed in the form of ointment  
makes aged and wrinkled whores beautiful,  
and restores the vigor of youth.

Somewhere, I believe, I will meet my love again.

In a window across the street the curtains  
have moved.  
A withered hand appears,  
and the features of an old woman  
near the glass. She allows the curtains to fall;  
I awake to the beneficent touch  
of my mother's hand.  
Is this a portent of things to come?

Slowly the carousel revolves. Painted stallions  
rise on gilded spits,  
descending while I dream  
of Tancred  
and an early love. Often enough  
have I pressed the sweetest meat! — sweeter  
than a wild fig! O I will ride back again  
if she is there,  
employing the phrases of Plantagenet kings!

Poems seldom are made but partially,  
and honeysuckle  
blooms at mid-summer.

How shall I abjure  
what gives me pleasure?

It is bright and warm today.

*Thou art thy mother's glasse  
and she in thee  
calls back the lovely  
Aprill of...*

Shadows fly overhead,  
the field is darkened and  
winds increase!

What has most deeply imprinted itself on my soul,  
which has been most painful and enduring,

so that I have yet to shut it out of memory,  
is the letter I received wherein  
you demanded to know how many Germans  
I had slaughtered, ordering me to kill  
as many as possible, out of my esteem for you.  
I have wondered, therefore, if it may not be  
as I have heard, that each exceptional woman reveals  
mental or anatomical characteristics of the male,  
and vice versa.

If it should trouble you that I am whatsoever I am,  
only remember I meant you no harm.

For now I will say only that night had fallen  
when we reached the village  
and the odor of Death was everywhere. A voice spoke  
out of the shadows, to me, as I walked past,  
saying: *Who are you? Why are you here?*  
Tell me, if you can, how I should have answered.

What remains, finally, of precepts and didactic teaching?

A dog that is accustomed to lick blood in a butcher shop  
is difficult to cure of this habit, and will return  
even though he is pelted with stones. So is it with us,  
which is the reason for discipline, whips, and cilicia.

I remind you of women, how frequently they dream  
of the sun, blanching and swift, which enters their mouth—  
the hope and eternal precognition of their sex.

I attempt to liberate each woman that I meet,  
but on every occasion I am defeated  
by those frantic and deceitful means they employ  
to remain in bondage. They have not altered in centuries;  
my amazement will never diminish. Still the cedars  
are growing in Lebanon, and wild figs are sweet.

Whatever I set down is true. If this truth  
should contradict some other, what is that to me?  
If any man protests I have confused him, is the fault  
his own, or mine? I am like those boughs of Austria  
which gain eloquence when they are masked with salt.

Last night the villagers once again knocked at my door.  
It was long after midnight, the fire in the athanor  
was smouldering, and my familiar had gone to sleep.  
I was at work, and it seemed to me I was nearer than I  
ever had been to that stone for which we have searched.  
This is why I shouted at them, so that they wept and  
tumbled over each other in fright, and hurried away,  
gesturing feebly. Who has given them the right to ask  
why I refuse to lead a procession I have engendered?  
I might have answered. Yes, I could have replied  
that it does not concern me, merely the direction  
it was meant to take. Now, regarding myself, other paths  
appear more promising.

Avicenna of Bokhara has not died, as many suppose;  
he has become immortal through the virtues of an elixir

made by his own hand. He will be found in an hermitage, where he labors toward the solution of those problems which beset us.

Leibniz was the last man to possess some knowledge of the totality of human endeavor.

Columbus scribbled frenzied notes on the margins of a manuscript by Marco Polo.

Peter Lombard considered it possible to have intuitive knowledge, not only sensitive but intellectual, of things which do not exist.

Someone is observing me! — I have sensed his presence. If I acknowledged him, he would smile quickly, offering factitious attitudes meant to assure me of his respect, his measureless admiration; but then he would proceed to catalogue such errors as he feels are manifest. To confound him would not be difficult, yet I should feign humility, knowing of a higher source. In this, the elder Cato would confirm my choice. From a fool I have much more to learn than he from me.

I have just this instant learned that in the year 325 a method for determining the supposed date of Easter ultimately was established, and declared official.

This is the 29th of February, auspicious for those who desire a glance at futurity.

I am chilled and sick at heart. Our time is almost here.

What kept me silent for so long? I could have spoken.

Lemons betoken the final separation.

By one folded leaf,  
a twig bent,  
note where we have gone.

*Out of ashes,  
voices speak.*

Like all damned disciples of the Devil,  
Agrippa died with his face pressed to the earth.

It is said that an angel appeared to Flamel, carrying a marvelous book beautifully engraved and bound in copper, its text traced out with an iron burin; and the angel commanded him to contemplate this book in which he understood nothing, for its characters were indecipherable, and told him that he would one day find in it what no others could see. At these words Flamel stretched forth his hands, but the angel disappeared and where the book had been Nicholas Flamel witnessed glorious floods of gold rolling forth on the path they had taken.

*Choose of some unknown thing any quantity that you wish.*  
Thus commences the formula by which each alchemist accomplishes the Magnum Opus.

Cold winds across the Gulf. I am restless  
and not at ease. Toward noon  
the sun grew visible.  
I have been here too long;  
I will travel north, I think, as soon as winter ends.

Rumors of sulphur in Iceland.  
I will go there to earn my fortune.

Because it ascribes to Jesus in the hour of His extremity a pronouncement of bitter malediction, Christians grow uncomfortable and seek to refute the legend of the Wandering Jew.

This day have been let of twelve ounces of blood.

God the Avenger  
sees all.

In a remote valley of the Caucasus  
live the Khevsoor, descendants of Crusaders  
led by Godfrey of Buillon, whose army  
while attempting to reach the Holy Land,  
was shipwrecked on the shores of Turkey.  
The Khevsoor wear helmets and chain armor  
hammered of links, gauntlets and greaves  
which are badly weakened and rusted.  
Each time they emerge from their valley  
the Khevsoor carry the double-edged sword  
of their ancestors, and marvelous shields  
which are circular and made of leather.

Those who are blind are not able to see.

Kubilai Khan on no account permitted the Cross  
to be carried in front of him, saying  
it was on a cross the son of God was tormented.

Marco Polo speaks of two Tartar kings of the 14th century whose names were Toktai and Noghai, and of how they decided to do battle against each other. Kings address their armies. So speaks Toktai:  
*We have come to fight against King Noghai  
and his men, with good reason. For you know  
this hatred and bitterness has arisen because Noghai ...*  
Thus speaks Noghai: *Brothers and friends  
we have won many battles and dreadful encounters.  
May this knowledge strengthen your assurance,  
together with the fact that right is on ...*

Who can hear me?  
Where should I turn?

This soliloquy is composed out of whatever I say  
to myself; there is no doubt of its absolute authenticity.  
In good time I shall write of nebulous regions

within the air, of the formation of clouds,  
the causes of snow and of hail, to say nothing of  
new shapes which snow forms while it is falling, or  
of trees I have studied through long hours  
in cold countries. For now, I will set down that  
Crimean Tartars hurled the bodies of plague victims  
over the walls of Italian forts, and that Acestes  
shot an arrow with such force it caught fire in the air.

I put down that an afreet was tamed by Solomon  
and grew submissive to his will.

I further state that Francisco Pizarro  
was abandoned on the steps of a church. He was nourished  
by a sow, without which he would have died. This  
I have written carefully, because of its importance.

I employ the procedure of Saint Gregory, which allows  
for the sake of the moral a juxtaposition of all things,  
no matter how incompatible or contrary.

I wish to mention that when we had dug some distance  
into the hillside we unearthed crenulate battlements  
of a wall that once had ringed the fortified city.  
We knew, then, we should come at last to mosaic tiles,  
pendants of glass and agate, carnelian beads  
and crystal bowls, sapphires, rubies, and those  
fallen columns we have learned to dread infinitely more  
than a promise of Heaven, or the threats of Hell.

And we found, also, just at dusk,  
the helmet of a Genoese crusader buried in sediment  
eight centuries. We prayed for him.  
In future times, who will attend to us?

I mention that Etanna was spirited to Heaven by an eagle  
which pointed out to him the diminishing earth.

I remind you of the asteroid Eros,  
twenty miles in length and five in breadth,  
which periodically tumbles past the earth.  
Whoever flings a stone from this mountain  
will not observe its descent.

*Life is short, art is long; occasion is volatile;  
experiment is fallacious; judgment is difficult.*

I call to your attention, so that you do not forget,  
the oval door by means of which the sacrifice enters,  
the windows for spectators, and beneath the chair  
a shallow basin we are accustomed to fill with acid.

Someone wishes to know  
in how many places have I lived,  
in what omnipotent cities,  
and the number of my centuries.  
Shall I answer or keep silent?  
When was it we sang for joy?

My master went to Esslingen, but I  
was detained elsewhere.

Three hundred years later  
I found the house where we had lived.  
He had covered the chimney and the roof  
with symbols; but of our tenancy  
nothing else remained, except  
one hammer. Daily we expend ourselves  
with hammering against the sea.

I must establish an image whereby each man may judge.

A certain bishop of Geneva burnt five hundred persons  
in three months. A bishop of Hamburg immolated,  
all told, six hundred. A bishop of Würzburg  
burnt nine hundred, and the stench hangs over that city  
to this day. Ten thousand were sent to the stake  
by Torquemada, and the population of Spain decimated  
by fourteen millions during a period of two centuries.  
It is true that we yearn for annihilation. The earth  
shall revert to worms and the rolling sea to plankton.

Hanukkah. This day encountered a Protestant  
I mistrust.

I have just now met the double of myself  
whom the Germans call Doppelgänger  
which is a positive sign of approaching Death.  
Tomorrow I shall waken myself earlier,  
and earlier each morning,  
there is so much yet to be accomplished.

Before it is too late I wish to set down that  
throughout history Christians have been a source of wonder  
in that they, more than others, always have been subject  
to physical convulsions. I will further mention  
that evidence suggests Jesus Christ was born in early  
autumn, his birth being announced as the 7th of January  
in an effort to obliterate the pagan feast of that date  
by gilding it with a Christian myth. Much later,  
in the 4th century after his death, the date was  
changed again, since an important Mithraic celebration,  
inimical and profoundly menacing to the Holy Fathers,  
occurred on the 25th day of December.

Hunters make use of the lunar calendar;  
farmers employ seasons of growth.  
It is time to make the most of Winter;  
who can announce the date of Spring?

Gnomic words record how sorrows end.

The most savage account which ever was written  
concerning Mankind, we regard  
as a book principally suitable for children!

My friend, the scholar, speaks often of the Bestiary  
which is a book that seems altogether as quaint to us  
as we in our devolution shall seem to our progeniture.  
That they, in their promised assignment, who delight  
in their modernity, must meet with our extinction  
seldom reflects his point. The Bestiarist informs us



that fish in the ocean depths cannot escape violence from the power and inclinations of their kind; thus the smaller are subject to the greater. One falls meat to another, which results in this situation: when one fish has swallowed another and is itself swallowed by yet another, then it happens that both have come to their end in one encompassing belly, the devourer and its devoured. The Bestiarist further tells us this is no accident, but is given us for our edification, as the fish has been created by God to serve Man in the nature of a parable. The moral, therefore, must be so construed: Whoever has not done toward others as he might wish be done toward him, then sooner or later he will be devoured.

There are three recognized attitudes of prayer. The first is the lowest, as it is the most common. It may be called Petitionary, because in this we raise up our petition. The second, or Intermediate, concerns intercession on behalf of others. The highest is Identification with a Conscious Being. This far exceeds the limits of comprehension.

Numerous pages in the autobiography of Emma Galgani contain mysterious annotations, as if some individual had attempted to cancel out the dignity of certain lines. These curious intrusions cannot be removed; chemical analysis fails to resolve the nature of their origin. Theologians attribute these marks, which are not unlike a musical clef or signature, to diabolic intervention.

The Wandering Jew, it is said, appeared three centuries ago to a British invalid, curing this man of some affliction. English divines began at once to investigate, and to dispute among themselves whether this manifestation had been of God or the Devil.

It was customary during previous ages, when all specified devils had been withdrawn from a sufferer's body, to exorcise him totally, after which salvation he was burnt, because it was felt the soul had been infected. This, furthermore, gave great satisfaction to the populace. Words for the present hour. *Crescit cum magia hæresis, cum hæresi magia.*

I must read deep into the *Malleus* to discover our future through the past. From multiple ledges of perception we depend not unlike icicles which form in the warmth of winter; finally fused, we present ourselves, one intricate mass incredible to behold.

Now it seems I am standing before a small wood sculpture of Saint Bruno, who is contemplating the Cross. He is simply gowned in white, yet ornamentally, and the cowl of his habit has fallen back. His head is shaved, the tonsure three-quartered like a laurel wreath, one tuft in its center.

I cannot imagine what this signifies, and I think I should ask the artist who all morning in a shadowy corner has been copying some obscure madonna. But when I turn to him he has gone, and I behold my sister joyously playing with her first-born child.

What is important to notice in these prayers is that they have no object to which or to whom they might be addressed.

The wind blows from the east. Clouds stream overhead.

I have yet to find Him among images of corporeal things. I wonder that He has vouchsafed to dwell within us, even in our furthest memory.

Perhaps I should think of the village of Arae where a great king lives whose name is Tatarrax, who prays incessantly, reading the Book of Hours, and worships a woman, the Queen of Heaven.

Illusion is brief; repentance long.

It has long been known how Bernal Díaz fell asleep near Vera Cruz, and lost out of his pocket eight seeds from which sprang those trees that later were to bring forth the celebrated orchards of Nuño de Guzmán, Viceroy of New Spain. And there are those who say that even now, three centuries after, certain trees of Mexico have descended from the seeds lost by Díaz; and they bear a fruit too singular for any mortal tongue. Of this I speak, of things which germinate in darkness.

I have considered each accomplishment, and conclude I am not unlike Amphiarus who foretold calamity, but proceeded in company with the doomed and was swallowed up by the earth. As helpless as he, I have beheld falcons reel above the rock-bound coast, seeming to observe us during the enactment of our predestined ritual, which is more stringent and more liturgical than Hans Holbein's *Dance of Death*.

Ash Wednesday. There is snow on the mountain. Through the lemon trees a light rain is falling.

I believe the path is concealed by rock and bramble which has grown subtly yet inextricably around the heart.

Patterns form and fall apart.

We have created the homunculus and I have seen the monstrous being. Forty days the sperm lay buried in manure and each day at noon the Master turned his magnet across it, muttering foreign words. Then, on the fortieth day he showed me the resemblance of a man,

but it was transparent, without a corpus.  
 He told me we should feed the loathsome object  
 for exactly forty weeks, and all this time  
 allow it to lie in its bed of manure  
 in a continual and even temperature,  
 so that its every member might develop.  
 This we did, much against my will.  
 And it grew into a human child,  
 though much smaller than any born of Woman.  
 Now, my friends ask me to make one for them  
 that they may be as horrified as I.  
 I would do so for their admiration, except that  
 I am merely the apprentice of the Master,  
 and I am afraid.

*Da amantem et sentit quod dico;* whosoever loves  
 as deeply as I  
 will not fail to understand.

These things are sounded through Greek and Latin,  
 but still they are not either of these, being designed  
 out of this present second.

Sublime pride, the quintessence of Evil, was conceived  
 before our time.

*Quem colorem habet...*

I remember without difficulty how the cathedral  
 was destroyed. The south tower slid like shale  
 into a crevice; the octagonal rose window fell  
 not quite cautiously, and shattered, disintegrating  
 before it touched the ground. Nor have I forgotten  
 my brother, who stood at ease, watching—one hand  
 at his belt. I still see him, and the plumes he wore,  
 with April sunlight glittering on his gold helmet.  
 What seems to me, even now, more grotesque than  
 the actuality of his abominations was his laughter,  
 the delight one could read in his eye. Perhaps  
 he has found the paradise of which others dream,  
 and years must elapse before his act swing home,  
 spiraling down, bloodied and limp as a scrap of fur  
 tightly clutched in the knuckles of a Nazi falcon. Or  
 it may be that he has sensed within himself  
 some affinity toward the universe—some cognition  
 perpetual and wholly indissoluble. When he speaks,  
 which is not often, I feel his silence. If he had been  
 an animal, I think he must have been a white bear;  
 or if he was a fish, he must of necessity be one  
 that swims singly and with vast ease around oceans,  
 but is lost in shallow rivers.

*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur illis.*  
 Thus alter the times, and we with them.

I could not explain to any man where I have gone;  
 although each step is the result of long probation,  
 and statements almost never are made but partially.

My brother tells of visiting the tomb of Mulai Reshed  
 who conquered Morocco, whose strength was recognized

across the Mediterranean as far as the shores  
 of the Atlantic. I expected, therefore, to learn of  
 a glorious temple, of opulence I scarcely could imagine;  
 but he said the sultan was simply buried under a dome  
 of sun-baked mud beyond the red fortress of Rissani  
 on the bank of the river Ziz, near the ruin of Sijilmasa.  
 My brother said nothing else, and gradually I perceived  
 how the tomb of Mulai Reshed, the ruins of Sijilmasa  
 and the diminution of a river had become intolerable  
 symbols of the course and progress of his own existence.

May the Grace of God be upon us, and upon our heirs.

I must consider what to say next. We have only  
 a few more hours.

Copernicus died when Montaigne was ten.

The luminosity of Rigel is twenty-one thousand times  
 that of the sun.

Fray Marcos de Niza was versed not merely in theology  
 but in cosmography,  
 and in every known art of the sea.  
 This I choose to register in vermilion script.

During the final season of life  
 Cortés and Columbus, haunting the royal antechambers,  
 importuning those who once had been honored  
 to receive them, seemed very much alike.

Existence does not matter, only what is meant.

Some assert the earth is at rest,  
 but Philolaus claims it revolves around  
 the central fire  
 and has an obliquely circular motion  
 like the sun or the moon.

Now do you understand?

Plotinus writes that he has heard from a learned man  
 how the motion of the sun, the moon, and the stars  
 become the constituent of time,  
 and that he assented not to this,  
 for why should not the motion of each body  
 be its time; or if the potter's wheel run round  
 and the light in Heaven cease,  
 should there be none to measure this dancing?

Speculation on the nature of celestial occurrences  
 in common with liberal aptitudes seems idle and sinful  
 to those of negligible elevation. However  
 the moon, the sun, and the stars, which are fixed,  
 mutually affect one another through their orbit,  
 causing in our earth a subtle flux and reflux,  
 not merely in the sea, but equally above our heads,  
 affecting everything which pervades the universe,  
 affording us this last chance toward redemption.

in BE C



Seats in Paradise were sold for the 20th of May in the year 1773 when it appeared certain a comet would strike the earth; it being explained that by special intercession on behalf of the populace the priesthood had obtained a limited number of tickets. Persons inquiring as to whom their tickets should be presented, a question regarded as blasphemous, were denounced as atheists. This, too, I have decided, must be entered in the ledgers of remonstrance—a pattern for history, the apologue of our time.

Through meticulous calculations we have learned that one pint of water on the surface of the white companion to Sirius must weigh twenty tons, or more. How is it we neglect the song and bitter narrative told us near midnight by our closest neighbor?

Factory walls have cracked, chimneys stood against a barren Flemish dusk, abstemious testament! What might have been is not to be; thus we gather—uneasy groups annotating the bone-bright sky.

To believe is to live by error; each hill unfolds some further valley.

It is known that during the 16th century the conquest of Mexico was simplified by the hesitation of Motecuhzoma at the Vale of Anahuac, together with the mysterious reluctance of his warriors to defend their homes on Lake Texcoco. Ultimately the Spaniards heard of the mild god Quetzalcoatl, whose skin was fair and who, some say, wore a beard and floated out of the East on a raft of snakes, and departing, vowed he would be seen again in five hundred years. History is simpler than it seems.

Are we not lured eternally by cities to the north?

There are fish in the rivers of Quivira longer than horses, and every tree is strung with gilded bells! Therefore we pause, listening to the breeze.

Almejo has been struck by a savage arrow  
dipped in poison. We hoped he might recover  
although the flesh rotted and dropped from his arm,  
and the skin also, leaving sinew and bone open to view.  
And he gives off a stench like a swamp and  
not one of us will go near him. But we are sorry for him  
because he always has been a true friend.  
Shall I compare this life to a flash of lightning  
which, quicker than I mention it, exists no more?

Mid-day. The fin of a shark is visible.  
I did not realize I had been asleep  
nor what I dreamt, nor why I am thus  
rudely torn out of one world into another.  
We lie becalmed, half a week from Java.

In the province of Maabar they will not admit as witness  
any man that drinks wine, or any that goes to sea.

Years turn. Leaves fall in their season.

I must set down, before it is too late, the pink murex  
my daughter this morning brought to me, naming  
for my benefit each part. I scarcely listened;  
not that this shell might be less lovely  
than she presumes—but that her touch and voice,  
the confident gestures of an infant hand,  
proved almost more than I could endure.  
Have we not lived deep-buried in the pages of  
children's books, in a world of high moral fable  
and fantastic adventure, in times to make our blood  
run cold? Is it not incumbent upon each of us  
to keep safe from the holocaust all that matters?

Have we yet prayed to see all beings, however numberless,  
delivered to the opposite shore?

We know the Pythagoreans were accustomed to hand down  
mysteries by word of mouth, not through reluctance  
to communicate their philosophies, but in order that  
things which were of great beauty should not be scorned,  
or in any fashion exposed to the ribald levity of  
insensate persons, who could not care for them.  
In the same manner, if you should be here, I  
would not hesitate to confide in you, rather than  
address myself to you thus, distantly.

We have with us throughout our temporal lives  
a feeling that the spirit of the dead wishes to remain  
next to its body; for which reason we bury our bodies  
underground, that we may continue our existence  
undisturbed by ghosts out of the past.  
For greater assurance, we roll a heavy stone  
on top of the forehead, or upon the breast.  
If any ghost should rise up, his foot is caught  
by the wreath.

I profess to a Celtic fantasy of mind, which cannot be  
mistaken; this I set down in violet letters.

By our eager desire to pierce through the curtains  
of futurity we often neglect our blessing,  
dividing presumption into study, making numbers  
of exceptional account, yet meager course,  
and waste our early lives, forgetting how ignorance  
becomes a state. This I would not dare interpret.  
Out of each meaning others rise in a similar fashion,  
as shadows alter sculptured marble.

*What is unclear?*

We feel there is within each one of us  
something which will not ever die. Our experience  
and every dream conspires to counter revelation,  
making us hold this fondly, as leaves touch  
to their only tree, our one presumptuous hope.

Listen. Let me tell you once more.  
Each Saxon child is educated from birth  
to be, invariably, the first; and is instructed  
to measure himself according to such regrets,  
envies, and hatreds as he engenders!  
So far as his companions despise or emulate him  
is he to be commended and respectfully  
addressed. This is the heritage I abjure;  
this is why I seek another declination  
and cannot hesitate for less than the sight of anemone,  
asphodel, and black Greek olives, or the sea.

*To dream of the ash-tree portends  
a lengthy journey.*

*Lime predicts an ocean voyage.*

*Yew and alder*

*presage sickness to the young,  
dissolution of the old.*

*Water-lilies imply danger.*

A breeze rustles our sail, a dog barks across the water,  
a child cries. I re-live the somnolent heart of August,  
hearing again my sister's voice, the touch of black elm—  
when it seemed the plenitude of life might overcome me.  
I think often of the days of my youth, of feelings that  
seldom come back anymore.

I hear down the long, uneven years  
the winding of a strange horn;  
and I see,  
as I often have,  
the troubled faces of my parents.

I wish to mention my father, who herded sheep in the  
province of Estremadura; and record the fact  
that he once discovered a copper bell of such dimensions  
he could not roll it over. It was almost hidden by weeds,  
he said, and of the church where once it had hung,  
peeling the genesis of each day, there was no sign.  
He spoke of this bell to no one in his village;  
you, he said to me, are the only person I have told.  
He ordered me to go and find it, just as Death carefully  
reached down, and I first recognized the majestic power



of symbols. That is all I know, except that tomorrow  
I leave for Estremadura—yet not to find a bell.  
I go to ask who remembers my father, either his visage  
or his name.

I must abandon each pretense.  
I will begin once again.

In the year 269 a decree was issued  
to the effect that a certain man who was called  
Jesus Christ, thenceforth  
should be considered divine.

In the previous century  
following prolonged debate it had been decided  
this man was born to a virgin!

There can be no doubt as to the natural vices  
of women, which constitute avarice,  
mendacity, and self-deceit.  
It is clear they are attracted to their own destruction.  
It is necessary to beat them, for the sake of  
mutual satisfaction.

Those of a gloomy disposition avail themselves  
of necromancy; those which show a luminous countenance  
are devoted to astrology.

The punishment for adultery in Scotland  
was public humiliation. So feared was this  
that women chose to murder their bastard children,  
preferring the risk of execution for infanticide  
to the thought of their fornication being  
common knowledge. The beginning of every thing  
is small.

*Corpora lente augescunt cito extinguuntur;*  
we live for a little while.

These past few hours I have spent in a darkened room  
listening to concerti,  
experiencing the recreation of moods so exalted  
I never could have known them  
without assistance. Thus we poise  
and counterpoise.

The madness of one drives others mad.  
*Unius dementia dementes...*

Napoleon's gunners, carrying dismembered cannon  
over the Alps,  
frequently paused to embrace and caress the frigid iron.

*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*  
*Allons-y!*

I do not know how long I was wandering across the field  
seeking to recover what I had lost  
when I stumbled upon the body of the Russian soldier.  
At first I thought he was one of ours, but  
then I noticed his coat, which was a different color,

and for this I was most grateful. I nudged him  
with my boot, and struck him, tentatively,  
across the shoulder, ready to flee at the first movement.  
I was uncertain what to do when I heard  
a not unfamiliar buzzing noise, and I noticed  
green bottle flies avidly settling upon his mouth  
in confirmation. He wore a yellow ring,  
and because it glittered among the weeds  
I removed it from his finger; but suddenly  
it was transfigured into a sheaf of papers,  
and I was reading with rapt attention a letter  
to my wife, bitterly complaining that I no longer  
could be positive who I was, yet still responding  
with alacrity to each command. And the enemy  
had been vanquished! Of this, now, I am not sure.  
Perhaps I will understand when I have been  
completely prepared; I have not gained the confidence  
of animals, which come to drink and hunt  
when they perceive nothing anomalous is there.

The taste of life is not bitter enough to please us,  
which is the reason we make onerous decoctions  
for ourselves, out of steep wormwood and camomile.

I am searching for...

History and poetry must be explored equally  
if light is to be cast across those feelings, attitudes  
and motives precipitating our estate,  
since one without its other is like an ocean fish  
which is but dryly eaten. Such problems suggest  
to everyone who feels impelled to contemplate them  
a stately, eloquent style; a style imbued,  
furthermore, with foreign riches for the sake of distance,  
since we have known these shores and the sea around,  
and are not soon apt to forget the noise of trumpets  
or the sight of Jesuits marching upon the New World.

*I hear a cock crowing in the Andes!*

I was asleep, that is all.

If by tomorrow the wind holds  
we should raise the Venezuelan coast.

There is reputed to be a place in the jungle  
where a gigantic snake is kept  
which feeds on monkeys, nothing else.  
Parrots shriek and stretch their wings  
each time they behold the spectacle;  
for it is said that each monkey  
when he first observes that drowsy, balanced mass,  
commences dancing and capering, as though  
in such a way—by good-humored effort—  
he expected to placate Death. Is it not a fact  
that the same might be said of us?

In certain seasons the gryphon appears,  
but this creature is not as usually represented—  
half-bird and half-lion.

My brother has seen the gryphon  
and described it to me. It is like an eagle  
but of stupendous dimensions, so that  
without difficulty, it pounces on an elephant  
and lifts him high up into the air and drops him  
and crushes him by his own fall,  
and next is seen to sit upon the carcass feeding.  
What meaning has this? Circles of light are cast  
by a lamp; to explain is not to absolve.  
I know only that where the gryphon is found, there  
my brother grew enamored of a woman from the Indies.

We have beheld the cockatrice, the manticore,  
the amphibæna, and the owl and fox,  
and have heard the shriek of the Sea Bishop.  
What shall remain for us out of this desolate waste?  
Will we ever be forgiven?

We will not endure.  
Man of himself can not prevail.

To conceal old guilt, we incur the new.

From immemorial time Germany has been obsessed  
by the legend of the Wandering Jew.

Venom nestles in the shade; the breath of oxen  
improves the atmosphere.

Words of abiding truth are found  
in documents from the Middle Ages.  
It is there we learn how persons of bad character,  
though not to be believed upon their oath  
during occasions of common dispute,  
should be accepted at their word when they vow  
some person has bewitched them.  
Fear of the Devil exercises greater appeal  
than our love of God.

A letter from Danzig during the height of the Plague  
mentions that whereas one might suppose  
the prospect of Death should act as a deterrent to Sin,  
desperate minds seemed encouraged to greater Evil.

*Turius und Shurius Int...*

Circles bend of their own accord;  
our time has come.

The tongue protruded thickly out of the mouth  
and was of a blackish color. The hair of the head  
was stiff and white. Neither carbuncles nor boils  
disfigured the body, but numerous green and yellow marks  
were found on the arms and legs. When the abdomen  
was cut apart, the lower orifice of the stomach  
was noticed to be discolored by gall. From the spleen  
to the rectum, the larger intestine was shriveled  
and wrinkled, as were the liver and kidneys.  
The uterus had contracted. The bladder was empty.

The heart had shrunk and was darkly befouled  
with polypous blood—glutinous matter resembling tar.

*Lalle, Bachera, Magotte,  
Baphia, Dajam,  
Vagoth Heneche Ammi Nagaz,  
Adomator Raphael  
Immanuel Christus,  
Tetragrammaton Agra  
Jod Loi. König! König!*

I feel a sense of suffocation in my throat!  
I need to lie down. I will rest for a little while.

There is an odor of incense here, of suppurating  
flowers. Bats flicker through the twilight,  
down the nave and aisle of the church—exquisitely  
sensate, strangely blind. Nothing can be more subtle  
than this, nothing more amphigenous, as fungi  
parasitically bloom in our depths.

*Pater noster, qui es in cælis: sanctificetur  
nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua,  
sicut in cælo, et in terra. Panem  
nostrum supersubstantialem da nobis hodie...*

He wore gray pantaloons, slit to the knee,  
and carpet slippers. Elaborately  
costumed guards supported him, grasping him  
by the arms, as though he meant to escape.  
It was clear he never contemplated this—  
an expression of wonder, of vast absorption  
lingered on his sallow, withered features. Truly  
he did not understand; he could not guess  
why he was here. Perhaps he thought himself asleep,  
curiously delivered to our ritual.

He complained we had not asked his permission.  
Someone was sent for, who explained the necessity.  
We felt this should assuage him. He listened,  
but replied there are those who describe cathedral walls  
through the meticulous analysis of a single stone.  
After much debate, and the hearing of  
learned testimony from pontifical authorities,  
we ordered him strangled, for it seemed his words  
were treason.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

Those who saw through the gross delusion  
kept their opinion to themselves,  
arguing that they were not to blame;  
and none addresses a multitude  
against the fiery, rose-red persuasion of its glory.

In previous times the people grew excited by  
their victims' look of alarm, attributing misery to  
magic, in lieu of its natural cause. Words for  
today.

As we do not follow the hand of the Magician, so deftly it moves; in that same way do we fail to comprehend the workings of our mentality, but gaze upon it with mystification, remarking the least part of its unity.

All that is most horrible shall be found  
closest to that which delights us—  
the glow of precious jewels, dark night,  
woods and gardens, nascent forms; the noise of water  
stills the course of unknown things.  
Immense are the treasures of gold and frankincense,  
and every art is found in Circe's cave.

The people of Mayence built such a fire  
for the immolation of twelve thousand Jews  
that the lead of the windows and the bells  
of Saint Quirius church were melted.

What is seen is comprised of things which seldom appear.

In the year 1313 the lepers of France were burnt  
by orders of Philip the Fair.  
Historical instances devolve upon our time.

According to Boccaccio, without heed of what is  
decent or indecent, the people exist—guided  
by their instincts—and do by day or night whatever  
voluptuous inclinations prompt them.

Livy informs us of malice, with which we are covered  
from head to foot, like the boils of a virulent epidemic.

Accompany me to several places in Vienna  
and I will show you trenches filled with corpses.  
There you may contemplate what you have adored!  
*Zellianelle Heotti Bonus Vagotha Plisos sother oseh*  
*unicus Beelzebub Dax! Komm! Komm!*

I hear the monotonous tramp of Protestant boots  
across the outer reaches of the Universe!  
There is no sound much less terrible than this.

What is to be  
will be.

*J'ai été lâche; j'ai eu peur  
de la vie!*

This was the haunt of dreams that lied,  
of visions that betray.

Michael Mayer, a celebrated physician of the 17th century,  
has drawn up ordinances asserting  
that our meditations surpass everything imagined  
since the creation of the earth. He believes  
we are destined to accomplish the regeneration of Mankind.

Those ostensibly curious correlations between  
propensities toward faith,  
and violence of every magnitude,  
are observed to be not curious in the least

when we have taken into account the knowledge  
that for those who are able to admit  
the immortality of the human soul,  
the mortification of our flesh cannot be thought  
too frightful.

*Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht...*

All today we have been under heavy attack  
but have in turn inflicted terrible damage everywhere.  
During the afternoon it began to rain.  
A man crouching to one side of me reached forward  
with extreme caution to pluck a flower—  
I could not say what kind. Then I noticed how  
the other men also were watching him.  
He peeled away the petals, not brutally,  
with a gentle movement born of patience and love,  
or some immense familiarity; and we were transfixed,  
our weapons as they were. When he began to speak  
we knew, without knowing how, once he had been  
a teacher of some sort—but of what,  
none could guess. He did not find it strange to lecture,  
nor did we. He pointed out to us the calyx,  
which, as he explained, is made of green sepals;  
the corolla, composed of colored petals;  
the stamens, which bear the pollen; and the pistils,  
at the base of which we find the ovary  
containing the egg, or female element.  
He explained how a tube from the pollen grain  
grows down inside the pistil, and is responsible  
for the fertilization of the egg. From this,  
he said, fruit and seed are developed.  
In a single flower, or separated in various flowers,  
both sexes may be borne.

Certain truths we obtain are not ours  
but through digression from the usual trend.

Do not forget that during the war a British nun  
each day boarded a bus and silently paid her fare  
with a brutal, hair-covered hand.

Shadows coalesce; hours  
divide.

What remains of abominations  
we have wrought?  
What shall we crown with flowers?

For a long time I was troubled by their request  
and considered it carefully, inquiring of myself whether  
the remuneration, handsome as indeed it was,  
might or might not allay the malaise I felt. I  
discussed this with my wife, who replied  
she would be content, if it were what I wanted.  
Now, anxiously, without hope, I petition God,  
having long since lost all but the vestiges of faith.  
Why am I not able to keep my eyes from our catholic  
ensign, where it arches toward the sun? All day  
have I watched pale birds call ceaselessly! —

clapping their brittle wings as they float across  
that gilded spire, sharper than any needle.

*It is late;  
we can only hope.*

Has the author, Porson, begun his first book  
concerning the details of human folly?  
He has promised it ought not to exceed, at the most,  
five hundred volumes.

Have we wearied of the letters of our name, until  
we are no less nameless than a Gulf  
or a terrace which has its name,  
but in reality is cast of previous hours?

If, in the name of God, we thus employ our times,  
tell me, when you have learned, the Devil's labor.

Out of grave necessity I create this rosalia.

I have been wondering if each individual  
is possessed of his own wisdom, or if  
whatever exists and is known  
must be regarded as common to us all;  
and therefore he that looks most rigorously  
into mutual depths thus should be thought  
least unwise. Perhaps I will ask the next man  
that I meet, if he be not offensive.

There was a certain prince of the Tartars who,  
having become a Christian, vowed he would go to Lyons,  
there to kiss the foot of the Pope and witness  
the sanctity of Christian morals. Louis the King  
sought to dissuade him from this, being positive  
that this Oriental, once he had viewed the true state  
of Western affairs, must start back in revulsion.  
But the Tartar would not be dissuaded and went;  
and he came down from Lyons still more firmly converted  
because, as he said, this must be a great religion  
which can maintain itself when even its titular head  
and its retainers are so sunk in depravity and evil.

Meaningful associations are formed  
beneath our conscious level; this process  
is like a dream.

Bodinus remarks for our edification  
that whoever is accused of sorcery should not be  
acquitted, unless the malice of the prosecutor  
is clearer than the sun; for it is difficult to bring  
proof of secret crime, and not one of a million  
could be convicted if tolerant arguments were entered.

A saucer of new milk absorbs poison from the air.

The philosophy of those who exert their influence  
on the opinions of butchers and fishwives  
silently works its cure.

The comet of 1532 was excommunicated.

To each question are many false answers. But there is one  
which is final. On this account, if none other,  
I undertake, again, to communicate to you my thoughts.

Of the many hundreds, there was only one  
who did not succumb, but held himself chaste.  
He, also, was the first—a Jew of Italy  
whose father carded wool, whose mother's name  
was Susanna Fontanarossa, whose life was ended  
in chains and disgrace, whose bones we have lost.

Francisco Pizarro chose  
the sister of his most celebrated victim  
for a mistress.

Bernal Díaz del Castillo reported a pyramid of skulls  
arranged on the plaza with such symmetry  
he had no difficulty estimating their number.

Passages are found  
out of each into some other,  
as we proceed through a sequence of caverns  
between which filters a vague, prismatic light.

My father's estate and his books have been confiscated,  
together with the sum of six million pounds,  
notwithstanding that a special edict  
had been drawn up during the period of his eminence,  
declaring that his fortune, or any other thing  
which belonged to him, could not be seized  
by anyone whomsoever, for any known cause, or  
on account of any conceivable circumstance  
from that date forth, up to, and past the end of time.

Is it not a wonderful spirit I keep imprisoned  
in the hilt of my sword?

*Pentecost.*

Two full weeks since we have seen any living thing.

Tonight we made out fires on the headland.  
Some say these are signals meant to dissuade us,  
since the moon is full and our sail  
should be visible on the open sea.  
Yet we turned no closer to land, nor can guess  
what cape that was. Certain constellations of the south  
lie ever high; the wind blows cold, and it is  
now a month, less four days,  
since the captain's voice was heard.  
Many think we have cast off toward some final port.

In a dream last night I found myself  
swimming through turbid currents toward the bridge  
of a sunken ship—to the ship's compass  
which was encrusted with gem-like coral!  
Its needle was pointing north, forty fathoms down  
and I was deeply awed; it had not wavered in



centuries. I would have struck the compass  
to see it tremble, except that I dared not.  
I turned and swam away into the fatidic darkness  
from whence I had come.

I would search for the meaning to every occurrence,  
if there were time.

The ship has changed its course;  
eerily as it grows light  
and swiftly dark again, we seem to hesitate, but then  
advance with unutterable certitude.  
Darker than before we plunge down yielding seas  
eternally lashed by galactic winter rains.  
The rain falls steadily upon us, day after day.

Through a rift in the clouds we have sighted a coast;  
but there is a white-haired seaman who comes among us  
winking and whispering it cannot be found on any map.  
There are those who believe an error has been made—  
an error of the utmost significance. All of us  
are deeply frightened. We can only wait, placing our trust  
in strange hands.

Two white gulls, driven apart, tilt across Chaldean winds.

Waves rush toward our gilded figurehead; the sky  
looms black, and we  
are not destined to solve the mighty riddle! *Pater noster,*  
*qui es in caelis, sanctificet...*

The enticing odor which comes out of the mouth of a whale  
represents the lust of the flesh.  
The jaws which close on unwary schools of fish  
symbolize the Gates of Hell closing on the lost.  
The mistake of a sailor who chooses evil for good, or  
danger for safety, is the tragic error that leads  
to utter damnation.

We listen fearfully to the noise of  
cracking sails; we are carried onward, ever faster  
through increasing darkness.

Ropes have been stretched taut on the deck;  
without them not one of us could move, so steeply  
does this vessel list.

The roar of waves is deafening us.  
Rain blinds us.  
If we but loosen our grip, we are lost.

I must put down my thoughts  
like the vital signs of the Zodiac.

*Frost shall freeze  
and fire melt wood; earth blossom  
and ice bridge the roof of water;  
lock out budding growth.  
Almighty God, winter shall pass*

*into spring, fair weather  
return, and the sun  
shine hot on the restless sea.*

Lat. 58.10 S.; Long. 40.16 W.

Wakened by a shriek!  
Some say it is morning,  
I do not know.  
The sails look hard as bone.  
We bear always further South  
and fast toward the glowing West.

I must be calm. All men have met distress. I  
will meditate. What else  
could preserve us?  
Each life is the fruit of constant illusion.

Certain attitudes, feelings, and senses  
I have not saved from the hecatomb, but yet  
others have come readily  
in unbroken and determined order; each that I have  
summoned; and each  
has given way, to whatever follows.

I will now contemplate the words of Saint Augustine  
which I have embellished, which I set down  
because of their inestimable worth. With piety  
and devotion toward you, thus I commit his thought  
together with mine, which are mutual, for safe-keeping.  
*These things do I within, in that vast court  
of my memory. For there are present within me  
Heaven, Earth, Sea, and whatever I could think therein,  
besides what I have forgotten. There also meet I  
with myself, and recall myself, and when, where  
and what I have done, and under what feelings.  
There be all which I remember,  
either on my own experience or other's credit.  
Out of the same store do I myself with the past  
continually combine fresh and fresh likenesses  
of things which I have experienced,  
or, from what I have experienced, have believed:  
and thence again into future actions, events and hopes,  
and all these again I reflect on, as present.*

What is the color of wisdom?  
It must have the color of snow.

We have seen mountains fly toward us and pass beyond us  
so that their pinnacles and canyons first  
are illuminated by the sun, but then are in shadow.

One day this earth shall obey our command,  
undertaking its journey toward the stars, lighted  
by its own suns, which shall not dim  
or go out, since we have built them out of the beauty  
we possess, but seldom find.

Within the lifetime of one man  
a ship that is made of iron can rust into nullity.  
Inexorable currents sweep the depths

of anachronistic hollows. Without remission,  
pray for us.

We course far ahead of the wind.  
An odor of musty linen comes out of the hold.  
I have met three seamen  
who huddled in terror when I gestured to them.  
Were they not able to see me?

I have asked everyone on board  
if they know where we are bound. No one answers.  
Of the captain—none has heard of him  
since we raised the ice-bound cape.  
I will ask the officer with the sextant. I  
must find him, and ask  
before he measures the night.

Another flag has been pinned to the chart; they tell us  
we have nothing to fear  
if we sail toward the hurricane's eye!

The moon is a rosebud floating out of reach  
beneath the surface of the water.  
Down phosphorescent valleys our strange ensign flutters;  
we are aboard a funeral ship which has no port.  
Waves gleam black, lapideous and menacing;  
rollers stream toward us; dead foam  
spins from the track of the scouring wind; we  
are half-frozen. Privately the mate has whispered  
that we cannot stay afloat; desperation engulfs us  
as this vessel sinks toward the raging water.

Let us go not unrecorded.

Lat. 62.14 S.; Long. 90.24 W.  
I believe...

Thus begins the end.

I will preserve to the last  
a stately, medieval faith.

Ominously  
with monitory succession  
circular waters turn  
beneath our ship.  
Waves we seldom see;  
but yet we feel  
their presence  
and long for morning,  
that if we drown  
it shall be in the sight  
of other men, who say  
what became of us.

No one speaks. None looks upon the water.  
There is a volume to the sea I have never known.

Do not call out that it was meaningless;  
you have heard the warning.

We are full of anxiety. Space surrounds us and  
shines through us until we appear luminous in the light  
of other worlds.

My thumb, my pen, and my first finger  
I have bound up like spears of wheat. The rain  
and the wind and sea create  
their trinity against us.  
I have no further time to lose.

Isadore of Seville compiled a summary of  
all human knowledge.

The body of Saint Thomas  
lies in a town in the province of Maabar.

Albertus Magnus constructed  
an automaton with the power of speech,  
which inevitably was destroyed  
by Thomas Aquinas.

The condition of life is defeat.

I must make one further attempt,  
if there is time. Between the two stars which constitute  
the binary called Algol,  
the distance is six and one-half million miles,  
one-fifth the radius of Mercury's orbit.

Early iconographies are redolent of the sea.

Nothing is born that does not pass away. *Deficit omne  
quod nascitur.* I must establish...

It is too late;  
I am overcome with knowledge.

Nothing must interrupt the course of these,  
which are my supreme meditations.  
*Hæc tibi dona fero;* here are my gifts.

The clouds have parted.  
I behold, or believe I do, the great star  
Epsilon Aurigæ.

Out of obscurity  
Man shines more brightly.

It is said that I am a man, and nothing that relates  
to Man is alien to me.

*Lege,  
quæso.*

We are tranquil and resigned;  
the bow is half-submerged.

The ship is rolling on its side; I look into the depths.

There is the sound of an organ somberly playing.  
Seas obscure the ultimate miracle of Heaven.

ight  
The journey is almost ended.

What holds us here?  
Why are we preserved?  
There is no hope.

In this, our extremity,  
I see how foolish we have been.

None remains. They  
have gone.  
I alone am left.

Keep thou, O Earth,  
what men could not.

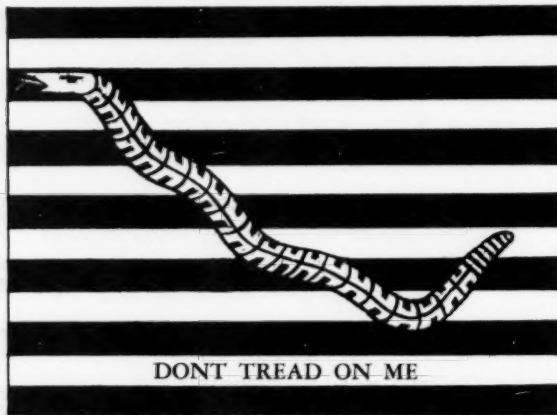
*Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.*  
Thus the mighty cycle of the ages shall begin again.

*Cede Deo*  
Submit to Providence

•



# We Have Won a Famous Victory



## Arthur Hoppe

We have won a famous victory. We have been to the brink of war and have returned triumphant with the spoils. Our course was perhaps immoral; our tactics perhaps illegal; our justification perhaps illogical. But our power was undeniably unassailable. We have won a famous victory.

On Sunday afternoon—a warm, hazy October Sunday afternoon like those of years before—we went to the park, my family and I. I went to give thanks. Truly, to give thanks. It had been a long, gray, fear-filled week. And we had won a famous victory.

We went to a glade we had gone to before. We played touch football as we had before. We shouted and we laughed and we rolled in the grass as we had before. Yet never had the grass seemed so sweet, the sun so warm, nor the cries of the children more joyous. For we had won a famous victory.

And afterward, as I lay exhausted and relaxed in the quiet glade, the good sweat rolling down my neck and the good smell of grass in my nostrils, I marveled at the quickness with which the fear had vanished. All the long week the fear had been constantly there. Now it was gone. It was, I knew, because we had won a famous victory.

\* \* \*

How quickly, I thought, victory erases fear. How hard it is in victory to recall what fear was like. How ephemeral is fear. How self-justifying is victory. And we had won a famous victory.

And now, as I lay there no longer afraid, I honestly wondered if I hadn't been wrong during that fear-filled week to applaud those who argued for morality, legality, logic and peace. Had I—and they—been merely rationalizing our cowardice? Had we followed such

counsel never would we have won such a famous victory.

Were the hard-headed realists right all along? They and their cries of blockade and invade, bomb and annihilate. The enemy is immoral, they say. Fight fire with fire, they say. Brute power is all the enemy understands, they say. And it cannot be denied: we had won a famous victory.

After all, this is a dog-eat-dog world. After all, the enemy would do the same to us. After all, in the face of brute power, the enemy had backed down. After all, we had won a famous victory.

\* \* \*

The sun was low behind a grove of black acacia. There was a chill in the glade. We rose to go. The children paused in awe to watch an invisible gopher pile higher his mound of earth from within, a few grains at a time. How slowly he built; yet how high the mound was. And I realized how seldom in the history of man fragile morality had ever won a famous victory.

And as I watched my children, small and physically weak, I realized that fragile morality was all that protected them in their lives. And that power was all they need fear. Yet we had won a famous victory.

We all, I thought as we climbed the path to the car, will remember this victory we relished. And few, I thought, will remember those fears we felt. And so, in the next crisis to come, the faint voices of morality will be the fainter. And the loud shouts of power will be the louder.

But there is no gainsaying it: We have won a famous victory.

The editors wish to thank Art Hoppe and the San Francisco Chronicle for permission to reprint Mr. Hoppe's column of October 31, 1962.



# contact LETTERS

## EDITORS:

We are returning to you five copies of *Contact*/August which you sent us without our order.

We are only interested in your books which carry articles by Evan Connell, Jr., a Kansas City writer who lives in San Francisco. So please bear this in mind before sending any future publications unless ordered by us.

Thanking you for your cooperation, I am

Very truly yours,

Grace H. Mitchell  
Old Colony Book Shop  
Kansas City 13, Mo.

*Thank you, Mrs. Mitchell. We are today shipping you 4,734 copies of this issue.—Eds.*

## EDITORS:

The October issue came without my having paid for it, and when I saw what you did to Kenneth Lamott ("The Unthinkables: Dr. Teller and Dr. Kahn,"/October) I was glad, because in twenty years I will be able to say to some crafty dealer in publishing erratica, "What do you mean, fifty dollars? *This* kind of proofreading can't be faked!"

Kind of hard on old Lamott, though. With this kind of treatment he might not live long enough to cash in.

Sincerely,

Ben Chamberlain  
Sausalito, Calif.

*Ben was kind enough to lend us his truck once, and we are happy to have made him glad. Ken Lamott has now become an editor of Contact in an effort to protect himself.—Eds.*

## EDITORS:

The August cover was such a beautiful photograph, I read & read & read, looking for something to go with it until I got a headache & thought to myself, "I must be a moron."

Your magazine is  
ghastly  
low  
morbid  
sensual  
Repent!

—Anonymous

*Amen!—Eds.*

## EDITORS:

Re: "En Route to Aporia" by O'Carroll Colvin in October issue:

AMEN!

Magda Cregg  
Mill Valley, Calif.

## EDITORS:

I fail to understand how a graduate of New York College...or any other college for that matter, a teacher of English at Long Island University...could write, or why *Contact* Magazine or any other magazine would approve and publish such a morbid, filthy story, as "do me a favor" (please note that I have used lower case letters in this title...too bad smaller letters are not available), published in your October issue. Having had the benefit of a so-called "higher education" it would be natural to assume that Mr. Edward Pomerantz would be equipped to seek higher levels in his writings. Actually, I was amazed, when I looked at his picture, to see a rather handsome young man...a long haired, bewhiskered, dirty beatnik would much better fit the author of such a story.

Please don't get me wrong. I am a normal person who enjoys all the so-called vices but with all the social problems we are encountering with our young people today it disturbs me no end to see them subjected to such trashy writings when there are so many worthwhile and inspiring subjects at hand. Of course, some authors could not or would not be financially successful unless they exploit immorality. I often wonder if they realize, as their checks come rolling in, how many weak minds they have turned to violence, just because of what they have written.

*Contact* could be a fine publication, however, if you continue to publish and approve of such articles, I am afraid that those folks who can afford to purchase your magazine, will transfer their subscriptions and purchases to another that is more elevating.

Yours very truly,

Roy A. Hotop  
Olympia, Wash.

*We received several letters from people who, like Mr. Hotop, were upset by "Do Me a Favor." Although their moral revulsion didn't strike us as being the sort of thing we usually take very seriously, we did go back and read the story again. We thought it was even better than we did the first time around, and we hope to "continue to publish and approve of such articles."—Eds.*

## EDITORS:

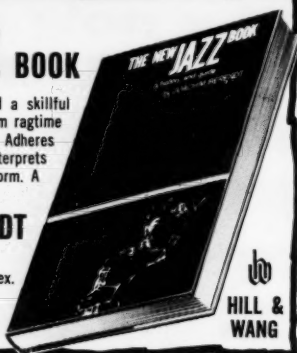
*Contact's* new format is impressive, and so is the cover showing Peter Edler's war god. Only I am puzzled by

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the Star of David so prominently displayed by this monster. Is it Mr. Edler's notion that the Jews, who were the chief victims of our most recent holocaust, are a threat to the world? Or is he merely being artistic and only vaguely political? If so, I suggest that he give a little more thought to the symbols he uses.

Sincerely,

Mordecai Gorelik

Research Professor in Theatre  
Southern Illinois University  
Carbondale, Ill.

*The cover for Contact/October was not done by Peter Edler, author of "The Arbitrarium," but by artist Gene Hoffman. We didn't find the Star of David objectionable, flanked as it is by the swastika and the cross, but, rather, symbolic of the paradox and moral confusion of the period of recent history about which Mr. Edler is writing. The figure wasn't actually intended as a war god, by the way. Around the shop we called it simply the Arbitrarium Man.—Eds.*

Dear Bill:

I seem to have missed the deadline completely, and I know apologies and explanations just aren't good enough but I'll offer a few, anyway. We've been transient and homeless the last two weeks and have only just settled down; and if that's not enough, the fact is, all I have to report on Spain, thus far, is that it's awfully nice to be out of France.

Little Brown's West Coast salesman sent me all the clippings about your venture in Contact, Nevada. I hope you're planning a report to the readers on this; it has all the stuff of epic and just as it appears in the papers it is better than any of my pieces. Good red meat, as you editors say. (I hope there's a place for me in this new development. I'd be willing to start at the bottom. I'm not asking for a high position like Kentfield's. PR man or towel boy would be good enough for a start. All I ask is a chance.)

I got your message to write my next piece on "the holidays." Uh, what holidays did you have in mind? A jolly Christmas piece? Sober Easter recollections? Yom Kippur in Pottstown? What, exactly, were you thinking of? And when you write and tell me, also tell me when is the next deadline.

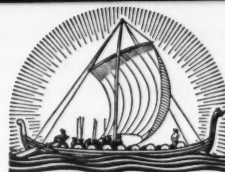
Warren Miller  
Torremolinos (Malaga)  
Spain

EDITORS:

Once, I wrote a long, unpublished essay on Robert Warshaw...virtually unrecognizable fragments of which appeared in the October *Contact*. Of course, when you cut a piece to less than two thirds of its original length—inserting periods in mid-sentence, excising quotation after quotation to which my remarks had pointedly referred—you have to be careful; otherwise, you get statements like,

*Continued page 100*

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"for Warshow, the film could only be an occasion for anger, quiet but annihilating," a statement entirely misleading if not downright meaningless unless you know the *specific* film to which, prior to editing, I had referred. In fact, were I to have picked up the October *Contact* as an innocent reader, I think I would have found my article almost in its entirety without meaning; or is this perhaps the *Contact* concept of text: meaningless copy on which to rest the eye between cartoons and graphics? By the time my piece concludes, I suppose it hardly matters that it is no longer my conclusion. Had I really gone that far with Warshow merely to direct a few words of personal abuse at the late Lionel Trilling? Trilling was in there all right, but, as was clear in the original, only as part of what it was I was finally denouncing: the Literary World; that wonderful and disgusting prodigy wherein (among other things) text is mangled so as to serve format. And, of course, in this general denunciation, I did not mean to pretend to be able to exempt myself...or the editors of *Contact*.

William S. Pechter  
San Francisco, Calif.

*Mr. Pechter is quite right, and we were absolutely wrong. We apologize both to Bill Pechter and to our readers for our inexcusable editorial mangling of his fine piece, and we hope he will write for us again.—Eds.*

#### EDITORS:

I'm frankly embarrassed for the editors of *Contact*.

The idea of a town supported by vice does not shock me in the least since the idea is certainly not a new one. What does shock and disappoint me is that a publication that has supposedly been dedicated to the furtherance of high quality art, literature, and ideas would associate itself with such a cheap publicity gag.

This is the sort of thing many so-called "beatniks" resorted to. "If you're no talent, man, *shock* the squares!" Or, if you ain't good—be different!" Or perhaps it is even more closely related to the sort of cheap hucksterism that has given the advertising profession such a questionable name.

I'm sorry that Mr. Ryan, Mr. Kentfield, et al, got carried away with what sounds like 4th martini humor and forgot about the dignity of high standards and honest philosophies of their many fine contributors.

Bonnie Burgon  
Mill Valley, Calif.

P.S.

Dear Bill:

My only concession is that I'll bet the trip was a *blast*!  
Bonnie

*It was, Bonnie. It was.—Bill*

*We print the following communication from one of our regular contributors as an answer to those readers who have suggested from time to time that Contact's editors are aesthetically insensitive, morally coarse, probably drunk, and certainly illiterate. As this letter from Sidney*

*Peterson should make clear, when we are on our best behavior we are sensitive to a degree unheard of elsewhere in the editorial world, scholarly to a fault, and almost pathetically eager to please our contributors.—Eds.*

#### GENTLEMEN:

Thanks very much for catching my mistake in referring to Lethaby's *Architecture, Mysticism and Myth*, of which his *Architecture, Nature and Magic* is a slight revision. Like Lethaby I suppose I enjoyed the Langlike jingle and I agree that the later title is more reasonable. Substituting the earlier title came, I imagine, as a result of writing on my lap beside a swimming pool full of distractions. Ah well...

Disinclined as I am to make work for printers, I am unhappy about Rameses II but he will have to go and Thutmose be reinstated. You say that both Rameses II and Thothmes were connected with the obelisks while Thutmose was not. We must be thinking of different Thutmosises although to my knowledge there is only one, Thutmose III, who is also known as Thothmes. In saying "... by Thutmose III (or was it Thothmes?)" I was merely being very mildly humorous about the absurd complexity of Egyptian names, making a very mildly academic joke calculated to produce a titter from one or two readers. Your substitution of Rameses makes me look slightly silly, suggesting, as it does, that the obelisks of Thothmes-Thutmose, also known as Menkheperka, Menkhepera, Mephres, Misaphres, Misphragmouthosis and Tuthmosis (see British Museum Guide to the Egyptian Collections, p. 339) were really those of Rameses, who came along a couple of hundred years after their erection, with Thothmes-Thutmose a mere possibility. I quote from Muirhead's London Guide, p. 237, "the obelisk which has no connection with Cleopatra, was one of two erected at Heliopolis by Thothmes or Thutmose III, a sovereign of the 18th Dynasty (c. 1500 B.C.), and dedicated to Tum of Heliopolis. About two centuries later they were usurped by Rameses the Great, who added his own inscriptions, etc." So, let's get rid of Rameses and reinstate Thutmose.

Yes, Tum is correct. He is also called Itum or Nefer-Tum and was a human-headed god of the setting sun at Heliopolis, a form of Ra. I prefer Tum as being more contemporary, at least in the plural. These Egyptian names do represent a problem. Unhappily, my Olivetti won't write with pictures. The ideograph for Tum is



but what would the printer say to that?

I took the reference to Cook from Lethaby, who put "Sky Pillars and Soul Ladders" in quotes. I can only suppose that it is the exact title of the section. *A Study in Ancient Religion* is the subtitle of *Zeus*. To unitalicize it and let it stand as a description of *Zeus* is, I think, a little naive-sounding; like referring to "Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer;" not that Cook is as well known as Johnson but the flavour is the same. The point is probably not very important but it is a question of style or, rather, the violation of a style. A very casual reference is made to





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sound a little stuffy. So, I'd much prefer going back to the manuscript.

Yes, Yamasaki, Naramore, Bain, Brady and Johansson are the correct spellings for the names of the architects responsible for the setting of the Science Exhibit. Naramore does sound a little like Poe's bird but if you pronounce it in Japanese it makes a little more sense.

Jourdain is also correct.

So is Seigner.

The quotation from Robert Conquest is also correct. It's from his *For the 1956 Opposition of Mars*. It was stuck on a wall and read in full:

"Pure joy of knowledge rides as high as art.

The whole heart cannot keep alive on either.

Wills as of Drake and Shakespeare strike together;

Cultures turn rotten when they part."

Yes, the figures for the mouse-alcohol-water intake are correct and I did mean unfluoridated. This is a very mild little joke.

The spelling of *kitsch* is correct.

Bourdelle is correct.

Bubblelator is correct.

So is Christian Pavilion & Children's Center.

So is Rida Johnson Young. She did the lyrics for Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta*, including *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*.

Somebody, in attempting to rewrite the opening sentence, has succeeded in altering the meaning. I did not mean to say that we have Glenn, Carpenter and Seattle but that we have Glenn and Carpenter and Seattle has blah blah... The separation of Seattle from the rest of the U.S. was deliberate. The Fair was not a national effort, in spite of the Science Exhibit. The space needle was strictly a local dream. I can only quarrel with the uninhibited tendency to substitute semicolons for commas. Fowler's rule is unambiguous. It (semicolons for commas to separate parallel expressions) must not be done when the expressions so separated form a group that is to be separated by nothing more than a comma, etc. Fowler, as you undoubtedly recall, suggests a comma before the *and* in such enumerations, as the only rule that will obviate uncertainties. In such matters, it seems to me, everyone has his own consistencies. I did not say Gagarin & Titov & Nikolayev & Popovich. The pattern was one of a penultimate use of *and*. A comma after Carpenter might have helped. Anyway, in the revision the meaning was changed and the humor (very mild) of opposing Seattle to Russia and the U.S. was lost. In the changed form the statement is, I think, a little bitter. I'm not. And I have no wish to seem to be.

Best regards,

Sidney





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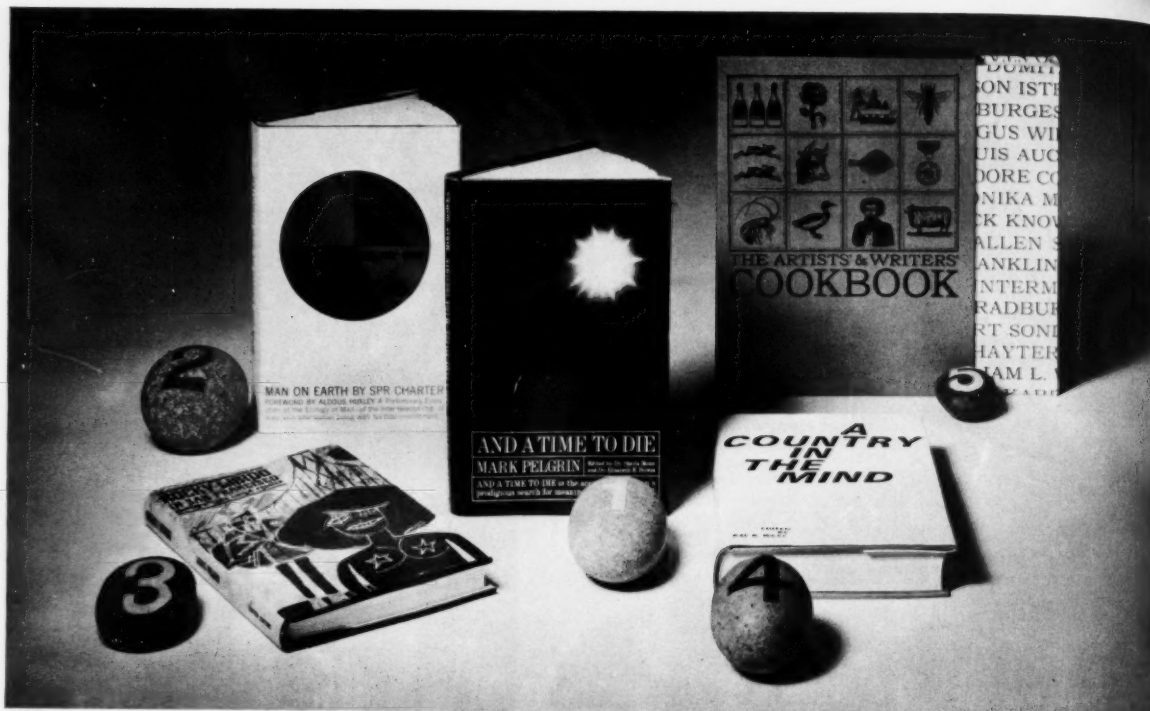
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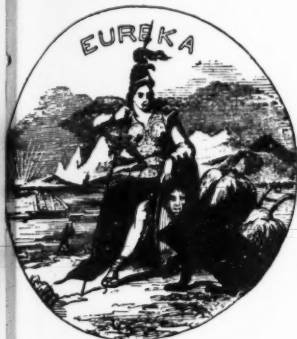
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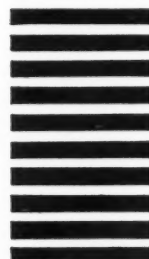
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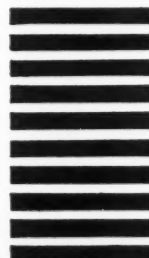
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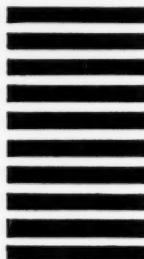


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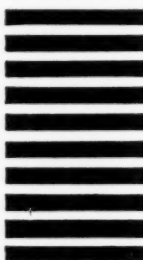


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